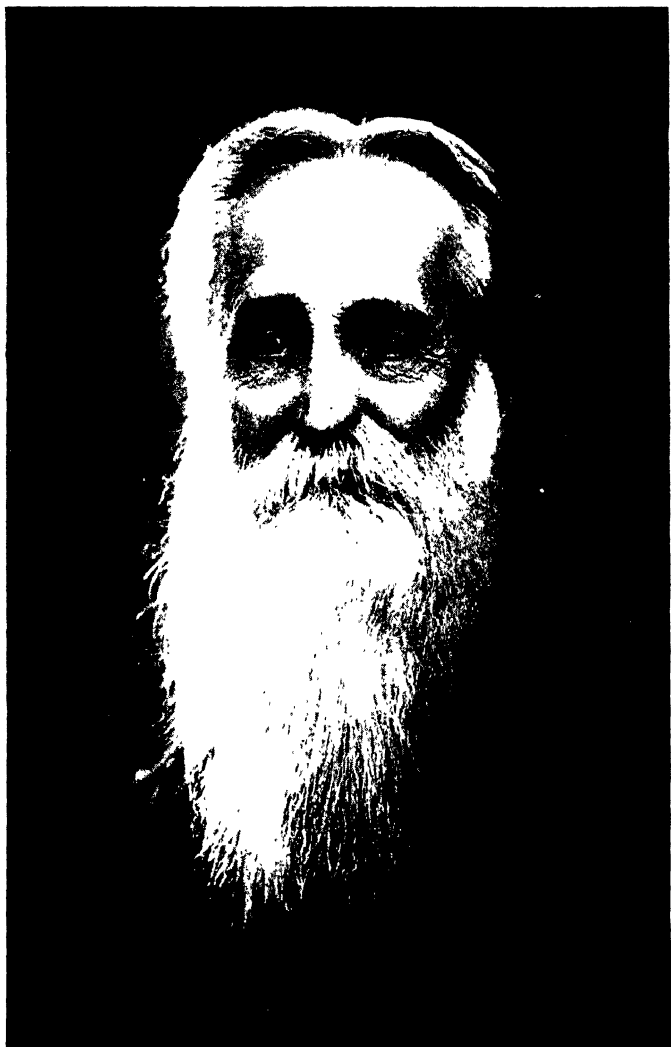


€ 840



George Briggs Starkweather,
March 16, 1925

Biogenetic Marvels

The ROMANCE *of* BIOLOGY

Disclosing Man's Infinite Potentialities

WITH APPENDIX:

Pertinent Probing of
"Starkweather Biogenetic Foundation"

BY

GEORGE BRIGGS STARKWEATHER, F.R.G.S.

PRESIDENT OF THE

STARKWEATHER BIOGENETIC FOUNDATION

ILLUSTRATED

PART ONE

*"Truths would you teach to save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand."*



THE BIOGENETIC PRESS

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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PAUL STARKWEATHER, 1925.**

WASHINGTON, D. C.

[PUBLISHED]

AS A MEMORIAL

TO MY HONORED PARENTS

GEORGE AND MARY WAITE STARKWEATHER

whose noble *ideals, constancy and fidelity*, have placed me under lasting obligations, in *special* ways, and to an *exceptional* extent. Also, to *Doctor Francis Duffy*, of Newbern, North Carolina, whose professional skill, and Christian fortitude, saved all from oblivion, in 1878, these volumes are gratefully inscribed.

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The Four Sons of
George Briggs and Emma Loomis Starkweather

(Taken February 22, 1919)

Which is not Twenty-four Per Cent of their
Offspring and Descendants

*"Lo, children are an heritage of the Lord. . . . As
arrows are in the hand of a mighty man, so are children
of the youth. Happy is the man that hath his quiver full
of them: they shall not be ashamed, but they shall speak
with the enemies in the gate."*

*Harbingers of the
Starkweather Biogenetic Foundation*



Paul	Stephen Hubbard	G. B. S.	Roger Williams	Lafone
Jan. 19, 1883	April 4, 1881	Jan. 11, 1847	Feb. 10, 1893	Feb 17, 1895

[This LEAFLET, NUMBER ONE — paragraphs one to ten inclusive—was issued by our Foundation in March 1919.]

1. One truth discovered is immortal and titles its author to be so; for, like a new substance in Nature, it cannot be destroyed—*Hazlitt*.

2. The accompanying “Quintet” attests the accuracy of the “Law of Starkweather,” as found in our Medical Text Books, or, be it, the “Law of Sex,” which virtually insures Sex at Will — the power of predetermination.

This demonstrated law has been in the Libraries of the world — in a 400 page book, of 140,000 words—for over forty years. It is a boon which has already been utilized by Millions, yet its potential value, as a social factor, pales in the light of the twenty odd, more recently traced natural laws, by this same author, the promulgation and dissemination of which rest with the *Starkweather Biogenetic Foundation*.

3. A Perpetual charter for this S. B. F. was secured by George Briggs Starkweather, F.R.G.S., and sons, June 26, 1913, with provision for the naming of thirty Trustees.

4. It has not been deemed expedient to even mention, as yet, several of his discoveries, which are of superlative value, but only those of lesser import—yet all are destined to be “*world-embracing, era-marking, and race-regenerating.*” Its mission is to scientifically reproduce and refashion, ushering in a perfected race—the Super Man!

This giant stride is the result of Mr. Starkweather’s unique methods, which extend over half a century. By scrutinizing three living, successive generations, most mysteries of descent have vanished.

5. Statisticians say that but one per cent of mankind live sixty-five years, while thirty infants die every minute, or 15,000,000 yearly. Mr. Starkweather’s Law of Longevity—the accuracy of which every birth and death alike attest—points the way to the elimination of this mortality stigma, and to a majority rule of astute super-centenarians.

6. Here are a few titles and excerpts from the author’s publications during the past ten years : Formidable array of facts which prove that a major premise of “Science” is shocking-

ly erroneous.—Mammalian innovations and transformations: domestic breeds recast by a “zoological Burbank.”—Definite laws of constitutional inheritance given.—A new Anthropology; racial differences proven to be speedily eliminable. The schedule of Eugenists shortened from *years* to *hours*, and even the odor, kink and color of the African are explained and eradicated.—Blond, auburn and brunet types analyzed, and their normal successors urged.—Causes of disease ascertained, and avoidance made feasible.—“*Man’s Infinite Potentialities*,” set forth in ten volumes—Nature, Nock and Nurture forming a triumphant Trinity.—Key to Physiognomy, Personal Magnetism, Telepathy and Clairvoyance furnished.

7. Woman is exalted incalculably. Poverty is practically abolished. A new Sociology, Psychology, Thereology, and even Theology, must result, marvelously accelerating Christian missions. Adolescence will escape a pedagogic domination. A positive revolution impends in our educational system. Students from every land, graduating at our Institution, will return, disseminating the most glorious evangel since Calvary!

8. During these fifty years, Mr. Starkweather’s researches have brought him in touch with many notables, including Darwin, Huxley, the eighth Duke of Argyle—and he has a long and most pro-

foundly grateful autograph letter from Frances E. Willard.

9. The disclosures of this Foundation give us a magic, X-ray mirror, which reveals each personality. A series of seven distinct romances, in as many volumes, are an essential part of our program, and are already well advanced. Some fifteen text books for our classes are also progressing. We teach to read, at a glance, any one's true life "expectancy"—Biometry.

10. Since ambitions for "World Empire," "Race Supremacy," and "The Final Inter-racial Conflict," are captions which daily startle the public, surely the psychological moment of all time is here, in which to scientifically prove, withal, the truth of Paul's words, on Mar's hill, as to racial unity, and of submitting the evidence, as well as reiterating the assurances of this S. B. F., that all ethnic characters are plastic, and eliminable at will.

From "*The Evening Star*," Jan. 28, 1922:

11. Special Notices. — A Card — Nearly three months ago my twenty-fourth published "Sermonet" detailed a plan to address the World Conference on "Biogenetic Marvels," selecting from 800,000 words about 5,000, relating to racial and peace problems, publishing a complimentary edition for delegates. But the typewriter has just finished its 30,000 words, which, after casual revision, will be rushed to printer and the public generally, lest I insert additional sobering facts.

GEORGE BRIGGS STARKWEATHER

From the "*Star*," of Feb. 6, 1922 :

12. Special Notices.—Conference Delegates mailing us their foreign addresses will receive, gratuitously, copies of our 40,000 - word edition of "BIOGENETIC MARVELS," just prepared for press. Its amazing disclosures of racial verities, bearing on world peace, justify this *Souvenir* suggestion. STARKWEATHER BIOGENETIC FOUNDATION, Delaware Ave., facing Senate Office Building.

Jan'y 6, 1923 finds this edition still in hand — but doubled in size. — And, March 6, 1924, doubled again — to 170,000 words — with the financial link forged, and everything moving—
ALLELUIAH!

FOREWORD

13. The subjoined “Sermonet,” from the *Washington Times*, of Saturday, October 29, 1921, will attest that I, in entire good faith, announced my purpose of preparing a *five thousand* word statement, to be submitted by its author, for the consideration of the Disarmament Conference then assembling in our Capital City.

14. The pertinency and propriety of such a step, lay in the claim that means for the natural elimination of undesirable racial characters had been discovered by me—the mere contemplation of which fact should prove a potent factor in international relations.

15. The subject-matter for this presentation was to have been taken from my extensive work, entitled, “*Biogenetic Marvels: Disclosing Man’s Infinite Potentialities*”—as yet unpublished, and which should not be compressed into less than *one million words*.

16. But the task of selecting wisely from that mass of MSS. for this auspicious occasion, proved

wholly unfeasible ; so I proceeded to enunciate laws, facts, and to link on illustrative incidents, till I found the estimated length was exceeded many fold—altho not ten per cent of the data had been utilized.

17. My paper is too long for delivery, as planned; and the course of the Conference has proven a succession of surprises; yet I have left my original draft stand, and have made no effort for a hearing. But its importance is such that it would be positively *criminal* not to see this in type and circulated, even without the formality of asking “leave to print ”—as is the habit of our transient neighbors here on the Hill.

18. Whoever critically reads the daily press, will note how frequently events, deemed important, are given a front page column. Bold headlines attract the customer; and in the first third of the article the averments of the lengthy caption are repeated and amplified. Then, in the closing section, a reiteration of all essentials is made for the third time. I infer that experts have learned such repetitions are necessary to permanently impress the average intellect; and, in this belief, I have allowed my leading contentions to severally appear in sundry sections, with various settings, more than once. And, at the last hour, several illustrations have been selected to appear, with a three-fold purpose: To impress people with the fact that

our *Headquarters* are at the *National Capital*, and near its "*Capitol*;" that we have come to *stay*, and that the discernment of the rationale of *Sex*, and ample demonstrations of its ready control, were initial steps in the development of our Biogenetic Foundation.

19. The noted English biologist, Bateson, not long ago shocked Science, by declaring that Darwin's theory of the *genesis* of *species*, so generally accepted forty years ago, is to-day an untenable hypothesis, and blank "obscurantism" is now, personally, his sole refuge. And so few people have any true conception of the essential qualifications for success in this pioneering field. I recently noted how a famous university had evolved an advance step in higher education: Selected students, after completing a post-graduate course, were to be consigned to *original research work*—that is, after fifteen years of "cramming" for high marks—every hour of which process was destructive of *originality*—they were to be consigned to paw for moss, and to browse on glacial wastes evermore! Or, changing the figure, will say, that highly bred Arabian steeds, chosen for an exploring expedition, are so overburdened with supplies and impedimenta for every conceivable emergency, that they are foredoomed to succumb, leaving all for the vultures—and their bones to bleach on the desert sands!

20. Were I to announce that I had struck a treasure-pocket of skeletons, which linked up satisfactorily, certain evolutionary theories, Science would bid *millions of money* for their possession. But my actual discoveries simply involve *millions of precious lives*—our entire race, in fact—and what has Science to say? Merely that I am “crazy,” as every line I write attests—and the pity is, that Lincoln’s words about not “fooling all the people,” are losing lustre!

21. In halls of Justice, “bills of particulars” are exacted, and “*hearsay*” is not admissible. My facts and conclusions are as indisputable as are those of the multiplication table. I have lived beyond the “allotted span;” and I challenge the presentation of a single overt word or act of mine, *ever!* I have specialized, withal, on our family genealogy, and have yet to learn of one solitary case of either *mental* or *moral taint*, or *act*, that could possibly reach me, by any recognized law of descent!

22. Then why, pray, am I thus stigmatized, when but the herald of precious truths? Simply because of *race psychology*; and I rejoice at the *honor roll* in which I am thus placed—the only regret being, that resulting delays will cause the death of *countless thousands!* Who, that has conspicuously striven for human weal, has failed to be opprobriously classed? I do not intend to let

the actual attitude of Science drop out of this record, however embarrassing it may prove to it later.

23. Sixty years ago, as a lad, I wrestled with an ailment of direst prognosis, and mastered it heroically. It will ere long be recognized, and analyzed by me in medical works. My mental poise was then assailed, for that personal triumph, and has been, every few years, ever since—the more meritorious the achievement, the louder and more disgraceful the howl has been!

24. I have now every reason to anticipate all manner of adverse criticism, as well as constant efforts to defeat our aims—yet, if but a *single life* is saved, the labor will not have been wholly in vain. I can only contemplate with sublime confidence and rapture the speedy dawn of this matchless era!

25. One paragraph in the following “Sermonet,” states that a *complimentary, de luxe, edition* of the contemplated address, was to be presented to every *Conference delegate*. And, altho our forecast has been radically modified, from almost every angle, this *souvenir* feature still survives in our revised plans and anticipations.

26. Over twelve years ago I prepared a paper on *Bovine Tuberculosis*, to be read before a great International Anti-Tuberculosis Congress. Its

facts were irrefutable; and, besides telling how countless precious lives could be guarded, it indicated, withal, how fifty millions of treasure might be annually saved in this country alone. Yet my efforts were tactfully frustrated, insomuch that I felt constrained to amplify to over eight thousand words, copyright and publish an edition of one thousand, which was judiciously and gratuitously distributed and mailed.

Still, notwithstanding the highest encomiums received from many quarters, departmental opposition was so great that it is to be found in no library to-day—not even the samples copyrighted and deposited as a legal exaction in the Library of Congress—all having disappeared “without a trace!”

27. In that issue I incorporated a list of biogenetic themes sufficient for a score of volumes, hoping that interest in our beneficent efforts would be awakened and co-operation secured. But this present volume is all that I have been able to put in shape for the printers, as yet, and it remains to be seen in what the ever increasing opposition will eventuate. There are hundreds of isolated items herein submitted; but all have a direct bearing on some of the several objectives which these pages are designed to establish—and I appeal to the reader to note the first one which does not tend to stimulate a fresh line of thought.

28. Our Biogenetic Foundation has been blocked, already, for a decade; and this "Address" has been for over a year, now, lying quietly in the stream of time, comparable to a riffle on which many golden sands of life have been quietly gathering, while its author has vainly sought publicity. Its cumulative evidence may be brusklly lumped, by some, as "*a literary curiosity*"—but its truth will not thereby be lessened. I cannot open a periodical, or take up an evening paper, without finding something which an impelling sense of duty forces me to incorporate in these pages—that its biogenetic aspect may be duly considered. A "*Biogenetic Column*" must ere long become a feature of the daily press.

29. Let us visualize a native veteran, long ridiculed for insisting that an enduring beacon tower be erected at a conspicuous point, where, for the lack of which, untold thousands have suffered shipwreck on life's rough voyage. He sees boulders scattered over a vast waste, that have been ignored for ages; but discerning in these, the essentials of a sure foundation for the coming structure, he, at great personal sacrifice, patiently assembles them, regardless of derisive jeers. And it is his utmost—just as I have herein similarly toiled. I recently saw an equine exhibit, and noted that, as they were "trotted out," to each animal

was attached an identifying number—the central idea of which plan seems worthy of imitation.

30. Many months after the preparation of most that is here submitted, I undertook to glance it over, and was so chagrined, at finding many autobiographic paragraphs scattered thru my copy, that I resolved to recast it all, with the elimination of every remotest personal reference. But then, after due reflection, I decided to let it remain, for several substantial reasons.

31. First of all, it must be remembered that I am *not* dealing with vague, glittering, statistical generalities, but with concrete, handpicked, individual illustrations; and, further, that all this biogenetic wealth of mine, sprang from an early resolve to fathom my own enigmatical personality —“*Know Thyself*” becoming my life motto. There is at least one play from which “Hamlet” cannot properly be expunged.

32. Again, I purposed addressing a *Peace Conference*, and my *pacifc credentials* seemed indispensable. Then, a designing propaganda, it is well to recall, has been directed against me for years, viciously attacking my mental poise, as well as my personal integrity, and even my pedigree, also, insomuch that precious decades have been practically wasted.

33. Now, since there is not the remotest regrettable feature, or fact, in my antecedents—but

rather the contrary, and I welcome investigation, if it will hasten the cause nearest my heart—why not let stand what was inserted with no vain-glorious incentive? Of the scores of incidents in these pages, given to fortify our biogenetic attitude, I bear a little-suspected relation to, perhaps, the *major part of them*. No better victim, hero, or living exponent of his own gestatory philosophy, is conceivable, than the writer himself.

34. Yet, oh, how humiliating to reflect, that he should have been born into earth's most enlightened age, and environment, under Nature's normal, beneficent laws, and yet, notwithstanding all this, because of humanity's perverse density, he should have ever been subjected to ostracism and persecution for this priceless heritage! Equally prone has the world been to assail the messenger and to ignore his message! And, since a diary habit was his chosen means of discovering truth, why not let the text stand, if it is, in spots, suggestive of that same journal style—and the entire proposition, arbitrarily grouped and divided, like our days, into *twenty-four sections*?

“So mote it be!”

But now for that Sermonet from the *Washington Times* of Saturday, October 29, 1921, just as it appeared:



SERMONET *by* G. B. S.

CONCLUSION

Text, 2 Cor. 13: 11. *"Finally, brethren, farewell. Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace."*

35. This last week of October brings us to the end of our series of twenty-four sermonets, which began in May. They were precipitated by peculiar exigencies, and have more than fulfilled their purpose, altho written in the most casual manner, at odd moments.

36. Their author will presently be busy pre-paring his address for the *World Conference*, which is already gathering in our midst. His great work of some seven hundred and fifty thousand words, entitled, *"Biogenetic Marvels: Disclosing Man's Infinite Potentialties,"* the priceless fruitage of over half a century's research—or be it of ob-

servation and reflection—is the source of its inspiration.

37. His task is to assemble, or adapt, such paragraphs as reveal race problems and prospects of World Peace, in a novel light, since they are from entirely new angles; and five thousand words is its estimated length. The propriety and relevancy of all this can be properly passed upon only after a presentation of the evidence.

38. **A complimentary, de luxe edition of this** delivery will be printed, and a souvenir copy of the brochure made available for each delegate. And since their number is uncertain—the foreign representatives and their suites having been estimated at upward of two thousand—our edition will be made large enough to meet any emergency.

39. **We foresee a possibility that this advance** issue may convey an impression that our “Biogenetic Marvels” is a repository of data which relates principally to the conversion of swords into plowshares. Yet if a ministerial or a missionary convention were scheduled to gather, a month hence; or of educators, eugenists, physicians, sociologists, home founders, life extension, anti-poverty, child-welfare organizations; business boomers, stock-raisers, dog-fanciers; or almost any other conceivable class of citizens, a paper of similar length, and source of inspiration, could be prepared, replete with pertinent and startling facts

which would impress the auditors as derived from sources devoted wholly to their specialty—such is the marvelous scope of our Biogenetic theme!

40. Probably I have most frequently dwelt upon the urgency of checking our appalling waste of infant lives, showing how all needless delay, certainly, savors of criminality; hence we have evolved the following plan for expediting the service.

41. And, first, be it said, there is no lurking taint of commercialism, either in our program or Foundation, since beneficence is ever its sole purpose. Accruing profits in any department will be absorbed by some extension move—as in gratuitously circulating our literature among those unable to purchase.

42. Delays hitherto have resulted largely from the baseless assumption of those reputed wise, that our claims to discoveries are ridiculously preposterous; thus stampeding the overcredulous. But this complimentary souvenir will surely reveal enough to capture every last doubting Thomas! Yet this will not be sold nor gratuitously distributed; but here is the outline:

43. Our “Biogenetic Marvels,” comprising certainly ten volumes, or sections, will be sold at actual cost, which seemingly must exceed ten dollars—proper adjustment, whether it be more or less than ten, being made at the close. Each

subscriber, upon receipt of the remittance, will get a complimentary souvenir, identical with those of the delegates, and ere long the first section of "Biogenetic Marvels."

44. The thought is, that clubs of ten—naturally teachers and clerks—will thus subscribe for a set, with the privilege of each reading every volume and then returning all at our charge, and getting a refund, in full, if dissatisfied, disappointed, or for any reason, regretting the venture—tho we have not the remotest apprehension that a single set will ever be willingly parted with; but rather, that each member of the Club will order a new set, disposing of the much-read, original outfit at an advance, to others weary of waiting.

45. **I am laying claim to no prophetic gifts;** but, when it is realized that in this brief work, over *twenty* natural laws, withal, are concretely formulated, and for the first time given to the world, and that pilferings from two of them for our world peace address, furnish such an amazing array of startling facts, and wholly novel propositions, there will be no reluctance, misgivings nor apprehension about subscribing for the entire work, or of joining a Club, if the personal exchequer should so indicate.

46. **These sermonets attest their author's concise habit of expression;** and this "B. M." product—bear in mind—contains upwards of one hundred

and fifty times the contents of our souvenir address; and I can but feel that we shall be swamped with orders, since Mars itself could hardly furnish more food for thought than do our many disclosures!

47. "Oh, Lord, thou art my God. I will praise thy name for thou hast done wonderful things."

Starkweather Biogenetic Foundation, Delaware Avenue, facing Senate Office Building. Phone Lincoln 4014.

SECTION ONE

INTRODUCING THE SPEAKER

48. The Honorable International Conference on Limitation of Armament.

Gentlemen:

Being favored with the rare privilege of addressing this august assembly, an introduction is naturally first in order. But no person has been suggested who possesses the temerity to sponsor, or, who is able to satisfactorily explain how, one entitled to this unique honor, could have remained so little known for three-quarters of a century. And, further, rests the anomalous presumption, that a recluse can have any message worthy the attention of a Conference burdened with its problems of *world peace*! Such premises, both warrant and demand, the presentation of elucidating facts, and the logical postulant for this initial task is the party before you.

49. On the fourth day of July, 1854, when seven and a half years old, to a week, I first saw balloons ascend. It was from a meadow in my own native New England town, almost within the shadow of that famous "Charter Oak," on the heights to the west; while on the east, just inside the dike, was Colt's immense armory, surmounted

by a blue muscovite dome, spangled with golden stars; and high above this was a large gilded colt in an ascending, Pegasus-like, pose—all of which marvelously impressed my childish fancy.

50. And, at that very hour, an aerial ferment began in my brain, which became chronic, and still persists. Those boyhood dreams led me, for years, to steal away, on Saturdays, to a noted tower on a mountain ridge, with distant streams and villages on either side; and there I was wont to let the imagination revel with my flighty problem, making light of the *twenty miles* which the jaunt involved; and the oft reinforced resolve, frequently reiterated to a chum at my side, was, “If I *live*, and no one does it before me, I shall *navigate the air!*”

51. **Ere long, a popular character appeared in verse**—“Darius Green”—whose query was precisely what mine had constantly been, “The birds can fly, and why not I?” My quiet study and inventive bent were ever skyward. They led to my spending years in the antipodal hemisphere; yet it was the *Andean Condor* there, which engrossed my thought and attention rather than the “Southern Cross.”

52. **In 1879, within plain sight of where the “Monitor” and “Merrimac” had fought**, seventeen years previously, in a moment of minor triumph, I exultantly told some Army officers that I could

travel aerially; whereupon a Captain, sneeringly asked if I could not also "*raise the dead?*" Stung by this rebuke, I added, that it would involve ten years of preparation; but I silently resolved to lose no time in secretly making good. And, within the first hour, came to me a solution of the mystery of *active bird flight*—which I published, two years later, in the "Secret of Wings," for the double purpose of proving that I was mentally poised, and to "raise the wind" in a financial sense, since my numerous man-carrying, air-craft, had so exhausted resources as to necessitate binding, with my own hands, even that brochure on this unique theme.

53. The sharer of my joys and sorrows, had long previously compromised this issue, upon my solemn promise that a dollar should be set apart for household needs, every time I might "blow" one into the air. The *Scientific American* reviewed my booklet favorably, and regretted that I had not taken the public into my confidence regarding what I considered the most feasible method of approaching the constructive problem.

54. Examiners in our Patent Office are ineli-gible as patentees; hence I reluctantly sought transfer to another specialty of mine—the translatorship of five languages—and speedily made application for the protection of my two very distinct types of Aerial devices, in 1883 and 1884,

after weeks of encampment and testing on isolated Virginia hills, with a trusty, expert friend. But they were both peremptorily rejected, in the face of soundest argument, "because *gasless*, hence *useless*"—while every little bird in sight, was daily whispering to me, that those office experts had erred!

55. My constructions and tests continued, however, and, among the scores whom I approached, was the Quaker President of the *Universal Peace Society*, Alfred H. Love, of Philadelphia, who laughed heartily, yet was slow to perceive what its inventor always maintained, that such devices would inevitably insure *universal peace*!

56. **In despair of inducing capital to invest**, I resolved to become my own backer, and, with marvelous success, in less than ten years, had succeeded in rolling up over a *million dollars*; since which achievement, however, I have had to spend over twenty years, vainly struggling in our courts against spoliation. Meanwhile I made, withal, overtures to *six leading nations*—and always in the direction of *disarmament*. One of these proffered any price I might suggest, plus decorations, for my outfit, provided I would also transfer my residence and citizenship, as well. But, knowing that *war*, rather than *peace*, was its aim, I declined, and, as solemnly promised, have never even remotely hinted at the identity

of that power. I was corresponding with Germany as late as 1913.

57. But I have neglected to state that semi-invalidism was the bane of my early years, ruining all educational schedules. I possessed good blood and frame, but how to operate a human mechanism, bristling with idiosyncrasies—and of which no one was tolerant—was my problem. At the age of seventeen, I was over *forty pounds* under normal weight, and was steadily losing. “*Know Thyself*” perforce became my life aim and maxim, and to valetudinarianism, therefore, should be given the credit for much of my biological zeal and acquisitions.

58. Unconsciously, the scrutiny of every human specimen became my daily habit—the incentive, withal, being to determine, by comparison and contrast, what ailed me, and, whether, perchance, my own enigmatical personality—even if surviving—suggested aught of promise. An *invalid newsboy*, on whose education surely *ten dollars* had never been spent, I fell a victim of dietetic vagaries. But, three years in the logging camp of a relative, made me as expert with an axe, surely, as was ever Gladstone or Greeley. And this incidental disclosure of family privations, necessitates the explanation that they resulted from no regrettable habits or tendencies, but sprang wholly from the *paternal enterprising and inventive bent*.

59. Being exceptionally fond of children, the prospect of parenthood was most gratifying; yet *sons* only were desired, since the gentler sex seemed to be at such a hopeless disadvantage in life's turmoil. But, alas, that he who coveted a family of *one hundred boys*, should have been twice disappointed in the sex of his first infants. And research thru medical libraries, in three languages, gave no remedial hint.

60. Sitting dejected in those days, in the park of a great metropolis, I noted a mother pass with her *three bright little boys*—and she was such an intelligent looking lady! This set me to contemplating the *sex control mystery*, from the angle of *relative superiority*, and I was soon all aglow with exultant enthusiasm, as I found it explained—every case I could recall—which was over *fifty years* ago! Later, in spite of business and family misfortunes I succeeded in publishing a goodly volume on the “Law of Sex,” which vouchsafes *sex at will*, among mammalian species, as the millions who have proven it can attest; and this modern convenience is daily becoming more generally appreciated and utilized.

61. Over a score of other natural laws, have from time to time become very clear to me, in the course of these later decades—and that, strange as it may seem, in the midst of overwhelming and iniquitous business perplexities. Several of

these discoveries relate especially to Ethnology, which helps explain, if not justify, my presence to-day—and, best of all, enables me to conclude a tedious introduction.

62. And I now submit five of my Biogenetic Laws, which I have formulated especially for this auspicious occasion, since race antagonisms are contributory factors in most wars; and my researches point to a speedy, feasible method of obliterating racial characters—and that, too, without intermarriage, or serious social innovations:

63. *First.* The germ and cell which combine at conception, linking parents to ancestors, and to posterity, are most responsive to the physical and mental states of their actual hosts, thus ever modifying the ancestral heritage.

64. *Second.* Their *inherent polarity casts sex* in the embryo, making it that of the *inferior germ*—which reveals, withal, the secret of numerical balance, and proof positive of potential *mental equality*.

65. *Third.* Embryonic and fetal development primarily depend on abiding ancestral potentialities; which, nevertheless, are subordinate, ever, remaining inane, unless reinforced by maternal influences, culminating at parturition—and to the supremacy of which, even Mendelian unit characters yield.

66. *Fourth.* Every minutest sensation, thought,

move, action, has its instant fetal reflex, and these reactions give corresponding tone and size to the physical frame of the unborn, besides mental power and predisposition, or penchant—which facts disclose ethnic laws, including those of *color, stature, weight, premature decay, beauty, longevity, genius!*

67. *Fifth.* These reflexes, during gestatory months, steadily evolve the new being's personality, *constitutional inheritance*, and every *abiding quality and tendency*, besides giving the key to hitherto inexplicable *sports, variations, mutations*, and general laws of fetal development, demonstrating, withal, the actual *transmission of acquired characters*.

68. Now, these well-weighed words, dignified as *natural laws*—will probably not impress the lay mind as involving much that sounds strange, improbable, or of supreme significance; and yet they are of *incomparable import!* But note what Science has to say—and the ink is hardly dry on these quotations which I present. I am omitting in this paper, for the sake of brevity, detailed references—which, however, are the most authoritative—and also, the extensive bibliography of this subject. Only a few years ago I learned of *two hundred and eighty volumes*, centuries old, written to prove maternal influence, tho I have never seen, or sought, any of them.

69. A gifted expounder, and the chosen mouthpiece of orthodox Science, has just submitted its case in an article entitled, "Can You Physically Mark Your Child?" and here are some of its most pertinent excerpts: "No scientific man on earth, competent to judge the evidence, believes the mental states of parents, their desires, personal wishes and ambitions, are transmitted to the children, who are born from germ cells. And these are separate from the human body, like coins in the pocket.

70. "The body supplies these egg-cells and germ-cells with water, carbon, nitrogen and other elements, but otherwise has nothing to do with them—eggs and germ-cells make genius, and absolutely nothing else. The children are not born from the parents' body cells, blood, bones, tissues, nervous systems, brains, wishes, moral desires, but from the family germ-cells, eggs or sperms, which are carried by parents, hereditarily, from forbears back to the beginning.

71. "As far as Science knows to-day, parents have no influence whatsoever on these cells, putting nothing in, nor removing aught. The whole problem has been studied and investigated for *fifty years*, all over the world, by *thousands* of the *greatest men*, and not a single case of transmitting an acquired character has been established.

72. "God creates the eggs and germs from which

children are born—their hereditary characters. He does not leave the great work of infinite creation to the hands of us poor, ignorant, weak, short-sighted, foolish human beings, for we would make a mess of it in one generation, and wreck the whole course of evolution.

73. "We all know that the only way the mother's mental impressions could travel thru her body to that of the baby, is by the nerves. But none whatsoever run from her body to that of the unborn. The umbilical cord is the sole connection, with no more function than a hose pipe, conveying neither fright, worry nor nervous impressions. And such things do not travel in the blood, so far as Science knows. God's whole aim has been to prevent the mother's desires, ambitions, dreams, hopes, disgusts, or anything else, from ever reaching the unborn."

74. **Surely this is not a case in which incidental** differences can be compounded, since *east* and *west* are hardly more divergent—and the issues involved are the most *momentous conceivable!* Each has delivered a broadside to the opponent; but it seems expedient to trace our respective battle lines, if, indeed, such a simile is permissible in so pacific a gathering: And the first noteworthy feature, is, that, while one party began to dig its trenches at the extreme *left*, the other first broke ground far to the *right*.

75. Science accepts the *Weismann* dictum of "*immortal germ plasm*;" that parents must become hosts to these parasites; that the mother can sustain but a *nutritive relation* to the *unborn*; that its experts class pregnancy as practically "*a disease which runs its course in two hundred and eighty days*," and that parents can never exercise only about a *five per cent* of influence over their born offspring—*five* deeply entrenched eminences, which our opposing *Biogenetic Foundation* was created to *capture* and *obliterate*.

76. And I here reassert the pliancy of germ plasm, *sex at will*, the *inexpressibly intimate relations* of *mother* and *fetus*, that this period is life's "*year of Jubilee*," replete with *infinite potentialities*; and, that wise parenthood—pre, and post natal—vouchsafes easily a *ninety-five per cent control* over its *progeny*—which fitly typifies the *ninety per cent* of territorial truth which lies between our respective lines.

77. **The story is told of how, in a quiet hamlet,** all was commotion one day, the people searching far and near for the mule of a neighbor, that had strayed away. Tardily the attention of the simpleton of the town was awakened, and, on learning of the loss, he set out, and very shortly returned with the missing beast, when all were eager to learn how he did it; and, in simplicity of soul, he told his plan of procedure. His first thought was,

as to where he would head for, if he were a mule; and the sequel indicates that his method was replete with "*horse sense!*"

78. Learned disquisitions abound as to the real problem of life, and many concede that it is the *development of character*. I know one who holds that it is "*the refinement of matter*"—a sort of earthworm role. Many revere "*the Unknowable*," and devoutly prostrate themselves before the *Juggernaut of Evolution!* But since two concepts of Omnipotent Wisdom have incidentally been here thrown upon the screen, without degrading the primary object, I would urge that my listeners individually ponder, if, given a free hand, which system of fetal life they would have inaugurated—that of an *encysted parasite*, or, "*the bone of my bone*," and the tender, *ineffable blending of the maternal heart?*

79. But such sentimentality would mortally blight Science, which must never prove false to its frigid Excelsior slogan of "*Facts!*" Let us then note briefly, its discriminating preferences in this line, after quoting from an authority which none will challenge: "A problem is always due to an interruption of immediate unreflective experience, caused by the fact that the habitual or instinctive modes of reaction no longer fit the present situation that confronts the agent. One way of meeting the difficulty is, to *think*. Intelligent

The author and bride, 1870; their children in 1873,
at time of her decease.

The motherless ones and their father on his
thirtieth birthday, Jan. 11, 1877.



beings are so called because they resort to this method, when in difficulties. Thinking, or the experience of ideas, is the formation of plans of action extended to any reaction that is made to a situation. Plans of action are necessary when habits of action, or instinctive action, is not able to cope with the predicament in which the experient finds himself."

80. I cannot over-emphasize, nor too often contrast, the methods of Science with my own, in this biogenetic field. We each yearn for *basic facts*, on which to plant our pyramids of *eternal truth*; yet, while I, empty handed, can but *listen, observe* and *reflect*, Science seems to rely on the revelations of the microscope, and of the laboratory, rather than on my plebeian outfit—to still further magnify the *primordial germ* and thus ascertain Nature's secrets.

SECTION TWO

81. I now proceed to quote from the latest University utterances, and, with a golden rule impulse, I omit the half dozen names that rightfully should appear. Science has so many grand achievements to its credit, that I am reluctant to treat harshly, where, in strict justice, it seems to me censurable. These several professors are discussing, in permanent book form, "Heredity, Eugenics, and the Modification of Germinal Constitution of Organisms." And it should ever be borne in mind, that they are contemplating, withal, a microscopic germ, the length of which is *one seven hundredth* of an *inch*—*nine-tenths* of which being its propulsive tail; and its width is but one *two thousands* of an *inch*!

82. The fate of the human race yawns over an abyss, while earth's brightest minds thus confer over the foundation of life's momentous superstructure—and I now italicize at discretion, but quote verbatim: "The *hypothesis* of the peripheral origin and transmission of variations is shown in diagram, where the cause of variation, *x* impinges upon the organism, and induces a change, variation, *y*, and from the cells composing this modified

part, as from all other cells of the body, *gemmules*, minute masses of matter, electrolytes, or *something*, are thrown off, and these units conserve the power of reproducing the replica of the part from which they come, either normal or modified.

83. "These gemmules are *supposed* to be gathered in the gametes, and in reproduction are *supposed* to be redistributed peripherally and to reproduce the duplicate of the particular characters from which they arose. If, now, x impinging upon the organism, gives y , a new variation, then new sorts of gemmules are *supposed* to be formed; and these, on being gathered up, and carried along in reproduction by the gametes, will cause to appear in the progeny, the modified character. Repeated impact of x , may, in the *opinion* of the adherents of this view, successively increase y .

84. "All *theories* of the peripheral origin and inheritance of variations are patterned after Darwin's *hypothesis*, and, altho they have different expressions, or terms, for the carriers of the variation, nerve force, force ions, electrolytes, energy, etc., they are in essence the same *conception*, and are all operated by the same mechanism. Radically oposed to this *theory* of the peripheral origin of variation, is that of its central origin, and in which the cause x , acts upon the germ, and produces the change in the germinal constitution; which, when the germ undergoes de-

velopment, produces the divergent character *y*, the variation."

85. Thus we have a little simple diagram of four or five lines, illuminated by two unknown quantities, *x* and *y*, to elucidate a *hypothesis*; then four or five *imaginary atoms*, with *fanciful names*—and, lest none of them should possess even a *trace of reality*, a blanket swirl of fog is made to cover the territory, in the omnibus phrase "*or something!*" Next follows a series of five or six *suppositions*, linked together by the sinister expression, "*If now,*"—and *millions of precious lives* are thereby *doomed*, regardless of the majority verdict; and all because Nature will not bind *mother and fetus* together with *nerves!*

86. And what is the width of this yawning impasse, or chasm? Only the most negligible fraction of an inch, imaginable, yet *nature* is as *obdurate* as *Science* is *insistent*; and why, pray? Simply because it would *botch* the *whole proposition*—*queer* the *infant's entire mentality*, resulting in what reincarnationists would delight to revel. Nature's wise alternative is to transmit, not the *letter* of events, but the *spirit* of things, "by wireless," to the coming child.

87. Yet why should I array myself, in solitary combat, against the hosts of Science, over an issue which some might term but academic, after all—mere *guess-work* like the *canals of Mars*. But it

is simply impossible for me to hold my peace, when the most *vital, earthly truth*, that ever *challenged the human intellect*, is *scouted and ignored* in the face of the *most formidable mass of indisputable evidence conceivable!* And it is now in order, to give just a few off hand samples of the truth of my assertion, which, doubtless any of you can readily duplicate.

88. Fully three score and ten years ago, when but a tiny tot, I used to stray down to a little private shamble, where animals were occasionally killed and dressed for market, which tells when my anatomical researches really began. One small organ was my natural perquisite, being, withal, well calculated to develop a taste for foot-ball. If a cow was the victim of the day, there was an even chance that she might be “with calf;” and, if so, there was opportunity to guess the *sex* of the fetus, which was sure to be of a marble whiteness, and might weigh anywhere from *one to ten pounds*. Next, would come the chance to “quarter” it, like the mother—but to the point of this recital:

89. The slaughtered “beef” had been urged in, by a rope about her horns, which passed thru the “bull ring,” and held her head fixed, till a blow from a sledge on the forehead, killed her instantly—and a moment later, she would be bled white, by a dexterous, aorta-severing thrust. The *fetus*

in those cases invariably had a *red spot* on the forehead, corresponding to that *maternal blow*—which fact antagonizes the dictum that the mother sustains but a “*nutritive relation* to her fetus,” and of itself should suffice to dissipate that appalling error and redeem a race!

90. Cumulative evidence is usually admissible, and I will present just a few of the *thousands of available instances*: I have long known a mother, who has a son, born blind, and with hollow orbits. Her story is, that, early in pregnancy, she came to where a blind man sat, and was strangely spell-bound, or fascinated, by the unusual spectacle, and, in a sense, had to tear herself away. Probably she was unusually impressionable, or nervous, on that day. Her other children are normal.

91. Another housewife, and neighbor, with a large family, during one pregnancy, about a month before parturition, had the misfortune to get spattered with boiling grease. There were several great blotches on face, neck, hands, and arms, where the skin was destroyed, and painful, raw sores left to annoy. And the new arrival duly appeared, but with *identical blemishes*! It died; while all her others lived.

92. In that same region, a mother was sorely frightened by lightning, before the birth of her son. He grew to maturity and manliness, yet was

ever unnerved, and panic-stricken, during thunder showers, insomuch that summer seasons were contemplated with dread. Oh, if he could but escape the sight of those horrid flashes! So he elaborated, not a cyclone cellar, nor yet a sarco-phagus, but a most substantial chest—which, however, proved to be his coffin, for he expired of fright in it during the next thunder storm.

93. I was very familiar with the case of a pregnant mother, who, for some five minutes, was persuaded that her husband had met a violent death, when he arrived unharmed. Local commotion and pains for hours led to serious apprehensions, but all passed off ere long, back to normality. Business and family matters, however, continued tense for *fifty-four days*, when a well favored, and very *bright* child arrived, which, however, for two months, would at times, awaken with a scream, as from some troubled dream, making cause and effect readily traceable.

94. And this brings to mind another case, the parties being well known to me. A man, wife and child or two, of plainest average, not known to a hundred people anywhere, when a fatal accident removed him, leaving her many duties and anxieties. Four and a half months later, that wife gave birth to a child of great promise, known to-day to fully *fifty million* people. But smart folks result from many forms of mental stress, during the

gestatory period. One of the keenest and most sarcastic men I ever met, sprang from a highly incompatible couple. Yet he was not of a brunet, bilious type, like those three dark olive hued brothers presently to be cited, because his mother exulted in their domestic strife.

95. A very sensitive mother, having heard adverse comments regarding her personal appearance, became almost morbid on the subject, and very naturally scrutinized the random glance of any passer by. And this habit, coupled with *pregnancy*, gave her a son who could identify persons he had casually met, in strange cities, after the lapse of *thirty-five years!* And extremes have a way of meeting, for his two most intimate companions — born of literary, reading mothers — would fail to recognize friends after a few days' separation — incredible tho it may sound. But Science specializes on "*coincidences*," and can detect them centuries apart.

96. I might name a pregnant wife who secured a front seat at the circus, where one of the attractions was a number of "wild men." And one of these made a menacing lunge and gesture in her direction. Her son was fashioned on those same wild lines, and quite useless in this practical world — save as I may be able to utilize him here to point a moral. Also another, very vivacious, who was frightened by a bellowing bull; and her com-

ing child was hopelessly imbecile—his one accomplishment being to lower his head and bellow so suggestively. Some “coincidence” this, surely! But I must break the monotony of individual experiences, by varying and broadening the vistas:

97. I note to-day that Dr. E. Blanche Sterling, acting assistant surgeon, United States public health service, after studying three elementary schools in Indiana, is opposing silly, stupid, “jelly fish games.” “The posture of school children cannot be said to depend on any one condition. Defective vision, adenoids and bad tonsils tend to have a bad effect on the child’s posture. Where hygienic conditions in a school are not the best, there is an increase of poor posture. Good nutrition is a contributing factor to good posture. The condition of the teeth has no effect.”

98. I have quoted thus at length to clearly indicate her position, and to say, before stating my own, that I am confident, she—like all of her profession—has no proper grasp of this *appalling, heart-sickening problem*. All the evils she cites, originate *prenatally*, because of maternal trust in *the criminally false teachings of “Science!”* No marriage license should ever issue, save on the certification that applicants had completed a strenuous *ninety-day course in physical culture*. And all children born of such sensibly groomed stock, will inherit *muscular systems*, and permanent life

bents, for uprightness—both *physical* and *mental*, under all circumstances, if the *parents so elect!*

99. I read elsewhere, that good vision is the most cherished of Nature's gifts—as well as the most ignored and ignorantly abused. “A large majority of the human race has defective eyes, which can be improved.” And “The Eye Sight Conservation Council of America, aims to promote the general conservation and improvement of vision—co-operating with all existing agencies concerned in any degree with the movement for better vision, and striving to co-ordinate their efforts.”

100. The membership of that “Council” probably runs into the thousands; and yet, I assume, that, were I to assure the honorable body, that its problem will vanish as rapidly as wives shall be properly instructed in the premises, *twelve months* in advance of maternity, they would, severally, first, pinch themselves, instinctively, to demonstrate a normal status, and then hasten to have me “pinched,” as one hopelessly unbalanced. Nevertheless, I sanely insist that as sure as vestiges of “survival value” linger in the race, a most beneficent era awaits our welcome.

101. But why not make a few timely observations concerning our other senses and endowments? Deafness, for instance, is a grievous privation, or calamity, which arises from *gestatory*

unwisdom in a majority of cases. And inherited taints are certainly responsible for all the worst cases. Touch and smell can become, naturally, much more acute at the maternal will; and nothing is easier than to insure that our offspring shall have charming voices—literally worth *fortunes*!

102. What, in animate nature, pray, is superior to the mammalia? And is not humanity its crowning feature? But who has ever seen defective dentition in any species—save in the mouths of slop-fed, distillery herds, and in *mankind*? Yet we alone are as responsible for these deplorable deficiencies, as we are for the time-killing allurements of cook books. “Second summer” perils; the luxury of false teeth, and the dependence on eye-glasses, are all modern realities of our own ignorant inducement. “Bridge work” displays human skill; but Nature never dreamed of the bridging over of our culpably induced defects in such fashion.

103. We uncharitably sneer at the “*lantern jaws*” of *A*, and smile at the *massive jowls* of *B*; yet these are merely manifestations of ancestral unwisdom, and proof positive of the truth of all our biogenetic claims. Far more appalling and numerous than these, however, is the ever-increasing percentage of unshapely, *wudgy* specimens—and the sinister multiplication of anti-fat nostrums.

104. The literature of the subject, warrants my declaration, that our modern school of eugenists have no more conception of the vast biogenetic fields lying fallow to-day, than had our infant colonies, on the Atlantic coast, *four centuries ago*, of the boundless regions extending across to the Pacific. Humanity is a veritable *Golconda of infinite, inestimable potentialities!* And, yet, we are still forced to contemplate mankind, as a pack of hungry wolves, rending one another for the possession of a putrid, carrion pile!

105. And now for a little recital which it would be unpardonable to omit—classifiable with equal propriety as biogenetic, macrobiosic, or suggestive of *felo-de-se*: A mother with several children, and, while pregnant with another, is thrust into a complication which is faced with heroic fortitude, because of her numerous dependents and innate sense of duty; and in due time her son is born.

106. Another wife, similarly, and contemporaneously, encumbered, has to pass thru a trying ordeal also, while pregnant—plus the lingering illness and death of one of her little brood—yet, fortunately, her coming daughter duly arrived. Then, in the fate of things, these last children eventually married.

107. Now his path was ever strewn with almost overwhelming calamities and misfortunes, while

his "better half's" course was comparatively easy — yet note this striking contrast : They have reached the age of *sixty-five*, with children and grandchildren sufficiently numerous to render life sweet and interesting from every angle. The midnight hour has arrived, and the whistles and bells of a great city are welcoming in the glad New Year, when this mother in Israel, ejaculates to her patient spouse: "And you, my dear, still want to round out a full century! Oh, how I hope and pray that I may not be spared to *ever again* listen to these clanging bells of *time!*"

SECTION THREE

108. Over sixty years ago, Darwin's "*Origin of Species*" gave the intellectual world a record-breaking jolt; and its problems were, for the most part, academic only. These biogenetic revelations of ours, on the contrary, are the most vital conceivable, involving the issues of *life* and *death* for every individual; and if, for any reason, they fail to powerfully influence the masses of mankind, it bespeaks a moribund blight for all such. But they *shall prevail*—and that right soon!

109. In any effort to verify our biogenetic laws—that of Sex, for instance—some striking example of its operation should be selected. A couple having ten sons, and another, even larger family, composed of girls, would reveal what equally sexed groups could not so convincingly do. And the same central thought should govern in testing the principle of fetal growth; the transmission of acquired characters; the causes of variation; of longevity; of beauty; of genius. But Science is so slow and conservative. It waited over a generation before giving heed to Mendel's notable discoveries; and has done far worse than that in heeding my "Law of Sex." But bereaved mothers will force atten-

tion to the avoidable causes of infant mortality, as herein set forth, surely.

110. The father of a large family confided to me that a son, nearing his majority, had been prenatally planned for an artist; and beautiful pictures and pleasant surroundings had been arranged to insure a gifted child. A mild, pleasing personality was the result, with a modicum of artistic ability. Had strenuous physical effort been put forth, however, and zealous intensity for artistic success formed the daily order of exercises, that lad's giant strides might have echoed thru the corridors of Time, centuries hence, instead of the feeble effort that will early close the incident.

111. The English Baron Strathcona, died in 1914, at the age of 94. His remarkably useful, long and practical life, the universal esteem in which he was held, surprised me, in the case of one so titled, and impressed me exceedingly; hence I sought to know whether his case was one that confirmed, or tended to negative my theories. And I soon learned that his faithful mother, on the Scotch coast, remarked, about the time of his advent, that she could not grasp the Divine plan, in sending her another child, when food was already short for those she had. Of course, this satisfied me that his pedigree was an ideal one for my claims.

112. Another notable instance of the transmission of acquired characters just occurs to me: A florist pots the slips in hundreds of small retainers, and his pregnant helpmeet assists him day after day. A flower pot of about the capacity of a teacup, is held in one hand, dipped full of light soil, a cutting inserted, and then both thumbs are vigorously applied to pressing down all the soil in the pot, so as to properly retain the slip. In the fullness of time a child appears, and verily, to the manner born, with two clump ended thumbs, which naturally govern his life calling.

113. Who has not seen mischievous children teasing some homely mate, over the possession of sundry awkward features, when, in desperation, the innocent victim of their sport, between sobs, turns and says, "I don't care, anyway, I'm just as God made me!" But he was not a specimen of Divine handicraft, any more than it would be true were one to camouflage the disgraceful appearance of his vegetable garden, by palming its defects off upon Omnipotence. Many things that devolve upon us to perform, people have a sanctimonious way of piling the fruits of their shambling, shiftlessness at the feet of *Deity*. The central government, in mundane affairs, reserves to itself many rights and prerogatives, and delegates others to the local authorities. The matter

of fashioning and endowing the race, is left for us to do, beyond all peradventure!

114. The Japanese have for decades been called by us, "the *diamond edition of humanity*." They are intent upon side stepping and outgrowing this national low-statured stigma; and Science sympathetically prescribes a *meat diet*. But I urge them to sit up in chairs, instead of on the floor, with cramped limbs. Then without modification of diet, let *pregnant wives* adopt a *strenuous role of walking*, and of climbing their sacred hills and mountains, and thus inevitably endow with both *stature and longevity*!

115. And this recalls another case I know well, in which the person has a pinched, drawn countenance, is ever cold, and keeps on thick underwear the entire year. But if we may call this one a smooth, thin-skinned orange, surely an abundance of others are to be found with coarse pores, and were born in the "good old summer time." Yet we are all free to assume that these anomalies date back *millions of years*, to some glacial hold up, or, only just a few decades, when a Dakota blizzard cut the family fuel supply short for months. And sweaty, malodorous feet, of which some complain, are to be accounted for by combinations of circumstances, too obvious to merit elaboration.

116. Another instance of the transmission of acquired characters—which, however, are many times more numerous than are human specimens—is the case of a somewhat historic lady, who was not abashed at the prospect of maternity, but just bustled about in all social currents, with a gracious smile for each. Her offspring inherited, from that exceptional gestation, his personal magnetism. In repose, his lips were very plain and pouty, but became beautiful when lending themselves to that broad smile which charmed a nation. And in striking contrast to this is the case of an exemplary, prospective mother, who allowed designing “*in-laws*,” to override and browbeat, from basest motives. Her son was a model of every excellence, yet ever unpopular, because his *aura*—shall I say?—attracted odium. His *psychology* was his *congenital handicap*!

117. In scrutinizing a body of students, for example, to note their defects—as none of them could possibly be immune—we should find two classes appearing: those whose lacks originated in ancestral sins of commission, and about an equal number whose defects sprang from sins of omission. And a decade or two later, reviewing the same assembly, we should find that, with few exceptions, all had followed the evil bent. Some few might be found who had quickened the vicious pace, while possibly one or two would be met,

heroically essaying the "Excelsior" trail—intent, like Paul, upon keeping the body in subjection.

118. That singular obsession of Science, as to the immutability and immortality of protoplasm, leads it into no end of trouble. I recall one of its devotees who wrote a book advocating the destruction of *one-fifth* of our race, because of its assumed hopelessly corrupt plasm. I have little patience with such vagaries, but contend for its plasticity at all times. I can point to a tippling couple that had five imbecile children born to them. Later, they reformed, and had one average child—which certainly suggests a more intimate relation with our germ-plasm than with the "coins in one's pocket." A temperate young sea captain, at his evening wedding, was coaxed to take a little wine, which made him noisy and silly. He left a pregnant wife, an hour later, went on a long voyage, and was cursed with a *shouting imbecile daughter*.

119. I used to puzzle over whether a parent, say of *twenty*, who might transmit a superb endowment, could at *sixty*, do more than convey the balance of his life span. But I now know that *longevity* inheres, not in the germ at all. At *seventy* a man may transmit life, fertilizing the female cell with as perfect essence as ever; since length of days primarily and positively depends on *maternal zeal during gestation!* A seed from a

young apple tree will produce a thrifty scion; and so will one from the same tree taken a century later.

120. Likes and dislikes abound and cause much amusement, and more uncharitable criticism, devoid of sober reflection. Two strangers I recall, on a street car, discussed their likes—the one must have ten apples every day of his life, while the other was like a fish out of water, if he could not get an “Eastern Shore,” salt herring, every morning. A staid housewife and matron I knew well, who would fall ill if a piece of cheese were anywhere on the table; and cute little “Mamie” at the age of two, would steal up into the dormitories, winter or summer, and devour the tallow candles, all of which freakishness has a common origin in the maternal impress, which fact one wearies of reiterating.

121. I have certainly known, personally, three most estimable ladies, who were housewives, but whose one inherited mania was not maternity, but, like the daughter of a certain rustic, lacked ears for *music*, yet had such marvelous eyes for *dirt*. Hence, all silver-plated ware within their spotless precincts, oil paintings, all furniture, painted surfaces, kitchen ranges and utensils, were speedily doomed—and this, not because of freaky, remote ancestors, but merely because their now sainted mothers, had frittered precious hours away on

trivialities, producing microcephalic offspring, with diminutive, ingrowing souls, instead of some of this world's great immortals—troubled about many trifles instead of choosing a nobler, better part!

122. Once, while stopping at a modest hostelry, in a big city, I was approached by a party to purchase some cheap jewelry. The strange look in his eyes startled me, and I felt great relief when he moved away. A few evenings later, I saw him similarly besieging others, and my curiosity was aroused to learn his history. And I found him quite communicative, not to say companionable. He had a brother and a sister, roving over the country somewhere; all were born in the same brothel, and knew a woman they called "mother." His moral concepts were no surprise; but his eyes put him in a class I had but tardily learned to recognize. And no feature is more plastic and controllable, maternally.

123. Strenuousness is clearly the key note of existence, with all the higher forms of earth life. We readily recognize its operation in the jungle; but few discern, that, with humanity, eternal vigilance is also the price we must pay for whatever is worth while. And, as soon as wealth says to its possessor, "Soul take thine ease," that very day, if those siren notes are heeded, rapid degeneracy begins. And a little practice, enables one to dis-

cern to what extent this insidious process has undermined the life of every individual, ancestrally; and, to what extent this bent or inclination has been yielded to, personally.

124. The latest word I have seen from Honolulu, is, that, in accordance with the rehabilitation act of our Congress, twelve carefully selected Hawaiian families are to be placed on special farm sites, hoping to "save a dying race." With a wise selection of the native stock—that is, families that are reasonably free from blood taint—the task is easy and the result assured, provided the directors of the movement are thoroly equipped with the truths taught by our Biogenetic Foundation—which I am as positive they are not, as I am that it will otherwise fail. The American bison is coming back—and no race or species need expire.

125. The cause and cure for most earthly ills, I have already, but too often, iterated and reiterated; so I will here quote from the latest "Educational Foundation" literature extant, simply to note its contrast with our stereotyped formulas:

126. "If the nervous system of the growing child is too delicate to safely engage in learning to read and write at an early age, why should this be required of him? Is there not intellectual growth in music, games, stories, Nature and hard

work? No child can grow round shouldered, nervous, anemic, near sighted, discouraged or egotistical in *getting* an education. If these conditions result he is *not* being educated.

127. "Any educational system in which one child flourishes and another languishes, is unjust, even immoral. Childhood *must not* know 'failure'... Why should not teachers, everywhere, study to know the needs of childhood, and to adapt the school process to those needs? This is being done, and will continue to be done, until the program *in every school in the world is life giving!*"

128. *Fifteen million* little graves, which are annually dug, we claim attest just so many "*failures of childhood;*" and our orientative sense makes the *gravid* uterus, and not the *school room* the only true "*life giving*" center! And now for an abbreviated final quotation:

129. "Education is life. Growth of this process must be life-giving to body, mind and spirit. What are these needs, and how may the school meet them? No one knows, and perhaps never will; but it remains the supreme duty and privilege to study and try to meet these needs."

130. And this, to me, seems as pathetic a confession as would be that of a duly registered potter, to similarly wail over his mass of plastic clay—or the traveler, to ask where he should go!

131. I have for years told how our Foundation will cause the elimination of ten years of pedagogic domination from each pupil's young life. I have long ridiculed a civilization which requires *vocational experts* to tell adolescence what to engage in—as if our youth were a pack of dolts, turned loose from some imbecile retreat! I have cited two or three living specimens, already, in this address: and I now rejoice to be able to present what I feel, is, ideal proof of the truth of my claims in these particulars.

132. Professor Louis M. Terman, head of the Psychological Department of Leland Stanford University, is deeply interested in a young mental prodigy, in the person of nine-year-old Elizabeth Benson, of Los Angeles. This intellectual genius has passed the revised Binet-Simon mental tests with unequalled honors, these four years now, and ranks, to-day, with those of eighteen. "Educators and scientists thruout the country are asking, why?"—and I am more than anxious to answer their query.

133. Her father and mother, we are told, married in their teens, before graduating at college. Their forbears were also College-bred. Newspaper work was the specialty of Elizabeth's parents. Her mother, went to Europe, even, as a war correspondent.

134. The little maiden is largely self-taught;

goes alone to the public library and picks, classics, fiction, poetry, scientific works to suit her fancy, and will read a 400-page book in a single day. She seems to have a "photographic mind" which covers all the essential facts in the case for our purpose, and paves the way for needed comment.

135. That Elizabeth's grandparents were educated, is a favorable, yet a really negligible factor—as is also the youth of her immediate ancestors. The mother's *strenuous intellectual life during her pregnancy* is the *all-important feature* of the case—and my interest centers in learning if she was equally energetic, *physically*, so as to insure *longevity*! Publicity is a powerful stimulant, and the danger is, that the child's mentality will be permitted to dominate, and send her to an early grave.

SECTION FOUR

136. Something less than a century ago, a sister-in-law I might name, seemed jealous of the merits of another, whom I later came to know, and settled upon her personal appearance as the most vulnerable point of attack. And this cut the meritorious one, and made her *mirror* the toilet article of special interest. She was pregnant at the time, and brought forth a child of marked comeliness, and who, with the lengthening decades, tho quite devoid of vanity, can never pass a looking glass without halting to see that all is right—in which I discern the transmission of two “acquired characters,” while Science merely sees “coincidences.”

137. Every member and feature of the body is an open book to any one skilled in reading cause and effect. The hands, arms, and shoulders are examples of this truth, as well as the neck. This last named portion of the human anatomy can be most advantageously studied from the biometrical angle. Its length and circumference are most significant in figuring life's span. Its every aspect answers physical queries regarding its owner. How amazing that it should so long have been held that *acquired characters* are *non-transmissi-*

ble, and that the mother sustains but a *nutritive relation* to her *fetus*, when every square inch of the human body *negatives both* these *propositions*!

138. Albinism is one of the best proofs of maternal influence on the embryo. It results from some overwhelming fright in the early weeks of pregnancy, which falls a little short of producing abortion, yet does so relax the sphincter of the bile duct, that it empties the contents of her gall bladder temporarily—but that of the embryo, in its formative stage, *permanently*, so that it never is able to retain and function normally thereafter—and this is demonstrably inheritable.

139. I recall the faithful reproduction of a fine ebony specimen of humanity, in a museum case. The card explained his native island home, and named a noted scientist of polygenetic views, who held that he represented a distinct race, or species. Notwithstanding the fact that the heavy knit brows, piercing eyes, compressed lips, and Roman nose were anything but African, I, naturally, investigated the tribal environment, and found that the bane of their existence was a pesky fly that buzzed about, ever ready to enter mouth, nostrils or eyes, even. And they had invented a plug of bone, worn transversely thru the septal cartilage of the nose, and thus protected the nasal passages. The closed lips and bony plug developed the aquiline nose, as presently to be explained by

me—and they confirm, withal, the monogenetic hypothesis for our race.

140. Any one who has lived in a small community, must recall a family or two, in the outskirts, devoid of social standing or relations. The several children, if in school, have always appeared so shabby and unkempt as to be generally shunned—and crime or vice could usually be traced somewhere in the immediate lineage. But the common characteristic with these unfortunate—*outcasts*, shall I say?—is, their dull, grimy, brunet complexions—the mothers having been doubly conscious of this ostracism every time a carriage load drove past, or when they ventured away for an hour from the spot, ironically called home. We also find colored families, analogously situated, that seem “smoky,” and almost “crocky;” while other families, which they call “bright,” if of a white race, would be called *blonds*—and are really lustrous.

141. In white people, surely, the complexion reveals physical conditions, dependent naturally on the tone of the several vital organs. In the matter of apparel, certain colors are conceded to be more “becoming” to some—and the wearers so little dream that the facts in which they so exult, also reveal constitutional frailties, which presage, and practically decree, an early demise. I have in mind scions of wealth, that I knew in the distant

past, who traveled the world over for health and pleasure, without ever finding either, for the most evident constitutional reasons. *Wealth* was their *pre-natal misfortune!*

142. I have for years been announcing the ease with which racial characters may be eliminated; and shall presently indicate the reasons for their existence. Time and space will not admit of my entering into detail on this occasion. Suffice it to say, that, with a clear conception of causes, feasible means for their elimination, if deemed undesirable, and for their avoidance in the future, are usually available—and this is surely exemplified in the present instance. I am appalled at the number of pertinent items which come floating into my mind. I hesitate to inscribe them; and yet I feel that no pearl can be omitted from this, my rosary, without it proving a distinct loss to all concerned.

143. Some twenty odd years ago, I told a stooping school girl, of fifteen, with whom I was well acquainted, and with whose passive gestation I was familiar, that she would not survive till her majority, because of weak lungs. And she has recently reminded me of that dire prognosis, confiding to me, also, the fact, that, at seventeen, pulmonary trouble actively seized her, and that she fought it off for over a year—which perhaps is better than nothing; and yet, not much, for she

is a *born weakling*, devoid of strenuosity, of *initiative*, and *force of character*. But all of this might have been reversed, for she had a good mother, yet one as ignorant of *Nature's* laws as is "Science," and the rest of mankind—who have not entered our *biogenetic fold*!

144. In my early teens, I often went out of my way to feast my eyes on a charming type of young manhood, employed as a barber in the finest establishment of a rich city. He was always visible, and, if disengaged, his princely bearing, and piercing dark orbs must have impressed every passer-by.

145. Thirty years later, when living in a large center, I saw this same striking figure, occupied as proprietor of a shop, and, of course, I sought to learn the secret of his personality. His mother was a lady in waiting, at one of the royal courts of Europe, and, incidentally, gave birth to *thirteen children*—and he was also then the father of a like number. He told me of the pleasant memories of those early years, in that first American city he had known, and how he had regretted that he was then already married, for he detailed, specifically, concerning matrimonial overtures made to him by certain most exclusive families whom I knew. And I could fill a volume with analogous instances which attest the scope of maternal influence. It would be superfluous to consume

words, pointing and elaborating the plain moral in each of these cases.

146. A vivacious young wife plans a European summer tour, with friends; but as the spring opens she is so disappointed to find herself pregnant, and, with profound misgivings, modifies her plans accordingly. And human history is shaped by instances like this; yet I am not justified in naming a typical globe trotter who remained faithful unto parturition—but not at home. And she “bred true,” for that son is a “rolling stone.” No matter where traveling, by rail or boat, at every stop or landing, he must plunge out to inspect the town, and by an eyelash, vaulting to deck or platform, panting and ready to collapse as the trip is resumed.

147. And this case reminds me of a mother whose constant aim was to warm the first seat in any assembly. And she was almost frantic at the prospect of being late. Yet only one of her several children manifested this idiosyncrasy, to an alarming extent—and he, even to the point of nervous collapse—and just one of his large brood was so handicapped; and again—*four generations!* But a brilliant nephew of the above cited mother, “would rather not go at all than to arrive five minutes early”—all of which should teach that “acquired characters” do not have to date back to “remote ancestors;” and then, even after con-

ceding that they really do, or may so originate, to be coolly informed that no instance of their transmission has ever been established! But time fails to properly present this noteworthy instance.

148. Science delights in statistics and aggregates, which may be accurate, or, doctored—but in either case, are valueless in most research work. They surely are in this field, since ours is a *hand-picked proposition*, in which valuable results can accrue only from the closest scrutiny of *individual specimens and characters*. And I feel that few will be disposed to blame me for the number of more or less pertinent incidents submitted, when they realize that my lists date back over *half a century*, and aggregate over *ten thousand persons* whom I have known and scrutinized from ever-varying angles.

149. A few years ago I read an able series of articles—one hundred as I recall—under the caption “Mothers of Great Men.” In nearly every instance, valuable data was given, indicating the truth of my contention; and at times I almost felt that the writer had caught my vision of a glorious truth. But he would so often conclude his sketches with words of the following import: “On the whole, the fates could hardly have selected a better, wiser, maternal caretaker—a more fortunate environment for the future welfare of this brilliant character”—phrases which showed their

The author in 1882, sitting at the request
of his London publisher, for the
“Law of Sex” volume.



author accepted the orthodox tenet, that parents have but a paltry *five per cent* of influence over their progeny, at best—are *compulsory hosts*, for a few short years, of casual transients, much like the boarding house keeper in a college town.

150. Newton's case is an ideal one, in its every aspect—his noble personality, that love for his mother, his pure life, his feeble infancy, coupled with longevity, everything ! That the mother was nothing out of the ordinary, is attested by the fact of her second happy marriage to a curate, and bearing him several average children.

151. No better case is conceivable than that of Napoleon, whose pregnant mother was mounted on her war steed for months before his birth. And the patriotic Lafayette, whose father was in a foreign war, while his loyal mother was aglow with zeal over the issues at stake. And in our own country, a colonial justice of the peace, left his family in the wild frontier, while he fought for freedom ; and his soul was so full of zeal, that he was wont to *read aloud*, the papers that reached his rude cabin—which characteristic gave us that solemn-eyed, brunet orator, Daniel Webster ! Yet his pedigree and evolution are no more interesting and instructive than is that of so many others, such as Alexander Hamilton, Henry Clay, Lincoln, Roosevelt !

152. I feel well acquainted with two sets of twins—all males. The first couple are *identical*, and *geniuses*, because of maternal agitation during gestation. The other set are not alike, but quite distinct, and would hardly pass for cousins. Each of these latter, adopted the calling of the father, as the line of least resistance. One is rightly held in much higher esteem than his brother. The real point of interest in this case, is, that it throws light on the *extent of maternal influence*. Each of the germ cells had ordinary maternal care, and developed ancestral traits, plus those of the legal profession of the father, incident, largely, to the mother's interest in her husband's affairs. But, in those creative months, had she been caught in the enthusiasm of a religious awakening, for example, and had she spoken in public services, those ancestral traits would have been submerged, and a pair of famous twin evangelists would have been known to the world!

153. Yes, and I will mention a third pair of boys; farm born, and distinct. The one cleaves to the soil, and seeks counsel of his brother in business affairs, because of his recognized ability and accomplishments in several lines—always popular, successful and efficient. Each has followed ancestral bents, because of a maternal, routine pregnancy—and her family was large. But had she been wrought up, for instance, by the sojourn of

a missionary brother-in-law, in the family, recuperating from labors in some hopeful field, her soul aglow, those twins would have resembled that guest; their aims would have been identical, and their lives would have been devoted to the cause of missions.

154. Some psychologists talk much of our “latent faculties;” and it is a fact that some of us attest the truth of this claim. Such latencies might have appeared in our infancy, and have proven supreme blessings to the race, had maternal sagacity but recognized the indisputable evidence. In a case, say, of several musical or mathematical forbears, and the prospective mother, with no aptitudes for either, if she will but apply herself to any of these, so as to have merely a kindergarten rating, if you please, she can become the mother of genius, as thousands of instances attest. Colburn’s ignorant mother was vexed for weeks over the fractions involved in the purchase of a few yards of calico; yet her gifted son left his decisive mark!

155. Science is much given to fads and fashions, as are the gay, thoughtless throngs of amusement seekers. The microscope in the hands of an expert, reveals something valuable, whereupon thousands of imitators appear, all seeking prizes by similar means, as if there were not unnumbered fields white for the harvest! Quiet re-

flection will often yield such priceless returns; as, for instance, in reading the biographies of brainy people where we find, oftener than otherwise, that they were delicate and ailing, in early years, a circumstance which, of itself, centuries ago, should have suggested a similarity of causes back of each case, to wit: the *mental agitation encroaching upon the physical!*

156. Normal vital energy is daily consumed in a score of commonplace directions; but when some mental worry disturbs a pregnant mother, the brain of *self* and *fetus* demand an extra portion, and other parts of the physical frame are temporarily slighted, usually, and disturbed—especially exposed to derangement being the organs related to nutrition. Certain blood taints produce hydrocephalus; yet we see many not thus afflicted, whose large skulls enclose but moderate mental capacity—and here is the explanation: Mental agitation of the mother occurred during the early months of gestation; but things were comfortable and satisfactory during the later, calm, peaceful, altho essentially, ruinous months!

157. **Prodigies who learn *Greek* at *three*, are** so apt to pass out at six; and all because of the *criminal ignorance* of the race for not grasping Naure's plain, sensible laws! The mothers' bodily indolence, has caused these marvels to lack physical stamina to support a superb mentality. For

years I watched a husky specimen of humanity, in different libraries, with several books before him, invariably, and which he always finished before leaving. I took pains, repeatedly, to learn the kind of literature he was so insatiably devouring, and found that it was the wildest of romances. And this well illustrates maternal influence and responsibility. He could never be an author, nor anything worth while, in fact, since the mother had, withal, failed to endow him with length of days, as was biometrically most apparent.

158. Gestation is the great creative period of the race—the *year* of *Jubilee*; its “Holy of Holies,” and shapes its *final* destiny—yet it is tabooed and classed as a pesky nine months’ “*disease*,” which, like hay fever, the better classes have learned to side step. Only the other day, a brilliant expert made a second call at my office, and confided to me his latest plan to positively eliminate the pregnant period, and, in its stead, to have a large municipal laboratory, where human germs and cells would be received, and treated somewhat along the lines of pisciculture, or of poultry incubator propagation.

159. Blood relationships would not then even be dreamed of; and orphan asylums would become obsolete, the public incubation plant being suggestive of our modern fish hatcheries; and the social order being comparable to a swarm of

locusts, or perhaps, better, to the solitary land turtle, occasionally found wandering in our forests. A noted Senator told me years ago, that he never had heard of a woman who desired pregnancy; and yet I am not prepared to believe that now, when this feminine era is actually present, women will stand ready to vote for the *demater-nization of parenthood* and the reign of *im-per-sonal kinships!*

160. Nevertheless, we could breed a denatured race, if we should so elect. I recall a fairly popular young fellow, and chanced to meet his mother, when she spoke bitterly concerning him, and added that she "would twist the neck" of a second, rather than let him curse society. Now the speaker is known to regret that he has not *one hundred whom he might* claim as his very own, and loves those he casually passes, so tenderly that the tears start—*prenatal conditions* and *maternal attitudes* explaining all; yet who shall dare to measure, or pass upon, the *moral aspect of these problems!*

SECTION FIVE

161. In the last hours of our dying year, 1921, I read in an able—or certainly amiable—editorial of a local Citizens' Association, which is reviving the proposition to give physical culture to our school children. While athletic boys and girls, both in and out of college and university, have not been neglectful in this field, the weaklings have shunned the public gaze and have been sadly slighted, insomuch that they are physically lacking for the stress of adult life.

162. This article further asserts that the graded and high school years, are the ones to correct posture, secure proper spinal alignment, to broaden the chest, and to make the bones grow properly. Teachers with sympathy for "spindle legged children," it says, will be of greatest value to the schools of the nation. And to all of this I most emphatically demur, since the game is already *lost!* It is enough to make angels weep, to see daily, on our streets, scrawny little, spectacled creatures, of eleven, humped over, and hugging a lot of books. The survivors of these, a few years later, may be seen as "war-workers," ever more crane-necked, and with faces already touched up to the undertaker's standard!

163. Repetition was ever my pet aversion; but I will again assert that the whole scheme of life was "queered," when "*pep*" and *penchant* were not *prenatally purveyed* in fullest measure. The generations have long known that "fast colors" must be "*dyed in the wool!*"

164. I have been made familiar with the case of a mother who was pregnant at the time of a battle, in which her husband was reported killed. She being at the time in that vicinity, rushed over the deserted field to find her all, and handled scores of the dead, to once more see the beloved countenance, if among that ghastly host. A daughter born in due time, had a face which was a composite of dead-soldier pallor and maternal anguish!

165. A plausible stranger paid court to a worthy young lady, became engaged; they went to look at a home; he deceived and deserted her, and she, in disgrace and retirement, spent the months and years. Her daughter bred true to that singular gestation; was a marvel in appearance and native ability, but passed out, naturally, at fifteen, in conformity with my *law of longevity!*

166. I can name a wife, who tells, how, when less than four months advanced in her second pregnancy, she first saw old ocean, at Atlantic City, and was in ecstasies over her dip in its briny surf. Naturally, it was too early for

“quickenings”; yet the little fellow within, gave *three bouncing jumps*. And of her several sons, to-day, he alone has always gone wild with delight over running water in which to roll—a bath tub, mud-puddle, or anything suggestive of that original maternal experience!

167. I distinctly recall one whom I had often heard referred to as possessing certain *psychic powers*, well known to her friends, altho posing merely as a plain housewife. Later, I had occasion to call, and was struck by her unusual facial expression; and the circumstances warranted inquiries which enabled me to link up satisfactorily, cause and effect. We often see bright, smiling, speaking, sparkling eyes, with soulful, piercing vision—but this lady’s orbs lacked all of these, and, while not of the encircled, “bilious,” tearful type, were of a sad, leaden, sightless, introspective cast. Unhappy pre-natal conditions, a dissipated father, and what not, had shut that mother-soul in, and those psychic powers were then logically transmitted characters.

168. Only ten per cent of our school children have satisfactory teeth; and a smaller percentage of their parents have a dietary that insures normal bowel action—while laxatives are for sale on every corner. And pregnant mothers are troubled with “morning sickness,” and, later, with baby’s teething, when second summers are seasons of

great anxiety. And yet, all these foolish ills are inter-related, savoring of criminality in their origin—while “a lucrative practice” is the chief aim of so many! Can commercialism never be so circumscribed as to cease pandering to, and profiting by, human ills and weaknesses?

169. I felt well acquainted with a childless couple; and had the reading of his letter to the wife, in which, speaking of a doubtful diagnosis, he expressed apprehension of “the worst”—*pregnancy!* The lesser evil suspected was *uterine cancer!* Yet we must not estimate him as the masculine *monster* of the *ages*, but reflect that he, incidentally, was disclosing a *maternal inheritance*—and I have learned of many analogous cases. Albeit, “Science” fails to detect any trace of acquired characters having ever been transmitted!

170. As illustrative of the moral responsibility inseparable from parenthood, I will cite two instances of a past generation, well-known to me, where children arrived during family crises. In the first, *duty, life, health*, and the *dangers of the deep*, were paramount thoughts with the mother; and self-destruction was ever as unthinkable to that scion, as was a life on the ocean wave! But in the second case, was the *shadow of death*, and to that offspring, *suicide* was an ever present *temptation*, length of days, a *calamity*, and water an ideal place in which to flounder, with no care

for a life preserver, or any suggestion of danger. In strictly religious matters, too, I have noted many examples as sharply contrasted as in the foregoing illustrations of life views.

171. But regarding cancer, it is a problem that I have seriously studied for years; yet, altho I have repeatedly cured them, I still feel that I have not mastered it. Synthetic Medicine has this Maxim: "*An incurable thing may sometimes be cured by curing all the other curable things in sight!*" And this leads me to say, that were I placed in supreme control, for *cancer elimination*, I would decree a *one dollar* fine for each loaf of *white bread* uttered by any baker: idem for each druggist sale of any *cathartic*; and the physician prescribing such, without specific permit in each instance, would be subject to imprisonment—all of which may suggest much concerning my theory of cancer and of autotoxemia in general.

172. In recent days I have studied the latest genetic exhibit extant, prepared with the utmost care by a corps of experts with unlimited funds and facilities at their disposal; and it would be folly to challenge the accuracy and fidelity displayed in their tabulations. Hundreds of specimens of fetal growth had been measured, of white and of colored infants, heads, hands and feet contrasted at different periods of development. Family trees were placed in evidence most specifically,

by name, with mental endowment and achievements of each indicated—those of the most illustrious, and others of the most vicious averages, having been selected—and what is my comment on the showing made by these my competitors?

173. It is simply this: What shall the harvest be? When is fruitage to be anticipated? The highest paid writers in the world boldly assert that *super-men* will not arrive for 100,000 years; and I am persuaded that application to Nature's court will have to be made for a further extension of even this generous moratorium, if similar methods are adhered to and insisted upon. These experts are partial to a selected line of facts, which to me seem negligible; while I seize upon other lines with avidity, and I ponder them till they yield up a *million fold return*, instead of a harvest of *withered leaves*! Hence I can safely adopt a guaranteed schedule and contract to deliver the goods in the space of *hours*, while my competitors vaguely insist upon *years*.

174. I have just read the very latest utterances of a recognized authority in our field, who argues against prohibition, because it will prevent the saloon from weeding out the "unfit." It makes one's blood boil to read such shocking distortions, the fruit of errors which "Science" adopts. Automobiles, for example, are turned out at the rate of one each minute, like clock-work — and *one*

hundred per cent of them pass inspection, as per accepted model. But when we treat of humanity, that old *jungle heresy* of "survival of the fittest," is paraded, and an appalling percentage of scrap-heap weaklings is discussed as the inevitable sequence!

175. This above noted writer would exclude all immigrants, because, forsooth, the brunets outnumber the blonds *three to one*, and are prolific in a ratio of *five to one*! Pray, what would he desire? That our fair land be fenced in; then left fallow and unpeopled? Must I repeat, that the negligible percentage of *blonds* in this world, is but an *unfortunate variation, physically and psychically*, as is withal, attested by their essential sterility. Nowhere is there to be found a promise that adept *birth-controllers*, shall inherit the earth! Love of offspring is the crowning virtue of the mammalian class!

176. As I have already indicated, brunets are abnormal, thru repression, and from no fault of theirs. But this temporary handicap is rapidly dissipated in our fair land, as they ascend to the plateau where political and social sunshine prevail, tardily revealing to them *opportunity*; while the blonds have enjoyed and reveled for centuries, as their color attests, in comparative freedom, and are now descending westward towards a fading horizon.

177. There is something which appeals to the imagination and to individual pride, when Science announces that it has ascertained and demonstrated conclusively the elements composing some remote heavenly body. Or, when, with a microscope, it has identified some inconceivably minute atom, endowed with sundry frills, which it is pleased to name *chromosomes*; and then proceeds to divine and to declare their possible, if not probable, foreordained functions.

178. How paltry and prosaic, in comparison, is it for a young Newton to be simultaneously struck by an apple and an idea, while calmly seated in the orchard shade; or for "Darius Green" to ponder and try to imitate a pigeon! Yet these latter, who, by mixing *brains* with their homely observations and experiences, are they who *achieve*, since *chromosomes* can never be dissected, nor their functions definitely determined! *Guessing*, like *betting*, may have claims upon the attention of some; but they surely can have no abiding status in the halls of Science!

179. Here is the latest pertinent South American item I have seen:

"On the high Andean plateau in Bolivia live dwarfs with the chests of giants. These men are Bolivian Indians, and, living as they do at a height of 12,000 to 14,000 feet above sea level, they have developed immense lung power to enable them to

breathe properly in the rarefied air of those regions."

180. And its perusal suggests the propriety of quoting Lamarck's well known four laws, which the scientific world has pondered now for more than a century:

1.—"Life, by its proper forces, tends continually to increase the volume of every body possessing it, and to enlarge its parts, up to a limit which it brings about.

2.—"The production of a new organ in an animal body, results from the supervention of a new want (*besoin*) continuing to make itself felt, and a new movement which this want gives birth to and encourages.

3.—"The development of organs and their force of action are constantly in ratio to the employment of these organs.

4.—"All which has been acquired, laid down, or changed in the organization of individuals in the course of their life, is conserved by generation and transmitted to the new individuals which proceed from those which have undergone those changes."

181. The second law of this distinguished French naturalist has probably caused more amusement than any other ever enunciated—the idea of a "new want" sufficing to evolve organs—and the fourth, with its *transmission* of *acquired*

characters, is also unique as a stimulator of thought and a promoter of discussion.

182. That "besoin" feature I am positive is a fact in a negative sense—and we are taught that it is "a poor rule which does not work both ways." Lamarck recognizes psychology as a developing force in Nature; and I discern its potency as a suppressing, sterilizing force in the realm of reproduction.

183. **People have recently gone wild over Dr. Coue**, and his hobby of auto-suggestion. And his own people are a living proof of the fact that the reverse of this, surely, obtains, as evidenced by the birth rate of France. Fecundity, conception, lactation, and all features and functions incident to posterity, gradually fade away with the weakening of *parental instincts*—that *Christ-love* of the little ones!

184. **Charles Darwin pondered over Lamarck's** philosophy, compared it with his own, and, above all else, sought to know the *nature* and *cause* of *variability*. And how strange that his followers should have abandoned the teaching of Lamarck to follow after Weismann!

185. Yes, and, strangest of all, that none of them could have perceived that the seat, source and fount of *variations*, center in the *gestatory* period, towards which they have all alike turned their backs!

186. And those poor Bolivian Indians, since "Science" gravely assures us that acquired characters are non-transmissible, must be left to invent and manufacture "remote ancestors" and "coincidences" galore, to meet the exigencies of this most striking case. Of course, *altitude* and lack of *mountain climbing*, could never have been factors in all *lung*, and *no limb*, inheritance! Oh, no! Preposterous! In cases where tribes are found of a color which jars some fallacious theory, a vague tradition is usually suggested of migrations in remote ages. But I fancy this Bolivian anomaly will prove a poser for the most ingenious in "high brow" ranks!

187. Whenever I glance at any one, I note instantly, if not instinctively, the features, complexion, stature and avoirdupois of the individual, which tell me how much of the estate, both ancestrally and personally has been dissipated. The gazelle, rather than the hippopotamus, or snail, typifies our ideal active life. Each one is born with a potential and conditional life lease—which is in striking contrast with an absolute bank balance.

188. Now an expert bridge builder leaves an ample safety margin—a precaution which athletes seem never to do, hence their early collapse. I recall a student who was a poor physical specimen, two generations ago; however, by systematic

training he became a paragon of strength, and a most famous trainer—his title of *Doctor Winship*, making him, presumably, a safe model. Yet his heart collapsed at about forty two, for the “limelight” is a powerful stimulant, and its victims unfortunately confound *bulging muscles* with longevity! Born weaklings are thus inveigled into endurance tests, overdraw ruinously on their vital reserve, and *physical culture* becomes their fatal error. And it is a double pity, since parents need have *no weaklings*!

189. But why am I so positive of the correctness of my preference for the deer, or gazelle, to typify the true human ideal? Simply because *activity* and *strenuosity*, rather than *adipose tissue* and *bulk* are the true *synonyms* of life, as every fair test of *endurance* and *utility* unmistakably demonstrate.

190. I am certainly fortunate in getting the actual views of Science on my special themes, and have just laid down the New Year's copy—1922—of a scientific magazine which caters to the public taste. *Can We Live 100 Years?* was the tentative headline which sent me through its pages; but without finding a single bold positive assertion—save the one I shall quote, and which I can prove, savors only of *mortality*, to wit: “The first corner stone of our recipe is Moderation”! Really! A *wheel-chair*, on a *centenary board-walk*!

191. Now who does not recognize the fact that abundant, exuberant life, manifests itself not in the yawning lounge, but in the indefatigable, ceaseless toiler? And I am reminded, right here, of a certain old mare that had gradually absorbed the moderate view of life; and her colt, when three years old, could easily have passed for *thirty*, had the fool thing shown sense enough to keep a *close mouth*! The distinguished medical light who wrote the article I am discussing, with seeming diffidence, recited the recognized basic rules for length of days, first among which were *frequent baths*. And it is well to remember in this connection, that few centenarians have ever been bathers. Only the other day I read of one, aged 102, who was given his *first bath* on entering an Institution. Pneumonia usually claims the Eskimo, who so far lapses from tribal tradition as to descend to ablution—and, yet, may I confess, that, in all sincerity of soul, for years, I bathed twice daily, and have survived. Buffon, he cites, as one of many, who holds that, not *habit*, but *racial inheritance*, is the *secret of longevity*—and, yet all are wrong! His one original suggestion of taking up some emeritus, handicraft hobby, as a longevity decoy, is surely as innocent as it is innocuous.

192. One does not have to be especially astute, nor to serve a very tedious apprenticeship, to be

able to go where apples, pears, peaches or plums are growing, and decide which specimens will be the first to drop, because of maturity, worms or decay. And, similarly, any one biogenetically enlightened, can readily indicate the allotted span of individuals, biometrically.

193. Sex is a basic factor in almost everything pertaining to the human race. There are what have been termed secondary, sexual characters; and I will cite one of them because of its racial bearing: The presence or absence of a masculine beard, on the faces of peoples of different races and tribes, is a character which ethnologists are inclined to especially note, in tracing origins and relationships: and, since I am contending for the tractability of all these, it seems proper to enlarge somewhat on this facial index, as a sample.

194. Nature's plan is for the beard to start at puberty; but where child marriages, or other such gross abnormalities are tolerated, the beard fails to appear—even upon eunuchs, and victims of solitary vice. A beardless man has a crippled personal, tribal, or ancestral, sex history. Those who have but a rudimentary, barbal growth, are sure to have it first of all on the upper lip, because of the *mobile stimulus* incident to alimentation and speech. And the chin surface is the next to feel this impulse. Persistent sexual abuses cause

the deformity to become hereditary, and, naturally, racial. Some royal scion becomes the victim of youthful indiscretions, and lacks the ability to raise a beard; whereupon his loyal, prospective subjects, virtually declare that they, too, are sexually crippled, and adopt the effeminate, facial fad. Surely the *razor habit* attests the charitably inclined disposition of our race beyond *ought else conceivable!*

195. "The little, red school-house, at the fork of the roads," was a New England institution of the last century, with which my earliest associations are ineffaceably linked. The urban spires were in plain sight; yet but one city family had built, and moved out, so as to patronize our chief institution — this aforesaid "little red" affair, which, theoretically, at least, "taught the young ideas to shoot."

196. These newcomers had just one prim, little lad, of my own age; and we all admired his neat, tailored suits, so in contrast with our homespun attire—and those gentle manners! But changes came, two or three years later, and I never even thought of Walter for a dozen years, probably—yet his personality, as well as that of his stirring, stylish father, still stand out vividly before me, after the lapse of sixty-five strenuous seasons.

197. There was a separation of fifteen years, when I returned, as from the planet Mars, and I

visited with one of our noted *nine*, in that "little red" group. Everything was so pleasant in this comfortable city abode; and I was so pleased to learn that our favorite Walter, was married, and living next door. My anticipations of the meeting were simply thrilling—yet so soon to be rudely dissipated.

198. Walter's lineaments were still traceable; but *mediocrity* was stamped on his entire personality. He filled a very humble clerical post—and he had not the *faintest recollection* of my existence. I am not certain that he could visualize either that school or any of its pupils. I saw him several times, in later months and years, but he seemed unable ever to place me—or to recall previous interviews.

199. Now there is no personal pique involved in this recital, for I am only seeking to impress the scientific fact, that no more can come from the *maternal matrix*, than is psychically and honestly put in. I recall three other analogous instances: but, were I possessed of artistic skill, I could draw that entire landscape—long since eclipsed by city improvements—and even the faces of those pupils. I have no legal proof of Walter's demise—yet, a positive, scientific assurance that he faded away decades since!

200. I doubt not that my own gestation was *four times* as intense as was his! I recall, how, over

seventy years ago, when I was but five, a Mrs. Hanover, whom I only knew as the mother of Julius, brought her sewing, and very naturally visited our school, one afternoon—wearing a lavender dress. Hooks and eyes, as was usual, lined down the central front of her waist, I very well recall—and I so intently watched its normal pulsations, with those gentle respirations. I then and there quietly resolved—strange to relate—that I would, *thru life, remember* that commonplace event. I doubt if I ever before lisped aught of the silly act, or have to this day duplicated it—and I now pause to hear my vanity criticized. Yet I trust some can trace my altruistic purpose in the premises.

201. Probably I have not sufficiently emphasized two or three self-evident propositions, to wit: that the prolific families, who till the soil, and have the mothers, as familiar with all business affairs, as are the fathers, will rule their nation, a generation or two hence, *politically financially and ecclesiastically*—regardless of “remote ancestors.”

202. Now lest this be construed as optimism, I will present about a dozen features which sadly depress me: and if these are to prevail and survive, our civilization seems to me hopelessly doomed. Of course this is but a partial list:

The popularity of Gambling; Bull Fights;

Horse-racing; Detective Stories; Social Scandals and Crime on every Daily Page; Cartoonists' Funny Sheets; Salacious Fiction; Stage Tragedies: "Wild West Holdups," and Movie Crimes; Anti-Matrimonial Stage Jokes; Contraceptive propaganda; The use of habit-forming, Narcotic Drugs—most, if not all of which have their special psycho-biogenetic phases, of which few seem to even dream!

SECTION SIX

203. That wizard of the plant world, Luther Burbank, who, for more than sixty years past, has toiled in his unique field, ten hours daily, now publishes his convictions in a way that I must not ignore, since he holds that humanity is as plastic as plants, and that strenuous action alone can prevent the unfit from overwhelming our civilization; and what is his remedy?

204. I have often heard my name linked with his, as "the Burbank of Zoology," and, since we contemporaneously originated, as weaklings, but a few months, and miles apart, it seems doubly incumbent upon me to contrast our views, right here, quoting him freely—altho much condensed.

205. "We are producing an unparalleled number of lunatics, paupers, criminals; rich men, vigorous men, and also weak men; the plants are doing what roughly corresponds, and the reason is crossing of types, which induces these explosions. The United States is the scene of such furious crossings; China does not mix much. Great men are always the products of mixed types. But blind crossing of types produces only accidental excellence—likely to fade away in the second generation.

206. "I have produced a million types of plants, to find one superlatively good; the inferior types are burned in brush heaps. Inferior human beings, of course, cannot be so treated; but if what we call civilization is to endure, some way must be found to produce more of the fit, and fewer of the unfit. One law governs both plants and us. Wherever you see a person of unusual abilities, not far back in his line was some exceedingly fortunate crossing of types. Abraham Lincoln was no accident, so far as Nature is concerned.

207. "When superiority in human beings persists for generations, it is because of fortunate, if not intelligent, selection in the crossing of types. Plants may be bred true to type; a bud or graft will ever grow into exactly the kind of a tree from which it was cut. If a hair from a man's head had the power to grow into a man, it would also be possible, indefinitely, to reproduce superior human beings. Sex brings an opportunity to improve types, but with a handicap in the direction of spoiling types by haphazard crossings. We are little more than a field of wild human weeds, with here and there a superior type.

208. "Racial improvement is all a matter of heredity, environment, selection and crossing of types, as in plants. Whoever believes there is a great gulf between plant life, and human life, is wrong. I have seen a water plant that is half

plant and half animal. Plants are distant relatives, and a man suggests a tree that walks; plant life is no more plastic than human life."

209. Now I will not be over technical regarding the use of words; but "types" are largely negligible factors in my field of vision, since we are all brethren and cast in God's image, in a sense that plants can never be. The gulf between plant life, and ours, Mr. Burbank himself clearly discloses, when he speaks of buds, of grafting, with its uniformity of product. He can see hope for us only in *heredity, environment, selection and crossing of types*; and he is welcome to all these, if I can but be the *maternal mentor* during the *period of gestation*.

210. Mr. Burbank has used the word "type" a dozen times in the above paragraphs, and talks, of "fields of human weeds;" yet I note one little word, on my horizon, which quite eclipses all those types, altho nowhere appearing in his vocabulary, to wit: *Sin*—the *human will*!

211. Now we will concede that a certain percentage of its criminal and imbecile products should not be suffered henceforth to contribute to the stream of life; but with this concession granted me, I will covenant that a *clean, dependable strain* of humanity shall issue while the "wizard" wrestles with his problem of selecting types from his millions of human weeds, intent

upon finding, perchance, some *superlative specimen!*

212. Fortuitous crossings will no more produce super-men, than can great inventions be evolved from lucky combinations of levers. No name in history better illustrates my contention than Lincoln's—and "crossings" had no part or lot in that glorious result. "Persistency" of type in human generation is not some vague, occult natural law, but one as subject to our control as is the persistent ticking of the town clock—and *Genius to order* is now our blessed privilege!

213. I have little patience with those who aim to transfer our individual moral responsibility to planetary influence; to remote ancestors, in evolutionary eons; to spirit control, nor even to "malicious animal magnetism." I have no reverence for any *imbecile deity*, but a profound regard for the beneficent, Supreme Ruler, whose wholesome laws are ever manifest.

214. It seems a little harsh, at first, to find that we often must suffer for the sins of our forbears. Yet that feature is inevitable; and provision for its amelioration has been most mercifully provided by that loving Heavenly Father.

215. **The query may very naturally arise why** I have not confined my efforts to *invention*—the paternal bent for which I so early manifested a

preference—instead of looking for trouble in *bio-genetic fields*, when ancestral records disclose no antecedent warrant for assumed aptitude? And it is humiliating to realize that I should have been launched upon life's ocean, with due regularity—altho the sea may have been a bit high at the time, in sympathy with my very suggestive name—yet, only to find myself in an environment, bitterly hostile to my entire construction, on lines of *maternally acquired characters*, the contention being that they are not “*ship shape*,” and, in fact, are but a non-existent phantom! And this has ever given the voyage a sort of corsair touch of roughness.

216. Certain dealers in liquid lines, have been aptly described as “their own best customers.” And, similarly, I might pose, in an emergency, as a fair sample of the goods I handle—a *living, tangible, acquired-character* product, normally transmitted, in strict accordance with *Nature's immutable laws*! And I felicitate myself upon having been chosen to vindicate her beneficent methods, and thus transform the frownings of Science into smiles.

217. Over four score years ago, a plain New Englander, of exemplary habits, and few opportunities, married. His kindly estimate of human nature, plus a credit system in business, left him empty handed, in his early manhood. But his love

of family, quickened his aspirations, and he was soon thousands of miles distant, on a semi-benevolent enterprise, leaving a wife and three little ones—and this deponent, to duly arrive months later. His voyagings were disappointing; hence my personality might properly be reckoned as their one most tangible yield, or species of *by-product*, since an easy baker's dozen of "*unit characters*" are conspicuous in my make up, and are plainly traceable to those unique pre-natal conditions. And to that isolated mother's heroic fidelity, during that doubly critical period, all that savors of *Biogenetics* in my career, must be accredited. And, altho she calmly passed away in her *eighty eighth year*, at the period of my gestation, the issues of *life* and *death* were intimately involved in several of her leading anxieties.

218. As a child I never dared anticipate living till New Year's. Anything pertaining to health had such a charm for me; and, every current notion bearing on pre-natal influences, was treasured, and tested in my married life. But, after studying my *nine children*, till the baby was in his *teens*, and I, over *sixty*, my faith in such "vagaries," was comparable to that of Science today. Yet, presently, having safely run the "chloroforming" gauntlet, the fog of ages lifted, and the beauteous landscape of *patent truth* was revealed, filling me with such joy that for days my sanity

was questioned—and “such *preposterous claims*,” withal!

219. With my lists, and over *ten thousand personalities* on memory’s wall, to select from, it is difficult to decide just when to stop. But, without turning to any of these, I feel impelled to yet cite several noteworthy examples.

220. A pastor’s wife saw her plans thwarted for the near future by pregnancy, and assumed a sarcastic attitude towards life—and even towards religion itself. The sequel was a famous infidel. And I recall the amiable, dutiful helpmeet of a preacher, who heroically met life’s duties and opportunities, and her gifted son filled pulpits almost before reaching his teens!

221. A certain pregnant mother was the guest of kind relatives, and had a special longing for certain articles of food, but was sensitive about having some members of the household note the fact. So she stealthily slipped away to the pantry by night, repeatedly, and satisfied her craving—which was all planned without involving a shadow of moral turpitude. And yet her boy proved to be “a natural born thief!” Another mother, whom I might name, took a fancy to watching her husband “dress” his meats for market—and her child would as nonchalantly slash living, human flesh, as he would a turnip!

222. Several model sons had each married well; yet one of the sisters-in-law, having a sense of humor not appreciated by one of the others, concerning whom that age-old query, regarding the *probable date of maternity*, had been causelessly sprung, sorely resented the base insinuation—and permanent alienations and estrangements followed. And this high spirited accession to the fair family name, little suspected the intensified impress she was making on her comely, tho not over welcome, offspring, then in the making.

223. Yet, while brooding upon that ill-conceived jest, how little did she dream that the ground work for a *tragedy* was being laid, and of which *she was doomed to be the chief martyr*, or victim—an unnatural son, who, by her own unwisdom, had been *denatured*! A goodly branch of the family tree was thus completely severed, by what the sequel demonstrated was an unfortunate ingrafting, in the strange fate of things!

224. But the real calamity resulting, is not even dimly suggested by the above recital; and it reflects not upon an individual, or a family, even, but upon our race at large. For the sequel reveals a *psychology* both *dense* and *dangerous*. We all know the hostile camps, differing as to the relative importance of *Heredity* and *Environment*. Yet here we see clearly, that the problem is really *triangular*—or, at least, that there are actually

The author's second wife, being the first bride ever scientifically selected for a predominance of sons.



three parties in the field; and that the balance of power resides, potentially, in the *third*—or be it, *Gestation*. This incomparable factor, with its giant tank and steam-roller, moves wherever its maternal control listeth, flattening to a prairie level all hostile barricades!

225. Science rightly selects several illustrious family names, and proudly tabulates the percentages of eminent scions that have graced their generations. With these, it contrasts infamous family records, an appalling proportion of whose members have led lives of shame and crime; whereupon a shout of victory ascends for *Heredit*y.

226. And, parenthetically, I must digress at this point to denounce the shocking stigma and scandal involved, when any community supinely permits such rampant depravity to flourish, in an age in which all should be *brother's keepers*. But to my great objective:

227. Let one apply for a position as humorous editor on the staff of some great daily; and, being pressed for references, or proofs of ability, should tender a pretentious pedigree, which purported to identify him as, approximately, a *third cousin of Mark Twain*! Of course, he would have to beat a hasty retreat, after perpetrating this banner joke of the new year. *Ability* is obviously the one indispensable prerequisite; and, naturally, after a

satisfactory demonstration on this main issue, laurel twigs from the family tree, might be judiciously interspersed.

228. *And so, when one is haled to court, on some criminal charge, what would be the fate of the prosecuting attorney, who should start off with an allegation that the accused was, for example, of that infamous Jukes lineage? Or, suppose the allegation were insanity, specific recitals of strange conduct would clearly be in order before parading percentages of defectives in the strain, for the consideration of judge or jury. If individual acts of moral turpitude could be proven, then it might be discretionary with the Court to admit evidence as to the frequency of criminality in the lineage of the accused, for good measure.*

229. **Science is given to discussing “survival values,”** and I have plainly stated that the prevalence of a “psychology both dense and dangerous” had developed “a real tragedy” — and its enormity exceeds the ravages of the world war, because of the number of *millions* of innocent, infant lives sacrificed. But to the point:

230. My Biogenetic discoveries have seemingly been delayed over *twenty years* in attaining publicity, thru the efforts of *despoilers*, intent on securing my ample funds for these special ends. As a camouflage to their nefarious schemes, this last recited, *prenatally-cast crime*—or better said

calamity—was practically saddled on to *me*, as one of a gang, altho the mischief was perpetrated *years before my birth!* I have no genealogical vanity; but when a crisis demands, I stand ready to compete with any American stock, and challenge the presentation of *one single name* which has fewer scions, whose acts awaken regrets.

231. When a *sporadic case* of any sort develops, a *specific local cause* should properly be sought. And if serious allegations are heaped upon one, whose acts have *invariably* been the *farthest conceivable*, from the *remotest suggestion* of *cupidity*, or *crime*—*altruism unparalleled*, in fact, as all concerned were well aware—it passes belief, that, in the *current psychology*, some scintillations of a sense of *common justice* should not have been struck, sooner or later!

232. The innocent victim is dumped into a bottomless pit; and, to escape criticism, the entire lineage is likewise precipitated, and vague omnibus charges are cast in with the opprobrious grist. Yet before a single human life can be legally eclipsed, the closest scrutiny is exercised. But in this case, where, by no theory of inheritance could I be even remotely implicated, so many exult in my discomfiture—altho *millions of innocent lives* are *blotted out* by such sinister action. My personal grievance is wholly negligible — the avertable *racial disaster* is the burden of my plaint. And to

think that we live in an age when a few fiendish filchers, can, for decades, hoodwink the public, with idle *fairy tales*, while they fleece the innocent, who are *intent solely on race regeneration!*

233. Some well known person becomes possessed of a grand idea, and quietly cherishes and elaborates it for months, saying nothing of it to any one. Yet scores of acquaintances will surely have noted and commented on the change in his eye, and even of his entire countenance. People in public assemblies, discern this new attraction and cast furtive glances in his direction, almost to the point of rudeness.

234. Several ladies are sure to be among those fascinated—and Cupid's arrow, ere long, makes "one flesh of the twain." The bride is soon taken into fullest confidence, and presently becomes more enthusiastic even than the groom; elaborates his visions and admires his manly brow and heroic soul—those orbs gleaming with tenderest love!

235. And prospective parenthood gladdens their hearth; and the worthy young scion becomes an object of general admiration—and the universal comment is, "What causes that charm? Why can I not take my eyes away from that child?" And the answer is, because *body, soul and spirit* are so happily blended in that "*human face divine!*"

236. But a second child comes to bless this home, after that ideal wife has been annoyed by some

neighbor or relative, from motives of most obvious jealousy; and, in breadth of soul, she has sought to forget it. But this second edition of humanity—as meritorious intrinsically as the first, yet less fortunate in his gestation—may be styled the victim of *conflicting auras*. People are captivated by that countenance, on sight; but, later, the rays of jealousy seem to place him on a hated list.

237. Now I am not weaving this fabric from flimsy, floating filaments of gossamer, but have observed unmistakable instances of this for many years. Positive characters can discern, and never be wheedled by malicious whisperings; but the vast majority of our race are essentially negative, and will be swerved by every sinister report, however absurd.

238. Evil, of course, is as easily traceable in the human countenance, as is the good in its possessor. I well recall an affair where A. and B. figured, and the voting would have been 1000 to one in favor of the innocence of the former and the guilt of the latter—but an expert on the case so promptly reversed that *prima facie* verdict. And this reminds me of an officer of the law who became so friendly, and ere long told how Colonel S. had pointed me out as a desperate villian, which caused him to investigate, resolved to cease detective work if true; and I explained just why that

pompous, ex-military hero said so—amid broad smiles!

239. A multimillionaire, of California, died some years ago, and much litigation resulted from conflicting claims of wifhood. U. S. Justice Stephen J. Field, rendered the final decision, which blasted all hopes of one related to a woman in the case—and he swore he would shoot Justice Field on sight. This caused a trusty, well-armed detective to be detailed, to shadow the imperturbed jurist.

240. In a large railway waiting room, the fateful crisis ere long was precipitated. The desperado, seeing the object of his hatred, calmly enter, hastened to confront him and execute his vow, when the detective's bullet did its work. Justice Field's comment was, to the effect, that he had never before realized that a human countenance could focus so many fiendish furies! "*Know Thyself*," I reiterate, became one of the early, basic mottoes of my life; and to this fact—plus a fortuitous, *prenatal* penchant—is to be accredited these glimpses of *Biogenetic Marvels*, which I am now privileged to submit.

241. "***Worn out at twenty!***" was the verdict recently given, on modern society girls, by a well known woman physician. Of course, they may linger about, seeking health, for several years, yet—not being productive assets, however, in any sense, or field. I readily concur in this quoted,

expert estimate—yet our biogenetic disclosures are all that make such appalling facts really comprehensible.

242. Andrew Carnegie is one of the many who have sought to throw light on the nature of Genius; and he noted that it consists in taking *one step ahead* of the rank and file of mere *talent*. I recall his illustration from Robby Burns' "Twa doogs." They met by appointment, late at night, under a lone tree, far from their cruel "laird's" kennels, and tearfully recounted their grievances. Mr. Carnegie saw no trace of genius in all this—but unmistakably in their parting, mutual felicitations, that they were "doogs," and not *men*! And I have found this suggestion of his, a helpful criterion.

243. A friend of my most intimate acquaintance, was very recently commenting to me upon how strange it is, that the rising generation may be carefully taught in our public schools, regarding the serious injury sure to result from the nicotine habit; and then will contract the enslaving vice at the first opportunity.

244. He could not understand the anomaly, because he, fortunately, had been *prenatally* steeled against this racial curse, while *post-natal* instruction will not suffice to counteract our *apish*, racial penchant for imitation—of evil examples surely.

Biogenetic education alone, can ever achieve our racial salvation!

245. A health scheme has just been sent to me, and the words of a prominent authority on the subject are quoted, which I now submit: "The longer I live, the more deeply am I convinced that, what makes the difference between one man and another, between the weak and the powerful, the great and the insignificant, is ENERGY! This quality will do anything that is to be done in the world; and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make one a man without it."

246. Such conclusions make me smile; and I am sure that, for any one familiar with the trend of my utterances, comment would be superfluous. The saddening thought, however, is, that the rising generation seems to believe that *Energy* is generated, by curling up in a corner, and languidly puffing on a *cigaret*.

SECTION SEVEN

247. I was for years well acquainted with the eulogist of Edgar Allan Poe—a physician who attended his latest needs. I have special reasons for feeling competent to tell the public of what that lamented poet really died—the disease which to-day, is nameless, because not understood; and the elucidation of which, will be embarrassing to Science. Thousands of earth's choicest specimens have filled untimely graves, afflicted with the same malady—and all might have been saved with the knowledge soon to be made available by me.—Yes; and this ailment — gestalack — is actually diagnosed and incorporated herein, Section Twenty-seven. Its name I have coined.

248. Many feel when they go to get their blood pressure taken, that Science will soon blaze the way to the open fields of longevity, while I am sick at heart, as I see the circumscribed grasp of the subject which it takes. These abnormalities are but indices of ancestral, and personally accelerated, degeneracy. Some degree of ingenuity, and even of invention, are manifest in the appliance used; altho it is wholly superfluous where one is skilled in reading the human frame at sight—the head and countenance being the real telling sections to note. Yet life insurance companies may feel safer with the aid of instruments.

249. Any one who frequents public libraries, must observe how many young people are intently poring over volumes, and taking notes; and most of them are seen to be students of law or of medicine. This will cheer many hearts, because they rejoice to see such laudable ambitions in the rising generation. And that their goal of a "lucrative practice" is often attained, the Probate Courts attest. But all this is to me most depressing, since *prevention and production* are the burdens of our *biogenetic plaint*. And people are so sensitive, selfish and self satisfied! Certain young mothers in a neighborhood, remonstrated in whispers over the treatment a sick baby was receiving. Its indignant mother resented criticism from these upstarts, and said she ought to understand her business, for she had buried *nine*!

250. Only a few days ago the world was in-formed that the Royal Society of England is sending eight expert university men from different countries, to Peru, to solve a mystery concerning certain natives who can easily carry *one hundred and fifty pounds* up the mountain slopes, at altitudes of over 16,000 feet; whereas, ordinary laborers can hardly drag themselves up those same steeps. No better proof could be desired of the fallacious teachings of Science regarding the *non-transmissibility of acquired characters*; and this, most conspicuously, thru *maternal control of fetal*

development! Need I repeat again that Science denies both these *basic principles*, which are as *universal as gravitation*; and our Biogenetic Foundation exists to urge their recognition.

251. Dr. Holmes' whimsical, yet logical fancy, of the deacon's "One Hoss Shay," has amused generations. Probably the Doctor's mechanical skill was negligible, yet, as a professor of Anatomy, he ranked high. His familiar observation, that, to rear a model youth, we must begin with his *grandfather*, I find to be a misconception, since the period of parental courtship will answer all practical purposes. But I feel certain that the genial Professor—whose autograph letter I prize—little dreamed that a *centenarian* must be built precisely on the Deacon's principle for that "shay"—every part and organ substantially perfect in form and function!

252. Bone, sinew and muscle in combination suggest action, just as naturally as fat, and flabby flesh, reveal inaction. The nose indicates the extent of ancestral vigor, by its size. And when you see a "thick set" person coming, it is well to observe that his nose is almost invariably as much of a minus quantity, as his *avoirduois* is one of excess. The "stout" person, if found with a prominent nose, displays an inheritance from another ancestral line. When, as sometimes occurs, all lethargic characters are negatived by their viva-

cious owner, it proves conclusively that similar vivacity marked the gestatory period.

253. But Science is not perturbed by a thousand instances like the foregoing, brushing all aside with the single word, "*coincidences!*" It insists on conclusive proofs from its opponents, while rearing for itself a *hypothetical structure*, resting on *sixteen massive piers of pure conjecture*; and, from the very nature of the case, ever *hopelessly unverifiable*, as I have already presented a sample or two.

254. One of the world's best authorities, has, within a few months, published a study in *Cytology*, in which, while treating of hybrids, says, "An argument based on the physiological function of the *chromosomes*, is necessarily speculative, since, at present, their significance in this respect can only be inferred, or, as some would say, guessed at."

255. It is very human for us all to prefer tangible certainties, to any inferences, tho these be based on profoundest thought and clearest reasoning. Just as fifty years ago, I formulated a *law of sex*, based on the assumed superiority of one of the uniting cells, and upon their common polarity. The beauty of it is, that it explains *every phenomenon* in which *sex* is involved; and from time to time I have been assured by the most

competent, that no one can doubt it, as it is verifiable in every household!

256. But, while Science is reluctant to admit that time and multiplying facts are ever fortifying my exact position, enterprising persons, then, and since, have come out and published theories which attest that longing in the human heart for absolute certainty. And I will mention just two of these curios, which well exemplify the point.

257. The first is, that the sex organs of the physical frame located to the right of the median line, are masculine, and those on the left, feminine. The clear cut definiteness of this proposition is counteracted only by the facility with which its accuracy can be disproven. And the later concept, that certain feminine functions not only are subject to lunar control, but that *maleness* reigns supreme at *flood tide*, and *femaleness* has sway, and casts the sex, during the ocean's *ebb tide* periods—revealing thus, the same yearning for tangible, visible certainty, no matter how grotesque the concept. My theory for half a century, now has explained most accurately the working of that numerically balancing phase of the sexual law. But who, pray, will explain how the automatic principle gets in its work in either of the two concepts presented above?

258. Science still has the “*nerve*” to insist that until nerves connect *mother* and *fetus*, it will

never concede that more than a *nutritive relation* exists between the two. And yet it admits that every discoverable particle of matter is *polarized*, and that *germ cells*, the visible source of all life, are so equipped as to be fairly comparable to "ants in a hill," each one seemingly possessed of intelligent self direction. How out of date we should regard a veteran Morse telegraph operator, who were to decry and reject the Marconi system, because *wireless*!

259. I have seriously striven to indicate where Science stubbornly halts, at this nerveless, fetal impasse; and now I will quote to indicate what it readily concedes, which I hold shows its unreasonableness in the premises, since it accepts every plank with which I bridge its microscopic — or rather, imaginary—chasm.

260. A gemmule is Darwin's *hypothetical material basis of inheritance*, seemingly necessary to assume a structure to protoplasm intermediate between the visible framework and granules, and the invisible molecules. And this is the line of argument: The qualities of the adult are inherent in the egg, and also in each of the cleavage spheres; each quality is represented in material particles, which divide when the cell divides; the particles are not molecules, for it is hardly conceivable that a molecule stands for a somatic quality; therefore, there must be some sort of unit groups of

interacting and internally associated molecules—and note well these *thirteen faith-befogging stretches!*

261. And now I will quote from the latest, highest and best the scientific world has to give in this field of knowledge : “Great brain power and activity appear to depend more on density and convolution than volume. Healthy nerve cells are always ionized. (Ions are free electrons in gases, liquids or solids; and electrons are the smallest known divisions of matter.) Every portion of the body, thus in living connection with the great central nervous organ, or brain, is able to direct and control every change as it occurs, and to be in touch with every impression received from without, good or bad. (Caption.) (*Human embryo unfolding and procession of the psychic apparatus or sensorium.*)

262. “In man there are two distinct, altho correlated parts: the outer membrane or skin, with its sensitive layers and nerve ramifications, including the accessories, such as hairs, sweat glands, etc. Also a central nervous system with the brain and spinal cord and its extensions, including the peripheral cerebral and spinal nerves as far apart as possible, and connected by a portion of the total peripheral nerve system.”

263. This same authority, again, in speaking of embryonic life, says: “A little thought convinces

that the central nerve mechanism must have originated in the outer surface of the ancestral body, because there alone could it receive the influence of external environment, and the cells gain the necessary sensitiveness and responsive action to enable them to form the medium for the transmission of external impressions.

264. "While the cells which form the ultimate structure of all organic bodies, work collectively as an organic whole, they have also an individual function in relation to the particular parts with which they are associated, and thus each cell, as if independent of collective action, forms a separate laboratory in which continuous metabolic and anabolic changes are occurring.

265. "All have one common condition; each living cell is supplied with nutriment and oxygen by the circulation of the blood, and the return current carries away effete material. But while the material of the cell, and its contents, are found in the inorganic world, the living cell has no inorganic analogue. Protoplasm is very complex and has only been analyzed when dead, but are found to be proteids and their compounds which are the first organic elements.

266. "If any cell, or group, is isolated from nervous influence and control, its activities soon cease, but not immediately, since each cell always

contains a store of potential energy, which by its action is changed into the kinetic force.

267. "The living cell has already been spoken of as a laboratory, more or less specialized, in which constant chemical reactions are taking place, resulting in the formation of *biogens*; and these again redistributing themselves in new and more complicated compounds, which are again broken up by metabolic changes necessary for the requirements of the organism. Now it should be remembered that biogens are ever a compound resulting from vital action. In the cell is spontaneous decomposition, which forms new combinations associated with a living cell—hence the name. And these, in turn, by a series of secondary chemical processes, the reaction, still very obscure to us, result—not only in forming new tissues of body, bone, muscle and nerves, but also the formation of protoplasm, out of which they can be formed again in a continuous circle, as long as food and neural energy is given to the cell.

268. "The association of matter and energy may always present difficulties insoluble to the mind; but the consideration of these phenomena seems to throw light on the nature of nervous action, and to offer some possible explanation of the reason why nerve substance can respond to stimulus. Within the cell, the base upon which the whole of chemical reaction rests, is the substance

protoplasm, which belongs to *colloids* that are non-crystallizable, and the chemistry of life organisms is the chemistry of colloids.

269. "Nerve matter is specially prepared material, and its cells are differentiated from all others by selection, in the early layers of the embryo, where they have been subjected to special environment, and have acquired increased irritability, and can transmit it to their offspring. In this connection it should be noted that every unit of a dividing cell carries part of the original cell plasma, which constitutes a cell immortality, and a congenital unity for every life form.

270. "There appears to be evidence that in the cell plasma there are substances of even higher complexity than the proteids, and which are in more unstable equilibrium, and these bodies have specific functions in regard to special changes and organs. They are termed *hormones*. The formation of these products in certain secreting glands, and which are transfused directly into the circulation of the blood, is entirely dependent upon the due supply of neuro-electricity to the cells forming the gland. If this is not supplied, hormones are not formed, and in their absence, as stimulants in the special cells in other parts of the body, which they excite to activity, healthy life becomes impossible."

271. It is with great reluctance that I have quot-

ed so extensively, but it has seemed necessary to show where the vanguard of Science is to-day in this marvelous field of *cytology*. Too much praise cannot be accorded those whose patience and alertness have yielded so much knowledge of laws and facts of potential value—altho of problematical import at present. But to me, the outstanding and amazing feature, is, that any should have presumed to solve such problems as I am presenting — racial and constitutional, withal — in the realm of *cytology*!

272. And, strangest of all is the fact, that Science should have persisted for over half a century, in demanding that *nerves* must unite *mother* and *fetus*—and Nature shows no disposition to modify or relent! Science readily concedes all the material I need to pontoon this narrow stream without requiring me to invent, or coin, any new word or process, as a few sentences more must attest:

273. "That the human body generates electricity statically, by muscular movement is well known. Also our bodies possess great conductive and electro-static capacity; when insulated can be charged to a high potential—but few know that it has inductive capacity. Our bodies are a collection of storage cells, and can become highly charged. Muscular movements do this. Electric pressure continues to be produced, even when ab-

solutely motionless. Nerve force is generated chemically in our bodies. There is also the presence of great conductive and inductive capacity in them—which also applies to every moist substance and object. The outer surface of the embryonic tube is called an ectoderm. Electrons are the smallest divisions of matter—one thousand times less than a hydrogen atom. Secretory nerves end in glands; sensory nerves terminate in the skin, while nerves of special sense, as the optic and auditory nerves, terminate in those organs.”

274. That these quoted assertions are true I am positive, because assuming such to be the case, most related mysteries vanish—and such could not be the case if I were nursing delusions. Science, however, will quickly concede our contention as soon as the evidence is presented. And it is now incumbent on me to concretely illustrate the blessings which must flow from a true understanding of the potentialities of the *gestatory period*.

275. The evolution of racial characters; the sporadic appearance of *longevity*, and of *genius*; and, ere long the *daily* arrival in our midst, of *super men* and *women*, instead of *eons* hence, will presently be concretely elucidated and set forth—my only trouble being to decide which facts to select for my limited space, out of the wealth of the material at hand.

SECTION EIGHT

276. Several generations ago, Science began to discount the Garden of Eden, and its central thought of *monogenesis*; then to conjecture as to pre-Adamic conditions and *polygenesis*. Ethnologists presently were rated according to the number of new races they could seem to discern. But Darwin's hypothesis of sixty years ago, caused the pendulum to swing back towards a single first pair, and essential racial unity — altho we still talk of the *five races of men*, dividing them according to color.

277. And the lot of the ethnologist is by no means yet a happy one, since his path is strewn with thorny perplexities resulting from facial and linguistic differences, as well as of color, and those that migratory traditions fail to explain. A majority of folks who have studied such problems, will answer, off hand, that *climate* has determined the colors of mankind—the black developing in Africa, and the blond in the Baltic region—yet nothing is easier to demonstrate than that parallels of latitude form no criterion for chromatic forecasts. And while on this point, it is well to remember that about *sixty per cent* of the human

family would be classed as *brown*, or *yellow*; *thirty* per cent as *white*, and less than *three* per cent as *blond*.

278. Broadly, I will say, that the leading factor in determining racial shades, is not *climatic*, but purely *hepatic* —and the *gestatory* period wields a potency in this field, a *million times* greater than all the petted *chromosomes* of the *cytologists*! The problem does not, therefore, become *medical*, *microscopic*, *dermatologic* or *anatomical*, but rather *sociological*, and, largely *political*!

279. Anthropologists and Commissioners of Immigration, at one of our metropolitan ports, have been dumbfounded, in recent years, to see their cherished theories shattered by the rapidity of the bleaching process among the posterity of Mediterranean immigrants, after reaching this land of the free. Whenever the mothers of earth's brown and yellow races, come to have as square and hopeful a deal, as do the vast majority of our American women, they will most assuredly become as fair of countenance!

280. For years I have talked to casual groups of children, of foreign extraction, on the streets of different cities, and "Santa Claus" pleasantries have been freely interspersed; but the *color scheme*, as outlined above, was my ruling motive, even to vying with that passionate fondness which I have for all little ones. But now for an instruc-

tive incident of twenty years ago, to clench this central thought and relieve the tension:

281. I came to know a very worthy fellow citizen of marked religious zeal. Months later, I saw a man in a crowd who reminded me of some one, and, then again a third, and with characteristic bent and persistence, every time I saw one of these, I would strive to contemplate this trifling matter from the *psychological angle*.

282. It finally occurred to me, that the devout citizen was number one; that they were probably brothers, and that the raven black hair, and dark, olive-hued, bilious look of each, was what had impressed me. I easily learned of their kinship, and was tactful enough to get the family history: "We had a most angelic mother; and father tried to be good, too; but he was cursed with such a hellish disposition that only a saint could have lived with him"—which was such a gratifying report for me! And I cannot better accentuate this feature of my theme than to outline a few more pertinent instances.

283. In any casual crowd, or gathering, I can pick out those with dark "bilious" circles about the eyes—caused ever by *gestatory weeping*. I have seen many colored people thus marked—and occasionally one with a congenital dark spot on the cheek, as large as a silver dollar, that showed unmistakably on which side that sorrowing

mother was accustomed to lie, and cry herself to sleep, while the scalding tears wet the pillow, and left that permanent record on the fetus—which, of course, could be only transitory upon the maternal countenance. I have even seen a number of blonds, who were likewise the survivors of a tearful gestation.

284. And I have invaded department stores to test my theories. When finding a lady clerk, birth-marked as above, I have ventured to ask, while examining goods, as to which class of songs she was most proficient in rendering, knowing, full well, that she could have neither *ear* nor *voice* for music or song—and these deprivations very likely were the sorrow of her life. But with one more instructive case, illustrative of this phase of our theme, I will pass to weightier features:

285. I might name the mother of a family who had a child that lingered, and finally succumbed, during its second summer. Meanwhile, she was pregnant, and wept, in bitter, pitying sorrow, alike for the departing, and for the coming, little darling, bordering on despair—just four months elapsing between the death of one, and the birth of the next.

286. The parents, and half a dozen other children were all fair; but this one who was caught in that sorrowful gestation, as above outlined, was of an extreme brunet type, with large, sad, swollen

eyes, thick lids, encircled by dark rings. In her early years she nearly succumbed to what were diagnosed as "slow *bilious* fevers." The pores of the facial skin were always large and prominent, suggestive of a thick skinned orange; and, in her frequent, tearful moods, the forehead, cheeks and all, would puff up in such a peculiar way as to make her almost unrecognizable.

287. Many children, in play, close the mouth tightly, hold the nose and severally blow, to see which can show the fullest cheeks. But this weakling was always a failure in such contests, since the apertures of the lachrymal ducts, at the inner angles of her eyelids, were so large that the air would escape by those passages, having been fetally so developed as to spoil this game for her. She was the object of special maternal solicitude, and was left motherless at the age of ten. And for eight years, thereafter, it was a part of her daily devotions, to throw herself prone, under a certain weeping willow, and there sob herself to the point of exhaustion, because of this bereavement.

288. Mentally she ranked as "brilliant," but a born pessimist. She lived to marry, and rear a family; and, during her first pregnancy, she was subject to tears constantly, altho not mentally depressed. Friends feared she would impress her child with gloom; but it proved to be cheerful,

marked only in being a pronounced brunet. Succeeding pregnancies were free from tears, and gave mostly fair complexions—which well illustrates how Nature ever tends towards normalcy.

289. I should not drop this ideal case without referring to the lips, which as unmistakably showed they were shaped in tears and agony of soul as did also those eyes. I can point to lips that were fashioned—yes, and deplorably mashed—by prenatal kisses, by anger, by smiles, and by much else that I hesitate to enlarge upon. *Eyes*, also, and even *teeth*, can be shaped to suit parental taste. Oh the pity that humanity should so long have loitered, waiting for *God* to do, what He unquestionably delegated to our care. How thoughtless to assume and assert, that *Infinite* Wisdom exercised favoritism, making one *attractive*, and another *repulsive*, from every angle!

290. **But now for the elimination of another racial tint—the red, or copper-colored Amerind;** and, as a matter of fact, these red people are to be found on every continent, and are really *brown*—altho a percentage of them have the coppery hue, on exposed portions of the body, if born in certain months, as will appear.

291. The red men are found under the Equator in Africa, as well as in South America, and the copper hued, are only, perhaps, *forty per cent* of a given tribe— and these are only reddish on ex-

posed portions of their anatomy, as already stated.

292. Those savage mothers are the drudges and burden bearers of the camp—and are but half-clad. They live on the wind-swept, upland plateaus, and the chilled, red, swollen faces, hands and arms, are, of course, transmitted to the unborn. But I can point to many red complexions on a white base; and in connection with which, cold winds were not factors, and transmitted no suggestion of copper to the offspring. Some of the most temperate people I have ever known have had unfortunate inheritances—faces of dissipation, which time will not permit me to elaborate.

293. **Probably ethnologists could be named** who will contend that humanity has evolved from some negroid, cave man type; and, while I am not obligated to commit myself on this point, I feel free to affirm that red men were our earliest ancestors, for reasons already indicated. The name Adam is said to signify red. But the ethnic poser which I have not yet touched, or shed the slightest light upon, is, the origin of the Negro—and I am pleased to be able to explain his presence as satisfactorily—to myself certainly—as anything hitherto uttered.

294. The solution of this entire problem suddenly dawned upon me one day, some fifteen years ago, revealed as a landscape, when the sun dissipates a fog; and I exultantly proclaimed the fact

to intimates, when I had not one shred of tangible evidence of the truth of my theory. But I lost no time in immuring myself, for a week or two, in the best medical library in the world—and, if I may be pardoned the use of an Africanism, will say, that “the honey boy shorely came home with the bacon!”

295. I found that tropical African coasts, and tidal marshes breed fevers which carry off many natives, and are certain death to the unacclimated foreigner—that natives who have become immune in one locality, are not free from these scourges a hundred or two miles down the coast. I noted the case of a French merchant ship that anchored in a certain port, some eighty years ago, with thirty five souls aboard. The thirty who went ashore for a few hours did not survive the day.

296. The symptoms in these fatal attacks were given in ample detail, confirming my hypothesis—and *black vomit* was the usual fatal ending. Every assimilative, secretory, and excretory organ and function was simply demoralized. Probably not one pregnant mother in ten, attacked by this tropical fever, ever survived. But what of it? Nothing, if that inane dictum of Science be true, that the mother sustains but a *nutritive relation* to her *fetus*! Yet, if a little common sense be admitted, the whole African anomaly becomes plain and comprehensible.

297. Let a white missionary couple, land on those shores, and be smitten with this climatic fever, the pregnant wife, in all probability, would succumb. But should she survive, her child would surely have the kinky hair, color and odor of the black natives because "*dyed in the wool!*" All human effort modifies structure; but during *gestation* this process is a *hundred fold* more responsive and permanent!

298. A deranged liver induces jaundice, frequently, and positive proof of such a condition is found in biliary deposits, noticeable in the whites of the eyes, till health is re-established. But who has not noticed in many negro eyes, this chronic, congenital condition? Yet few are aware that at the autopsies of such, are revealed dark, *extraneous* clots deposited in the tissues! The odor of the negro results from deranged, or suppressed secretions and excretions. And the blackness results from the presence of effete matter, which, but for these fetal disturbances, would have been normally eliminated. Colored people well know the "Guinea coons" of their race with blue-black gums, even.

299. I notice where President Harding is quoted as having recently declared that there is a "*fundamental, eternal and inescapable difference*" between the white and colored races—which of course does not accord with our contention that

all people are essentially of one blood; and that apparent radical distinctions are but superficial and readily eliminable. It is regrettable that none of our opponents specifically indicate what these eternal chasms of separation really are.

300. And probably the world's most gifted and alert writer, takes the President's words as his text to enlarge upon the topic, and dogmatize regarding the thousands of years necessary to modify racial characters. He says, to lift up the bone of a forehead, making it half an inch nearer to the perpendicular, would take *ten thousand years*, at least. Yet to me this is the rankest error imaginable. And I would not hesitate to contract to deliver in *ten thousand hours*, *one hundred* subjects whose cranial contours I had caused to expand, as stipulated, by simply utilizing Nature's beneficent principles. There is no confusing of mole hills with mountains, when basic laws are once properly grasped. Evolution, in *one hundred thousand years*, might have cut its way across the isthmus of Panama; but wearying of such delays, we devoted a decade to the task; and with like celerity we can short circuit all our biogenetic problems!

301. When we suffer with severe fevers, the hair often falls out, from lack of nourishment; but convalescence usually insures new, curly locks, and presently our normal straight endowment. But

if fever overtakes a pregnant wife, the child is born with a permanent, wavy equipment in store, and is the envy of less favored ones.

302. Normal hair is cylindrical in cross section—like a full moon; but when nutriment diminishes, inefficiency develops on *one side*, like the waning of a full moon. Now a hair from a woolly, negro's head, in cross section, is like a half moon; and there are little splints along the length of this strand of hair, or wool, just as there is in sheep's wool—and the curliness is the result of this crippled one-sidedness.

303. And I find the same holds true, in the vegetable world—as with grasses and shrubs, on poor soil. How often have I studied it, right here in the District, long after excavations were made for new streets, and the roots of the honey locust, left exposed on one side—curly vegetable wool developing usually.

304. I have never read or heard of any scientific attempt to explain the origin of sheep's wool; but, in justice to myself, I will digress long enough to explain that it is not a product of Nature, but of art, or domestication—a man-made product, in a sense, and in strict conformity with my fetal philosophy. While heat, in torrid Africa, induces fevers, which derange fetal life, and produces woolly, negro heads, extreme cold, in other latitudes, chills the skin of sheep, and sympathetically

of the fetus, also producing lambs with wool. Yet African sheep, of course, have hair and not wool. And, with mountain sheep, in native freedom, the same rule obtains.

305. I have the record of a shepherd and his flock, in the Balkans, which were found in the open, one morning, all alike frozen stiff! *Wool*, I repeat, is a *by-product* of domestication. And here I drop humanity's color scheme to elucidate other racial characters. But, no, I must first say a few words regarding the "U. N. I. A.," and then, in our next section, explain the *blond* and *Xanthous* human types, after devoting so much space to *brunets*, lest I be accused of partiality.

306. Few human interests appeal more intimately to our *Biogenetic Foundation* than do Race Problems. I have just been reading the *Negro World*, and I find that it is printed in two languages—both sections of which I have carefully perused—and I will briefly contrast its aims with our own.

307. This bilingual sheet seems to be the organ of the *Universal Negro Improvement Association*—or be it, "*Asociacion Universal para el Adelanto de la Raza Negra*"—and, surely no one can object to the program this designation suggests. But let us notice for a moment the outline it presents:

Hon. Marcus Garvey is the President-General, of this U. N. I. A., and "Provisional President of

The author, working his Indian industrial **miracle**, at his own risk, **forty-five** years ago, which our government still utilizes. He personally taught five trades—without a day's apprenticeship ever at any and when called to Washington, thirty months later, three experts were required to properly fill the vacancy his departure had created—and no-one said, "Unbalanced! Impractical!" President Hayes and his Secretary, Rodgers, went hundreds of miles, especially to visit this famous establishment, and see for themselves, and have him show and explain all to them.



Africa." One drop of Negro blood in the veins, fixes the status of its owner, as of the black race; and 400,000,000 of such are alleged to be scattered over this planet. And the entire front page is devoted to the issue raised by two professors of Anthropology in Columbia University—Clark Wissler and Franz Boaz—that the Moroccan and Algerian troops, now in the service of France, on the Ruhr, are *not* Negroes.

308. I read in those columns that any of the four or five leading Nations, are liable, in the very near future, to declare war, which will be the *psychological moment* for the Negroes of earth, to establish their black republic over the confines of their "dark continent"—*four hundred million strong!*

309. This "Provisional President," publishes his world itinerary for a lecture tour thru every continent, that his people may prepare themselves for prompt action.

310. Now we often study exhibits of over forty types of mankind, who are natives of as many different countries—and Negroes are to be found in them all. No enterprise should be undertaken, unless one is "forehanded;" and *counting the cost* is at no time more essential than, previous to any *declaration of hostilities!* Under former methods, the casualties of war might be properly placed at fifty per cent. But, with modern gas equipments,

the destruction of life and property incident to any campaign, is a matter of discretion with the enemy, up to *one hundred per cent!* And it may be profitable to estimate the market value of a lifeless planet—or, be it, of the *moon!*

311. It would surprise me to be served with a writ *subpoena ad testificandum*, to indicate and to compound the differences of anthropological experts; yet I feel that such a step would be the part of wisdom. Negro signifies *black*—yet there are, really, neither *black* nor *white* races, but merely *dark* and *light* specimens.

312. The brunets among us owe their dark hue to *hepatic conditions*, and impaired biliary action, or distribution incident to *mental depression*. And the same cause underlies all dark human complexions, till we reach what I maintain is the *Negro*. His color results, not from *mental*, but *physical* derangements of the liver and other secretory organs—incident to a miasmatic, tropical environment, during his period of gestation. *Woolly* hair is the surest index of such gestatory history. And, yet, with our modern "*poro*," scalp-treatment, systems, how are we, ere long, to infallibly differentiate ethnic specimens?

313. We, who contemplate humanity from the biogenetic angle, are ever partial to bloodless surgery, and to pacific methods generally. Our favorite "tipple" is, *optimism*, since we find *all racial*

characters so plastic, modifiable and eliminable at discretion!

314. "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you"—in every heart and life, that sees none but *brethren* on every hand, and ever yearns to perform some act of kindly service. *Hell*, on the other hand, is a vast region ruled by *hatred*, and by sundry cliques, that are ever nursing alleged grievances, and plotting for what others may possess—which they covet for themselves, and are sworn to either obtain, or to destroy!

315. There is no race or tribe on the face of the earth, to-day, which cannot point to utterly irremediable injustices, which they have suffered in the past. Why not let the *dead past* bury its dead, while we enter the *elysian fields ahead*, which are white for a *glorious harvest*? For one, I feel like Saint Paul; "forgetting those things which are behind and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press towards the mark of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

SECTION NINE

316. Humanity floats down the broad river of life. The great majority of people will be noted along the shady, shallow, marshy, right margin of the stream — and are found to be dark also, or brunets. The ideal section is centrally located, where the waters are clear and rapid, and there white folks abound—and must rightfully be rated as the dependable type. On the left shore are treacherous rocks, reefs, sandy stretches, hidden dangers; and that is where all our blonds drift—only about *three per cent* of the total, fortunately.

317. One or two per cent are found in mid-stream, of an Auburn hue and freckled. They will not tan, but sunburn, and are steadily tho unconsciously, perhaps, yet rapidly bearing towards the left bank of the stream, to become full fledged blonds. Freckles do not indicate “iron in the blood,” but a scattered residuum of biliary matter—a serious loss, or departure from the normal. Nature’s scheme is, withal, for this gall-bladder secretion to produce a tan, to protect from the sun’s fierce rays. Its lack is the result of *emotional excesses!*

318. In drifting from the central, normal, toward the lee shore, each blond generation is feebler, just in proportion to its yielding to this

unfortunate tendency. Yet, while lacking essential physical elements, we sometimes see generations, sturdily struggling, and, unconsciously, thereby staying the decadent process. And, in these positive lines, I feel absolutely certain both of my premises and conclusions. Hence I cannot concede that "The Passing of a Great Race" is a volume pregnant with truth. Its author, like others in this field, manifests no effort to fathom the mystery of its evolution.

319. I might name tribes in Africa where the female is never approached during the period of gestation. Had such been the universal rule in human society, no auburn, blond, or freckle problems would ever have arisen! But I have hardly touched the surface of the ethnic field, and time and space are both so limited. Yet I will say, at this point, that I clearly discern how sexual factors are interwoven with the human physique and its history, in ways hitherto little suspected.

320. The African, in a primitive state, like any other of that class, has round nasal apertures, and naturally elevates the prognathous chin—or rather jaw, since his chin is scarcely rudimentary—and he finds the upper air cooler than that below. Thus with oppressive heat, he breathes thru the mouth, largely—none of which is even remotely conducive to the development of an aquiline facial feature.

321. Problems multiply with tribal numbers, and demand thought, which sends blood to the brain; and, in the case of the pregnant mother, determines the brain's size, and, naturally, the potential, mental capacity of the coming child. Gardens must be tilled, food cooked, and animals domesticated, all of which—thanks to the plasticity that prevails during the gestatory period—improves the human profile in each generation, giving a larger brain and a smaller jaw.

322. So far as I have been able to learn, Science has no suggestions to offer regarding the laws of *fetal development*, nor as to the appearance of the chin—that mysterious anomaly, which confronts the evolutionist. Yet nothing is more comprehensible and interesting when one broadens out sufficiently to accept the inexorable, yet most beneficent, *gestative laws*!

323. I might name a noted college professor who had a way of puzzling his class with a query, regarding which he seemed reluctant to commit himself. "Do muscles determine the shape of the bones, or do the bones fashion the muscles?" But I have no hesitancy in declaring the primacy of muscle, and offer the chin as one of the best evidences of the fact. We see men erect huge structures, the steel framework first appearing, and softer materials are added later; while Nature first develops nerves, muscles, sinews, skin, and

lets the gelatinous bone substance fit itself to these according to the plans of the Great Architect. But the size and length of these bones—stature, in a word—depend on the degree of *maternal exercise*, strenuosity, during those precious *prenatal months*.

324. There is little in savagery to encourage chin development, but much in civilization. The cave man could bite a piece of raw, or roasted, flesh, and pull apart a portion to masticate. His front teeth—I hesitate to call them incisors—naturally incline forward, under such conditions, perhaps at an angle of forty five degrees. But, with the amenities of domestic life ever encroaching, articulate speech, smiles and laughter abound—all of which favors chin development, and militates against beastly, prognathous jaws. For the cave lady, during gestation, cannot wear a broad smile, without the angles of her mouth drawing back, ear-ward, and her lips pulling tightly against her front teeth—but, of course, the lion's share of the incidental evolution involved, is on her fetus.

325. Our people have come to poke fun at the "high brows," but they certainly result from generations of culture. The teeth, jaw and chin, also attest gentle pedigree. Generations of refinement are evidenced by a beautifully chiseled chin, and front teeth which have not that swinish, forward

pitch, but actually incline backwards towards the larynx, as an ever-courteous smile clearly indicates.

326. Ethnologists describe races and peoples in the Baltic, or Scandinavian, region, with "triangular faces." When the head covering hides the cerebral section, the face suggests a conventionalized heart—the tightly drawn chin forming the lower angle, while each cheek is bunched up near the outer angle of the eye, which inclines to draw up the corners of the mouth. Generations of courteous amenities are as surely responsible for that type of face, as they are for the prevalent *blondness* in those regions.

327. Anthropologists have displayed infinite patience in measuring human skulls—of every race and people in fact—and the lay reader feels small as he turns to his dictionary to learn the meaning of dolichocephalic, brachycephalic and mesaticephaly, but recovers his self respect as he learns that they really are indicative simply of *narrow*, *broad* and *round* heads. If asked what causes these various shapes, or what there is to be gained, after learning the several cranial measurements of one or two hundred thousand natives, and the experts themselves cannot tell you.

328. Two geologists might enter a deep valley, and one of them begin to dig into a bluff, and then to measure the several dimensions of its

myriad pebbles in the exposed stratum—a task of *cons!* The other might probe a bit here and there, then ascend the heights and broadly contemplate the landscape, and formulate a sensible hypothesis regarding its contours, and their history.

329. Cranial formations and types hold nothing of mystery to one who will accept gestatory verities. Tropical tribes that subsist mainly on soft fruits, cannot appreciate the process of mastication as does the Eskimo, or the Amerind. The *tiger* and the *giraffe* typify extremes in this field. The Indian's traditional "high cheek bones" are a standing proof of the fact that muscles give shape to the bones—and this chiefly in gestative action. The pregnant squaw fletcherizes the tough charqui strips, insuring the perpetuity of high cheek bones.

330. Phrenologists made much of the full, back head, where they fancied organs of domesticity are located. The pregnant mother, by her daily combing and pulling of the hair, is what usually determines that contour. And the negress who has some one draw, twist and tie up her woolly tresses, insures the big, full top and back head we see in many colored children. Intelligence, however, is implanted by other means.

331. The nasal feature of primates, and of primitive men, is very many generations back of the Roman, or aquiline nose of our most enlightened

people; and I must devote a few paragraphs to the philosophy of its development: Let us picture a river traversing a plain, eastward, till it encounters a hard stratum, when it turns southward; but presently, following the course of least resistance, it is found paralleling itself and flowing westward. A moment's reflection will show that the place where erosion will naturally be most rapid, is just around that bend, or loop, southward.

332. As man forms plans, will power and determination are involved in their execution; and these active factors insure closed lips, and nasal respiration, however strenuous the physical effect may be. Air from the lungs ascends vertically to the nasal passages, when it *doubles on its course*, like our hypothetical river, and descends thru the nose. The elasticity of the nasal structure does not favor erosion, but expansion and Romanesque contours.

333. Maternal activities react on fetal features, and almost every advance step of our race tends to extend the nasal tip downward and outward. Certain thrifty types among our immigrants, favor the pregnant mother with a seat out in front of the shop, and a table loaded with petty merchandise. Every prospective patron is greeted with a smile, which curves the nose to what has been termed a "commercial" contour.

334. The child in embryo is thus born with an ineffaceable smile, and an ineradicable penchant for sitting near the front entrance to the shop, wearing an ever-pleased, inviting expression—possibly praying for patronage. I have seen just one full-cheeked, smiling countenance, on which was surmounted a very prominent aquiline nose. In animated, pleasing, emphatic converse, the point of that nose would vibrate nearly half an inch, towards, and from the face. And if its owner should be favored with maternity, and follow her true normal habit, she will enrich posterity with the most intelligent nose conceivable! And that same pressure which gives the aquiline curve, helps to press the point of the fetal nose ever ahead, farther from the face; while smiles tend to counteract, and draw it back, face-ward—all of which inevitably makes for a human proboscis.

335. I might fill volumes with a new, verifiable physiognomy—lips, eyes and all; but will close this phase of my theme with just one noteworthy instance of my new departures:

336. Several months ago, at least one medical journal, and quite a series of daily papers, were teeming with columns of what Science was doing, and had done, towards the elimination of one striking racial character, to wit: the "*almond eye*," of certain oriental races. They gave the name of a most eminent scientist of the "*flowery*

kingdom," his official position and all. It was told how he had found that the abnormality arose from the *orbicularis oculi* muscle being more strongly developed on its lower side—and how a surgical operation might be presumed to minimize, or to wholly eliminate the blemish.

337. Now I am partial to bloodless surgery, yet would prefer to avoid even this, when possible, all of which naturally caused me to approach this identical problem from a very different angle, many years ago. And, while we may have seen those who had sought to magnify this racial character into a colossal barrier, marking a different species, almost, I have ever been able to contemplate it with equanimity.

338. I can prescribe a very simple and effectual remedy for the "almond eye," without resorting to surgery. First, let me explain its true cause, or evolution; and then I will have recourse to *geographical parlance*. The wisdom of the Orient is recorded in volumes, the reading lines of which extend *vertically*, on the page; or, be it, from top to *bottom—north and south*; while, as all know, *occidental* knowledge is perpetuated on *horizontally* projected lines—or, *east and west*.

339. Now this Conference attests the fact that a fraternal spirit is abroad, and get-together moves are in order. So I will venture to offer, as a motion, that a vote be taken, to determine

which shall be the one universal system, or mode of preserving our mundane proceedings — whether, in every language, it must be on lines which shall cross the pages *horizontally*, or *vertically*—*east and west*, or *north and south*?

340. For one, I think my vote would be for the north and south, *almond eye evolver*—*fetally*, of course—as I have long admired this unmistakable badge of highest personal culture. But I must cut this principal racial feature of my subject short, and close up collateral branches also. The brotherhood of mankind has really been my central thought—and it has focused about the period of *gestation*. And in this elucidation, the laws of *longevity* and of *genius* are really interwoven, as I must, in justice to all concerned, more clearly indicate.

341. A classic *nose* and *chin*, are each, the outcome of a *hundred sturdy ancestors*, while *genius*—strange tho it may appear—is substantially the product of a *single valiant gestatory period*; hence some of the world's most famous ones have not been endowed with refined features—while *semi-imbeciles* have had such—to the despair of physiognomists. Robert Fulton would never have been heard of had the family postponed its moving for a few months. I recall three sons of a gifted mother; the first one was born in transit, thru a foreign country, and is so genial, charming

and bright; the next is as intolerable from every angle as were domestic conditions at the time of his arrival; while the third shows that life once more was worth while.

342. Altho the chin is such a complex and interesting feature to ponder over, the "double chin" is a sad commentary on ancestral folly. A small boned frame generally accompanies it, and evidences of the over-stimulation—alcholic usually—of sundry maxillary glands, is clearly in evidence. Who can imagine Andrew Jackson, or Abraham Lincoln, with a double chin—or a Dumas without one? Yet beauty experts promise marvelous transformations; and many accept the old adage that it is "never too late to mend."

343. Doctor Gall, over a century ago, noted that pupils with full eyes, were the best scholars—which observation is said to have started him on his phrenological career, and to locate the "bump" of language, in the brain cells, back of the eye sockets. The claim was made that they modified the form of this bony structure, forcing the eyeball into an, often, unseemly prominence.

344. That whole phrenological hypothesis has faded into a calm innocuousness, while the old mummies still sit and chat in our kitchens much as of yore, paring potatoes perchance, and pointing with their eyes, to a degree that would make even lobsters turn green with envy. They *sit* far

more than they *walk*, and partake liberally of the goodies they are wont to prepare—hence their bulky forms, awkward gaits, and thus inevitably transmit to their numerous progeny those bulging orbs, withal, which can vie, in the way of prominence, with the optics of expert readers and tabulators. A full eye is no criterion of intelligence, however.

345. While consulting a card catalogue the other day, I chanced to learn of a volume by my stalwart friend, Rev. Dr. G.; and I noted a chapter therein devoted to the “Law of Genius”—and from it I will quote a line or two: “The grandest quality in man is Genius. It is the touch of the supernatural. It is that which the greatest of American philosophers called ‘over soul.’” And this leads me to feel that there are phases of psychobiology which I am culpably slighting. Natural selection will be viewed from a new angle when my psychogenetic facts are fully set forth.

346. I need not now attempt to further elaborate the essence of Genius; but I will try to relieve the tension of those who are mystified by the irresistible charm of Beauty. And I might name a long list of blonds, for instance, that I have known, who, instead, of the usual blue eye accompaniment, have most charming *brown eyes*. The mothers of these fortunate subjects, feasted their eyes and very souls on just such orbs during those

telling pregnancies, and thus, quite unconsciously, worked the "miracle."

347. A prospective mother sees some one with beautiful teeth, and wonders if her own cannot be brought up to a like degree of attractiveness. Her laudable aims, aspirations and efforts, may not bear fruit which her friends can recognize—unless they are wise enough to watch for them *years later*, in her offspring.

348. And it is to be hoped that this worthy mother, will be careful during the telling months, in the use of her *tooth brush*, lest she mar the beauty of the new arrival, by endowing it with a large, unsightly mouth, having unkissable lips. And the more she consults her mirror, during gestation, the less occasion will there ever be for her child to invest in *cosmetics*. Oh, what a revolution these biogenetic facts will work in our present day "Beauty Parlors!"

SECTION TEN

349. Only a few days ago, there casually came into my hands, a very able and select medical journal, and I will quote from a contributing specialist, who, in the space of five hundred lines, essayed to answer her own query, "*What is a Nervous Breakdown?*" And I here quote freely from the summary: (1) "The psychoneuroses are developed on a basis of over impressionability of the nervous system, in persons who have not had the kind or degree of early training that their particular constitution called for. (2) The psychoneurosis is dependent upon the individual's conflict within himself, and not directly upon any outward circumstances. (3) The process by which the symptoms of psychoneurosis develop is unconscious, and thus is not under the patient's control."

350. Now this conscientious expert adds these sixty closing words, predicting that "when the profession accepts the foregoing approach to the study of nervous disease, the greatest stumbling block in practice will disappear. The psychoneurotic will not then be the helpless and irritating puzzle that he still often appears, but rather one

to be studied, and helped back to the right way, and remade into a valuable asset for the social body."

351. Had I been invited to explain a "nervous breakdown," from my *biogenetic angle*, I should not have consumed columns, and pages, but simply these twelve words: *Exhausted constitutional nerve supply; hence a hopeless prognosis! Gestatory indolence! Criminal oversight!*

352. While constantly reiterating the real secret of *longevity*, I read these fresh, New Year declarations: "*Frugality and sobriety* are the best assurance of length of days. At your *work bench*, and in your *garden*, you should seek the *elixir of long life!*" And, while these precepts are altogether wholesome, they show that their author has no real grasp on this great *longevity problem*, any more than have *centenarians*. And yet the secret is always sought of these ancient landmarks; and each one of them feels that he has the true formula, amusing tho it be. But the *mother*, quite unconsciously, has turned the trick, in *every instance*, by *strenuosity!*

353. An order is given to some noted Chef to cater for a great social function, and, being a master of his art, perfection rules the banquet. But suppose he had omitted the eggs, butter, or seasoning, in cake, or pastry, by some neglect; it would have been comparable to what the mothers

of those who prematurely collapse on life's journey do, because no proper *heart, lungs, nerves or kidneys* were put into the constitution, *during pregnancy*, as could so easily have been done.

354. The lady physician above quoted, says, "re-made into a valuable asset," which is the *most absurd concept imaginable*, since *gestation* is the time, and the *only time*, for making. Yet, if we really can *remake*, why not open renovating laboratories in our "Homes for the Aged?" But Nature has vouchsafed seed time and harvest, and just *one season—gestation—*for fashioning humanity. Is there a greater world calamity, than, that "Science" should frantically *repudiate, spurn, deny*, and *totally ignore* the existence of this, the most *momentous, auspicious and glorious fact on earth?*

355. **From a dozen to twenty years ago, when** the truth of the foregoing was absorbing my very being, I found myself free to spend a week in a rich, old cemetery, most of the families identified with which, I had known more or less about, and could have pointed them out on the street. The "swell," first families of that cultured city, I found all had large granite monuments. They averaged about six children to the family—all of whom, with rarest exceptions, had died in infancy. One resident, a European physician, was in the same fix as all the rest. They trusted in *bank-balances*,

drug stores, and in letting "*Nature* do a perfect work"—which by *Divine decree*, parents alone can accomplish!

356. My greatest hindrance in this odd, self imposed task was, that with so many of those chiseled *dates*, I was intent upon recalling what, and where I was engaged on such occasions. Because I have a special faculty in this direction—and, as I pen this line, have been reflecting just what engrossed my thoughts *sixty two years ago* to-day, December 2, 1859. I have corrected the tombstone dates of almost total strangers—and could have modified, in the interest of truth, the epitaphs of those I had known but too well. Errors in Registrar's records, and omissions, half a century old, I have pointed out, when the parties involved were of no interest to me.

357. But this seems an unwarranted intrusion—an inexcusable digression. True, and it would be, but for the cause of this phenomenal faculty: My father left home on a great enterprise, months before my birth, and maternal solicitude regarding the day his letters would arrive, or hers be received, thousands of miles away, explains all.

358. And this born passion for recalling dates, seems incidentally, to have saved my life, over forty years ago. Presuming me dead, my interment was but an hour away—and I, the happiest

one of all, that life's "hard battle" was reaching a respectable finale. The bereavements and woes had been so overwhelming and constant, that a change of environment seemed a major desideratum. So attenuated had the thread of life become, that my mere act of will, seemed ample to tip the scale. And attendants, appreciating this fact, strove to rally my *conscience* in the premises. This crisis was on the *seventh* of the month, and, as I was born on the *eleventh* of a month, I felt that my final marker would read so much simpler, without days, that I resolved to continue four more, so as to make *even months*; and, in this interim, my tone improved, insomuch that I still hold fast the "silver cord."

359. But, oh, how regrettable seems the fact, that all those disasters, and that anguish of soul, should have been necessary to eradicate the *ancestral errors* which were bred into my *very bone*, and, later, were *drilled into me* thru all the tender years, and yet without that same severe discipline, I probably should never have been able to discern so many of life's fundamentals, and the causes and inter-relations of disease.

360. And, while speaking of the potency of the *will*, in illness, I am reminded of the case of one who was an intimate friend of mine for over forty years, and who recently passed away in his *ninety seventh winter*. His mother had died of

consumption at thirty five, and at that same age, he lay with identical symptoms, and a medical council was called, and its members agreed that he had but two months more of life remaining; and they so informed the patient, who, thereupon sprang for his gun, informing this Board of Estimate, that, if it tarried in his quarters, it would survive but *two minutes!* His feet were always cold, and were the only portion of his anatomy on which he could tolerate water; yet they must have frequent ablutions—all of which reveals temporary, maternal conditions.

361. But, picture again, a mother's boy, in middle life, whose delicate frame, dark heavy locks, large blue eyes, charming smile and voice, led me to study him. He was of nice European parentage—the first born. The others were prosperous, but he cared not what he ate, or did, tho ever of clean life. He would earn a pittance at menial tasks, and spend all for pessimistic philosophical works. His nightly prayer to the “Unknowable,” was, that he might never awake! He failed at suicide, and miraculously escaped, as a hobo, under freight cars. He is befriended, taken into a family, sings and accompanies the daughter at the piano; marriage is proposed; but he steals away to vagabondage and despair. “They always said I would be *something wonderful*, or nothing. It shall be *nothing!*” Yet his eyes, voice and com-

plexion all attested that the maternal gestatory mood caused no biliary disturbance, but merely engendered a hopeless pessimist — an adorer of Schopenhauer!

362. I became acquainted with a nonagenarian maiden here, and noting she had one of those gestative, weeping, bilious faces, I took pains to learn more. I found we were from the same state. I knew her very birthplace. Her parents were from Boston, and very wealthy. They lost *ten children*, in infancy, dying themselves at *seventy three*, leaving this one child, who confided to me her actual poverty. The point of this incident lies in the fact, that a little brother of hers, lingered and died some months before her birth.

363. It is closely analogous to a previous recital, herein, but the longevity feature in this case is more pronounced. What were horses, carriages, servants, to that mother's heart, with her precious little son hovering for months between life and death? And, after all that care, how he should but linger and die! Yes, and all because she did not dream that the fault was *hers*; since she, by her passivity, had failed to bestow life and joy! Yet she unwittingly did, in those strenuous months, insure, *ninety* melancholy winters to this little, coming, stranger girl. Oh, the multitude of life's sorrows and tragedies, due solely to our *culpable*

ignorance! And this declaration logically forces me to further open up the subject of *longevity*, to some extent, at least.

364. I have contemplated the birth of one hundred persons, and of Nature's plan for each to enjoy fully six score summers of life—a total of *twelve thousand years*—yet our stupid, human sloth, exasperates "Father Time," and accelerates his pace, so that over *two-thirds* of the allotment, or *eight millenniums*, are simply eliminated, leaving but a paltry remnant of sickly subsistence. The struggle to exist, with survival for the strongest, and fleetest, is the natural law among the lower orders, during pregnancy, and *ever, always!* Humanity was assumed to be endowed with sense enough to recognize this fact, that *gestatory strenuosity* is the key to *longevity*, with *man-kind!*

365. I recall an authoress, some years ago, who was, withal, quite a theorist, and, maternity, being her theme, she urged expectant mothers to ever *remain passive*, leaving it for Nature to fulfill her marvelous task, without interruption or annoyance, assuring her readers that a race of *semi-deities* would thereby evolve! But with no claim to prophetic gifts, I can *positively assert*, that her system could yield only a *heap of non-viable imbeciles*, since the task is one for *motherhood!*

366. I remember well my meeting with a poor hand sewing woman, married; had a child, that soon died, and she, becoming a widow, ere long resumed her needle-work, wondering at mysterious providences. The simple soul—yet as wise in this particular, as the champions of Science—had endowed her darling with nothing more viable than potentially *nimble fingers*!

367. I was friendly with a man and wife, both physicians, but she could “not forgive God” for taking her infant, and she showed her resentment by never repeating a venture in pregnancy. She had lofty ideals, and her objective was for one of the *semi-deity type*! Business caused me to meet an army officer’s widow, left with two model sons, in their teens. One of these ere long passed away weakened by spitting blood—and the second one also. I tactfully learned from her that she had modestly kept her room, boarding at the time, and thus avoided comments—and such, from me here, would be superfluous!

368. Who has not seen the ambitious bank clerk take his bride to a boarding place, deciding not to set up housekeeping till after the birth of the first child. He might as well have added, and a transaction with the undertaker, because of this abortive, foredoomed effort to swell the census. They rightly apologize, years later, that they did not know how to rear children at first. And I

recall the case of a college graduate—the mother of three—who was almost shocked at the suggestion of “*prenatal influence!*” The idea was so novel to her, altho a three-ply, up to date mother—and one of the proudest products of our civilization! Yet all *education* that was ever sufficiently worth while to become history, has been *pre-natally bestowed*—however unconsciously and innocently! And right here appears the first broad hint regarding the stupendous mission of our *Biogenetic Foundation!*

369. The line of cleavage between Science and the speaker, can never be too clearly traced. For, while *it* depends upon *pedagogics, public schools, the college and the university*, to prepare our youth for successful careers, we, of *this Foundation*, ignore them all, as at present constituted, because a *twenty fold* advantage accrues by recourse to a judicious *pre-natal curriculum*. Biogenetics, in a word, was earth’s primal theme, is to-day, its *latest, marvelous, crowning science, over-shadowing, antiquating and relegating* so many others, and compelling a speedy revision of all!

370. And, while preparing this very paper, I find in the daily print, that soured cow’s milk, bread, and sheep-milk cheese, constitute the *elixir of life*, according to an eminent professor, who bases his claim on the discovery of a sparsely

settled mountain people in the Caucasus, sixteen per cent of whom, on this above-noted, exclusive diet, are found to be centenarians—all of which is in perfect accord with my every claim.

371. But here is an ideal opportunity to deliver Science a vicious thrust, which I would be more than human to ignore: Could not, at least another *century* be added to each individual life, among those simple primitive, children of Nature, if humanitarian agents were dispatched to instruct them in the art of "*pasteurizing*" their precious product, since they surely, to-day ignorantly transgress all our modern hygienic and antiseptic codes? How could enlightenment on these vital themes fail to convince them of the deadly hazard involved in imbibing a single drop of their *unsterilized lacteal supply*?

372. Oh, what a pity it is, when Science has achieved so many marvelous results, that it should ever lapse and indulge in *narrow prejudices*, and attempt to dictate the course of human progress—and even what *Nature's laws* shall be! This is strong language; and, yet, does not the dictum of Science in the field of aeronautics, forty years ago—"gasless hence useless"—and now again, for decades—"lacking nerves, a nutritive, fetal relation only"—justify this harshness?

373. Science looks backward, in search of earth's prizes, while my (Stark) weather eye is

ever scrutinizing the present and the future. A microscope, magnifying a *thousand diameters*, touches its fancy, while my plain, naked vision, *plus reflection*, yields a richer harvest than I can possibly garner!

374. An expectant mother, and relative of mine, during her last pregnancy, was out in her suburban yard, when some heedless boy chanced to throw a black walnut, that hit her, centrally, on the left cheek. Smarting from the force of the impact, she turned and scolded the careless lad; then went into the house unnerved, and had a crying spell.

375. Three or four months later, a beautiful little daughter arrived—or it would have proven such, but for one of those blood-red spots, *centrally located* on its *left cheek*, inclining to a repulsive purple! And stolid “Science” could not explain the mystery of its origin, save as a “coincidence”—while I most *positively knew*!

376. But life has its compensations: and honors are happily divided in this particular instance, since *I* should have labored in vain to eliminate that blotch; yet Science—with its marvelous *X-rays*, removed every trace of the blemish!

377. A young man may see a human face, in some living subject, or in art, that he likes to gaze upon. Or, it may be but a single feature, as the

eyes, nose, chin, or lips, which pleases him more every time his eyes rest upon it—or even a typical feature on certain faces, and often noted by him. He may never speak of this preference; he may marry, and find this favorite in his own progeny.

378. Many times surer of being thus blessed, however, will he be, if he takes the wife into his confidence, and awakens in her an enthusiasm for the same type. Then this product of fancy, or idealism, will have features which should fascinate thousands—with each beholder querying, “why that subtle charm?” And while penning these very lines, a person was near, whose irresistible orbs and classic brow, monopolized my eyes and thoughts, constantly. He was a perfect stranger to me; yet the secret of that spell is as comprehensible as are all pre-natal potencies.

379. “**Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,**” we may concede, are characters a little overdrawn; but I have known living examples of such duality—the product of maternal conduct, coupled with traits from the previous generation. One was as pre-eminent for his eloquent piety, as for his perversity, and he would weep like a child during richly merited tongue lashings! His avarice, would, in emergencies, completely eclipse both the Decalogue and the Golden Rule. But who is competent to pass a righteous judgment upon such an unfortunate?

380. Dwight L. Moody, at Farwell Hall, Chicago, in 1876, is reported to have shrunk from one of the ushers, and learned it was C. J. Guiteau—later the assassin of Garfield. That was well done; yet I could detail another instance, in that precise environment, which revealed Mr. Moody's fallibility, in a peculiar situation along identical lines. Seventeen years later, at the World's Fair, I recall a genial host, who would accept no one as guest under his roof, until his "infallible" helpmeet had given the wink of approval.

381. And this reminds me of an Art teacher, who claimed a similar gift, and explained that a light, or a dark, aura emanated from all with whom she came in contact. Also, of a New York architect, at Herald Square, who, for instance, in his morning paper read of a defalcation in Canada, and of a reward for the arrest of the party. He put on his hat and hastened over to the Grand Central Station; and within thirty minutes had spotted his man, coming in from a train with the goods. So they were soon, amid conflicting emotions, calling at the Police Station—and all this because of intuitive faculties which are *so easily implanted prenatally!*

382. When our people are biogenetically bred, what a pleasant world this will be in which to dwell, and to deal, when each incumbent is naturally adapted to his position! I have often seen

this point exemplified. Once I recall presenting a \$1,500 check, at a strange bank in a great Metropolis, which was instantly paid, upon a single glance from the alert teller. Yes, and I recall *identification being demanded*, in my *home city*, when presenting a check I had received for \$1.50; and the bank President saved the day—but that callow teller did not escape unscathed!

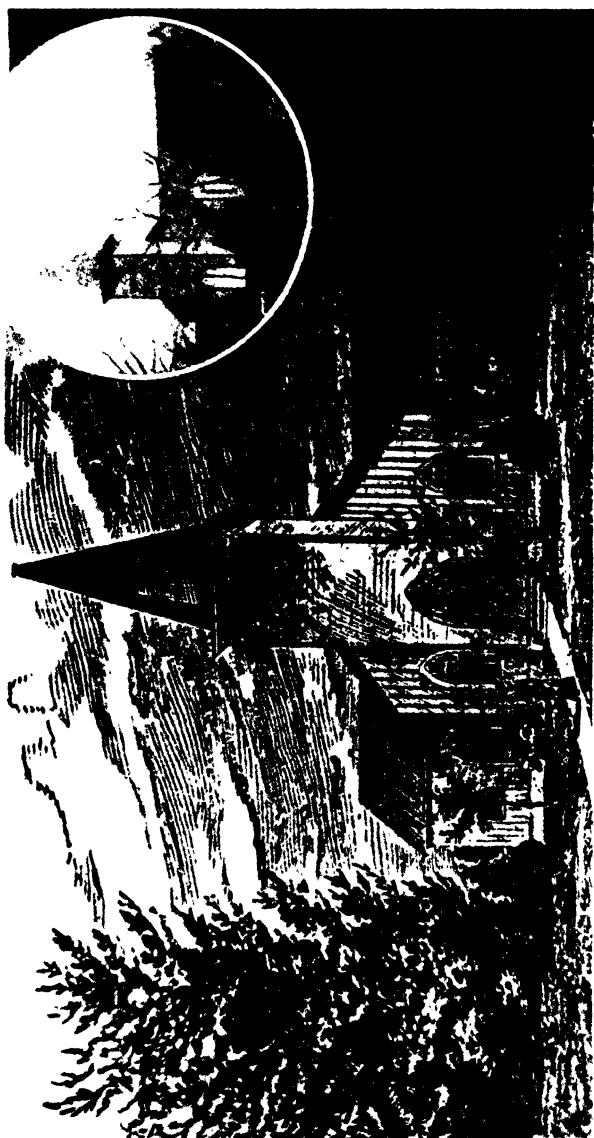
SECTION ELEVEN

383. I have long had proofs that the human eye, when mentally inspired, has power to override the sacred law of Mendel—and even to fashion and beautify the vitreous enamel of our teeth. Yet, as I prized my liberty, I have refrained from proclaiming the fact, till now, after a scientist has announced his actual demonstration, by means of a simple device, the power of the human eye, when merely glancing, to operate a mechanism. But this is digressing too far from the *longevity* phase of our theme, and the region of the Balkans.

384. A noted scientist became world famous a few decades ago, after declaring that length of days was insured, thru the use of curds, as demonstrated by the ages reached in this same primitive section of earth. His theories were concretely commercialized by the sale of certain carefully compounded tablets. Yet I assured friends that the professor erred, and that, altho in perfectly good faith, he was teaching the world a fallacy—and actually taking his own prescription. My biometrical insight gave me positive assurance that he would fill a comparatively early grave

Bethesda Chapel in National Cemetery at Hampton, Va.

Its wing at the right was the parsonage, where the author and his family dwelt 1879-1881. Its garret was his first Aviation Laboratory -nocturnal- for two years. A blizzard, with deep drifts, wrecked his plans for a night try-out over the cemetery walls; hence he appropriated and barricaded the Chapel for three days -the suspended airplane reaching from auditorium entrance to pulpit, over forty feet. Only the aviator and his wife contemplated that superb spectacle! The General in charge would have been enthusiastically lenient had this sacrilege been discovered -and only the dread of publicity caused this absolute secrecy! Booker T. Washington practised oratory there during those months. The huge steel springs for the catapault, at that nocturnal trial, are among the exhibits of those pioneer efforts.



—which has proven true. Elie Metchnikoff died at seventy one.

385. And, before we quit this historic zone, I must relate an incident recorded by an English engineer, while dwelling there, and which has, withal, its longevity aspect. His office was the front room of a peasant's abode, made of boulders laid in clay. The daughter was on the porch with her bucket of mud, pointing up and filling chinks, when she left her work for just an hour or two; then she returned and finished her job like a man. She had stopped to give birth to her bouncing first child, and was presumably a stranger to "twilight sleep," and to sundry obstetrical instruments of torture.

386. **Seldom a week passes that we do not** read of the death of some aged person, and to what the length of days was attributed. A medical friend of mine thought that "always speaking the *truth*" had preserved him for over *four score years*. The problem is so simple, yet people do not discern that *ante-natal strenuosity* is the *one prepotent factor—the only season* for life's equipment! The African, in savage indolence, succumbs at thirty; the idle Eskimo survives often till sixty. Under the planter's lash, however, for generations, negroes become centenarians. One old Mammy told me how she was wont to follow the plow till the hour of parturition. And the

friskiest field hand I ever saw, coming in from pea-picking, at sundown—"Aunt Prissy"—had been the mother of *thirty children*, withal. No one knew her age. Who cared? for she was still young and full of "pep."

387. Down in the Arizona region, is an Indian remnant that has long climbed to its inaccessible *mesa* abode, where hostile neighbors and famine are their constant concern—yet most of them are centenarians. But how many plump idle, reservation Indians I have seen, who sit about waiting for the government rations, and are calmly spitting blood at twenty; while numbers pass away, even in the papoose stage of life, quite as naturally as white folks.

388. And, in studying almost any of our own family trees, I find some sturdy aspiring couple, succeeds in its enterprise, rears a family and passes away at the age of about eighty. The next generation has a better chance, and more conveniences, for which it surrenders a full decade and a half of life! The third generation has disappeared before fifty; and the fourth is a negligible asset, from whatever angle contemplated! But these recitals become monotonous.

389. Yet I must refer to one other instance, now only a few weeks old: A beloved physician has almost touched the century mark, and the multitude eagerly ponders his every utterance. We read that

he tells of a "stomach trouble," which blighted his life for *sixty years*, when he evolved some dietetic system, which still carries him joyously forward. But I am positive that he errs in his conclusions, and is innocently teaching error.

390. I, too, had a digestive impasse, the bane of existence, till, at *sixty*, I learned its *pre-natal cause*, and proper control. That venerable doctor's ailment, like so many others, was of very specific *gestative* origin, and his length of days arises from *maternal* strenuosity, and not from the more properly adapted regimen.

391. Charles Darwin lived out his full allotment without any alimentary relief. Over sixty years ago, I read that Nature never undertakes an abortive enterprise, hence, every child born into the world should survive to extreme age. The idea impressed me most profoundly, silly as it was, and I am pained to see this revered doctor, now, in almost identical phrase, is propagating a similar heresy about every child's chance for a century run, provided it is properly fed and reared.

392. The indisputable facts are, that Nature, assuming all parents to be intelligent, virtually informs them that they can deposit, at discretion, in her bank, in the names of their several children, and with full assurance that annuities will be faithfully doled out, to each, till its deposited

endowment is exhausted. Each child lives—accidents and fatal “remedies” aside—until its funds are exhausted. And thus we note, that one tarries but a short year, while his own brother may remain with us for fifty, or *one hundred years!* And yet, this first one to go, may have had only a single, fatally weak, vital organ, the result of parental ignorance, when, but for this, he might have survived a decade. It is hardly conceivable, however, that maternal conduct could ever be so freaky, and unnatural, as to endow most organs of a fetus for a potential *fifty years*, and one or two others, in the same living frame for but *five*.

393. And this suggests what we so often see and hear among the wealthy, that “*quality* and not *quantity*” is the crying need of the age! So they proceed to demonstrate such ideas, with no more accurate knowledge in the premises than they have of *asteroids!* Their spineless, would-be prodigy, usually succumbs in his teens, at the latest, and the world remembers the pathetic failure only because of some memorial structure or institution. In prehistoric epochs, a “survival of the fittest” was the natural law of the jungle. But with human intelligence abounding, *all may be “fit,”* since the very thought of imputing to Divinity, a system of human sabotage, savors of blasphemy!

394. I cannot too often reiterate how mysteries in every direction vanish the moment we accept

the irrepressible facts of *pre-natal potentialities*; and yet, "Science" haughtily quarantines the entire proposition, till mother and fetus are *wired up* to suit its whim—and Nature still relentlessly persists! So here we are; yet many crumbs of comfort can be gathered in spite of this unfortunate deadlock. "Gasless hence useless" was its dictum to me in 1883, and here, in 1922, "*nerveless, hence impossible,*" is its autocratic stand; but this, too, will pass!

395. We are frequently told that one lie, needs a dozen more to bolster it. And the same principle develops with the utterance of this colossal untruth of only a *nutritive maternal relation* to the *fetus*.

396. Sir Isaac Newton appears in a line of plain average yeomanry. Science thereupon having slammed the door on the repository of all pertinent truth, simply proceeds to invent a bunch of *intangible hypotheses* to explain a priceless fact, such as, "remote ancestors," a "sport," a "variation," a "mutation."

397. Now I approach the scene, with none of the genius of a Sherlock Holmes, but with simple mother wit, or be it, *common sense*, and all becomes beautifully comprehensible. It is rash and cruel to speak of the death of a worthy citizen as a fortunate event; and yet, that thought is uppermost when I contemplate the advent of Sir Isaac.

who was a *seven month, posthumous* child. His plain sensible mother did not drown her sorrow with "toddy," but faced a critical domestic situation in the earnest, and ever more intensive, thought of, "What can I do; or how shall I ever manage to proceed?" till her nerve strain almost wrecked the coming life; yet really gave it that bent of *originality*—of a gift for *fathoming the unknown*! The quiet hamlet of *Woolsthorpe* mourned at the funeral of their bridegroom farmer, Isaac Newton, aged 36. But where agriculture lost *one*, Science gained incalculable *millions*—due absolutely to that "untimely" death! Yet instead of his name sinking into oblivion it became immortalized in that son, Sir Isaac!

398. Whenever I meet an exceptional character, either in daily life or in the pages of history, I seek to learn the antecedents. And if details are accessible, the fortunate cause is always unmistakable, yet, for brevity's sake, I will omit the lists, and confine myself to sundry pertinent instances. And, while a lustful mother cannot be counted upon to enrich the race, a lustful father has often indirectly added genius to society, because the maternal role is ever paramount! Yet this vast field of illegitimacy is such delicate ground to tread upon—and doubly so for one who abominates the scandal-monger—that I will just skip across very lightly.

399. The mother of William the Conqueror was an innkeeper's worthy daughter, who was cruelly deceived, which fact gave us the valiant William.

400. Another instance sufficiently remote to now, presumably, be safely alluded to, comes from Wales, where a comely chambermaid of a small inn, was wronged by some casual traveler, and then disowned by her people. Yet from that unfortunate event the noble African explorer Stanley emerged.

401. When I learned that one of our statesmen—Champ Clark—was to eulogize the famous red man, Sequoya, at the unveiling of his beautiful bronze statue, here in Statuary Hall, only a square or two from our office, I went up and heard so much of his marvelous abilities that I sought the cause, and found that he was born of a Cherokee Indian Chief's daughter. One record simply says, "of mixed blood." But it was a European trader, who, over a century ago, had been adopted into this tribe, and was honored with the Chief's charming daughter as his bride. Naturally, her seeming good fortune excited the envy of her mates; but, presently, when she was shamefully deserted, her trying social ordeal for months, gave us her gifted inventive son!

402. Domestic infelicity gave us Lord Byron;
and the mother-in-law, or exasperating maiden

sister, is frequently the household member, who, by a singular providence, should earn the gratitude of posterity. Byron's defective foot further attests his mother's cerebral activity, during the fetal period—a deformity which might have been averted, had she but walked more. I have several such cases on my lists—the crippled person always being one of exceptional brilliancy.

403. Genius generally has had a feeble, sickly, unpromising infancy, for the most obvious of reasons—and oh the thousand pities that the intelligence of the world should have been so slow, at this juncture, in coupling *cause* and *effect*! But that beefy decision of “*nutritive relation only*,” plus deference to authority, explains all. And advanced “experts” have urged the *destruction* of these *infant weaklings*!

404. A poor but respectable girl was wronged, and kind neighbors helped her find shelter for the nameless little girl, several counties distant—but where human nature was the same, and where a like fate in due time awaited this unfortunate. Moving to another county and state was the local remedy in such instances. Her little boy's face perpetuated the maternal sorrow—and more even, when she was early called hence. But that *sad visage, tender heart, and clear intellect*, are *immortalized* in strict keeping with the true *law of genius*! And what a list of others I could name

who have similarly come up out of great tribulation!

405. I might enlarge upon another class whose offspring, because of sundry irregularities, utterly lack many of the most common faculties; but have in their place, certain more or less rare gifts, many of which are in psychological lines.

406. After planning to state that the true "*wealth of nations*" resides in *motherhood*, as truly as in the soil, I thought it well to refresh my memory a little, as to just what Adam Smith's position really was, in his famous work.

407. And the first thing I saw was, that "his father held the situation of comptroller of customs, in a small Scottish town, and *died a few months before his birth!* Adam's constitution, during infancy, was extremely delicate, and he repaid the fond solicitude of his mother by every attention that filial gratitude and affection could dictate, for *sixty years.*"

408. But, oh, the mingled emotions that struggled in my breast, as I contemplated the density, even of the present age, when leaders in Science are blind to the evidence that glistens in every biographical sketch of gifted minds! A *disturbed gestatory period* is ever the exciting and immediate cause of *mental superiority*—and it usually entails a *delicate infancy*.

409. Sir Francis Galton studied several thousand names in biographical dictionaries—where gestation seldom figures—and reached his familiar conclusion of “Hereditary Genius.” Havelock Ellis has recently paralleled this bootless trail, emerging at the same opening. Yet, the eight causes, I now, here enumerate, will readily explain over *ninety per cent* of conceded greatness: An *exasperating environment*; a *seven month pregnancy*; *illness in family*; *death of a friend*; *change of domicile*; *travel*; *illegitimacy*; the joyous “*time of one’s life*.” And, to encourage biographical research, I will omit my contemplated list of conspicuous examples.

410. Statistical totals are imposing; yet if some enthusiastic Galtonian, would but study a single brilliant character, from proper angles, his reward would be far greater than from a *thousand* names in any volume. Adam Smith was a truly notable character; yet his parents were but plain average mortals—his father, one of ten thousand public functionaries, and his mother, just a true, normal specimen. The one exceptional feature of the case is, that *posthumous factor*, which led to a most fortuitous sequel!

411. Yet, such is the perversity of human nature, that my opponents, will delve back into antediluvian mazes, to unearth “remote ancestors”—

some lineal Smith, the prototype of our tangible Adam S. of fair renown.

412. Monuments have been erected, or at least suggested, for almost every conceivable class of humanity; and yet, I recognize the immeasurable good which has resulted from sundry untimely deaths. I trust no one will be shocked by my proposal, that a fitting memorial should be reared to *posthumous fatherhood*—the self immolating promoters of Genius!

413. And, speaking of our racial perversity, it is well to recall how Lombroso, for a generation or two, forced his monstrous dictum on the world, that *Genius* is allied to *criminality* and *insanity*—the next phase of the *disease*, much as *delirium tremens* is a sequel of *alcoholism*! I condone his offense, since he lived to nullify his own theory; but his silly followers should be permanently ex-crated.

414. I read in the latest magazine, still worse if possible, that "there is now general agreement with the conclusion of Havelock Ellis, that *the real affinity of genius is with born imbecility*!" Of course, Blind, Black Tom is paraded as proof that genius and idiocy may be thus bridged. Mr. Ellis' definition of Genius, is, "a highly sensitive, and complexly developed adjustment of the nervous system along special lines, with accompanying tendency to defects along other lines." And

this summary is tolerable, emanating from one, groping in the dark, and ever reaching for some dependable vestige of solid fact.

415. Fifty one years ago, this January, 1923, I discovered the Law of Sex; and hastened to give it to the world. One vast group hails it with gratitude, while another waits on conjectural *chromosomes*; and I have resolved to never refer to sex laws again. Yet here, in McClure's for this month, a lady contributor positively states that "men of ability tend to be offspring of predominantly boy-producing families. Women of ability tend to be the offspring of girl-producing families." And, surely, nothing could be truer or more strictly in accord with my theory of Sex.

416. I now quote a fresh, ninety-word state-ment, which sets forth the latest scientific view of Genius. I endorse but two words of it, in the sense intended—"wise marriage"—and trust the contrast will be carefully noted: "Professor Terman, who teaches psychology at Stanford University, says, of being remarkable, that if you have a genius among your ancestors, your chances are 500 times what they would be otherwise. Galton said it differently, long ago. It is absolutely certain that genius and ordinary superiority of mind are inherited. It is certain also that what we call genius now, will be dullness 50,000 years hence. The business of the human race is

to build the average, by wise marriage and universal education. Genius will take care of itself." But note well:

417. The *Starkweather Biogenetic Foundation* teaches that Genius is, in no Galtonian sense, hereditary. It insists that as soon as humanity recognizes the patent truths herewith submitted, in "*Biogenetic Marvels*," the vast majority of its newborn infants will be *potential geniuses*, thanks to parental wisdom, and irrespective of remote ancestral abilities. It considers such loose "*fifty thousand year*" *prophecies*, inimical to all progress, and most *deplorably impolitic!*

SECTION TWELVE

418. I might name a young couple who were recently discussing matrimonial successes—where loving fruitful domesticity prevails—and chronic, barren infelicities, with legal separation, present or prospective. They figured that not *one in ten* could be found among their acquaintances who could qualify in the fortunate ranks. And why is this, when success is the rule in most lines of legitimate human endeavor?

419. It is simply because the basic rules of this greatest game in life's stern struggle, are so wholly misunderstood, misdirected, erroneously applied, and generally ignored, that failure is the natural sequence.

420. Lofty ideals are born of spiritual conceptions, and sublime faith; but Science is ever secular and material. It offers no hope or suggestion of a future life, and grudgingly concedes to parenthood a paltry *five per cent lien* upon its *incidental parasitic progeny!*

421. Then come the writers of fiction, the movie stars, the jokesmiths, cartoonists, the Sunday press, picturing and detailing alleged historic

enormities and scandals, and, for good measure, we have the daily scare lines of yellow sheets, with columns of crime—all of which should be dissipated by our stern biogenetic verities.

422. And as to the inherited tendencies of each, our biogenetic formulas insure much in the line of physical endowment of acquired characters—but over *ninety per cent* of any intellectual gifts desired. In other words, when John Doe and bride call, and wish us to prescribe for them, in a way to produce a given line of posterity, nine-tenths of whom shall distinguish themselves as centenarian artists, composers, musicians, orators, evangelists, jurists, philosophers, inventors, scientists, acrobats, actors, toe dancers, or almost anything else conceivable, we could contract and guarantee results—which surely is a mighty stride in advance of tabulating the commonplace callings of John Smith and wife.

423. Sir Francis Galton, the father of Eugenics, once wrote, suggesting that, as a step toward the perfection of humanity, some senior wrangler at Oxford should be selected, and induced to marry a lady of exceptional brilliancy, to be chosen by a select Board, and a life pension from the Crown vouchsafed this unique couple. But he wisely interjected the peradventure, that the “game might not be worth the candle”!

424. And I am free to maintain that, with any

knowledge then extant, no chandler of the realm could have been found, who would quote tapers at a figure that might enable these promoters to avoid a deficit. Yet I here, now, boldly assert, that, in the very near future, sundry potent and prosperous new professions will center about the cradle; and thousands of earth's truly elite, will frequently gather at these tiny receptacles of greatness—as did certain wise men of old, on a memorable occasion.

425. We have just ascended to another level of mundane progress, with the advent of this New Year; and, altho arrogating to myself neither prophetic powers, nor special acuteness of vision, I feel assured that but a little way over the horizon, a substantially, novel, social order impends; yet speedily to be adopted by every state — and here are its leading features: A confidential registry for matrimonial aspirants—plus facilities, not here elaborated; Marriage licenses will be issuable to no couple, lacking a 100 day, physical-culture course certificates, of even date; blood test guarantees, also; and, quite as important as these, diplomas from recognized *Biogenetic Institutes!*

426. These several exactions disclose little that sounds very novel; but the five which follow must appeal to the sober senses of all: A voluntary, post-marital state registry of applicants for

pedigree posterity. Most of those who may have qualified on the five preceding exactions, will probably successfully pass the scrutiny of the Examining Board. The Registrar will know, but this Board will not be aware, as to whether the applicants are financially independent—this latter, only passing on physical and mental fitness. And all on this select honor roll—probably not twenty per cent of whom will be affluent—should notify the Registrar when pregnancy is assured; whereupon one from the state's junior, or senior, corps of *maternal assistants*, will be assigned to the fortunate home for a year, inculcating and assuring all that is highest and best in biogenetic science, being constantly made available. And no pecuniary discrimination will prevent or deter any, since those eligible, will ever be welcome, the commonwealth paying all, as it now does for schools.

427. The accruing super race will be comparable, in a measure, to those youths who are educated by scholarships, or by the kindness of friends. And these *prenatally assisted solons*, will, doubtless, voluntarily return—to their Alma Mater, can I say?—many times over the year's salary of that expert maternal assistant.

428. Educators rightly deplore the lack of *originality, initiative, reflection, character*, in the rising generation. Now I have manifested all of

these from early youth, and have been called "crazy" at every step; yet my projects and plans have invariably been approved a *generation later*. And why is this? Simply because I am saturated with *maternally acquired characters*. Several of mother's anxieties, involved *life and death issues*, during those telling, gestatory months, hence I *naturally specialize on biogenetics and longevity!*

429. But Science solemnly avers that "*acquired characters are non-transmissible*," and that "*maternal influence*" is a moss-grown, monstrous myth—leaving me, where? It knows all about the non-transmissibility of such characters, because caudal amputations of *thirty generations* of white mice did not disturb the *retailing process*; and maternal sway is conceded only where nerves connect. Yet I would not hesitate to breed tailless mice, were not infants needlessly dying by the *million* meanwhile.

430. "**The test of Science is the power of prediction.**" Astronomers are vindicated by every verified eclipse. Our Meteorological Bureau makes good, perhaps, *nine times in ten*—the errors indicating merely the extent of the field yet to be explored and mastered. Similarly, in pre-determining *sex*, in specific instances, or with *longevity*, a small percentage of mistakes will occur, because of a lack of present expertness in estimating obscure factors involved. Just as in forecasting

genius to order; while in the vast majority of instances, the product will satisfy the applicant, perfection in no art should be prematurely anticipated. The negligible percentage of failures to realize fondest anticipations, will arise, not from our faulty instructions, but rather from their non-observance— from misdirected parental effort.

431. Genetics would seem to be an attractive field for sober Science, rather than for the reckless romancer; yet fantastic fancies abound, even here. The solution of life's riddle, to many minds, requires an assumption of the pre-existence of *souls*, at least; and their worst natural enemy is our "birth control" crowd. These souls, ever pleading precedence for a chance at earth life, are told that preference must be given to those who have *evolved something useful for humanity!*

432. Reincarnationists conceive of human progress only thru an endless succession of individual experiences; but I lack the patience to attempt elaboration of the ideas which have been presented in this line—just as in the field of *astrology*. My apology for calling attention to such thoughts, is, that the *irrefutable facts* I present, apparently disclose the baselessness of a swarm of these vagaries!

433. It has seemed expedient that I should occasionally contrast the methods of Science with

my own, comparing results, withal; and *within a few hours*, two events have transpired which I now most reluctantly cite—solely from a sense of duty:

434. The medical professor exhibited to his class a poison, as is customary, and wished each student to inspect, and familiarize himself with it a little—odor, color, taste, or what not. One of them was presently taken ill, and speedily succumbed—which reminds me of the oft repeated expression, “*deadly virtues of the healing art!*” It also suggests the *war gases* which Science has evolved; and should cause us to ponder, whether all of these advance steps, really savor of human progress—even when credentialed with *Latin subterfuge!*

435. And, what has the world lost by that sad accident? Who can declare, further than, that the dream of “a lucrative practice,” has certainly vanished from one brain—which makes my contrast now in order:

436. *Life more abundant*, is what I specialize on, and, altho ever partial to infancy, a “bottle baby” saddens me. And I have just seen on the street, a young mother with such lovely twins; but, alas, equipped only with bottles—and wrestling four months, already, with life’s serious problems. I went to no end of trouble, to gratuitously inform my intensely interested listener, how

readily such misfortunes can be avoided—how easy to get back to Nature!

437. But Science camouflages these plebeian efforts of mine, as “crazy;” and I may be asked, how I know but what that fatal poison, *with proper dosage*, might induce *lactation*? Nearly forty years ago, I was pointed out to a most observant person, as one with this mental disability—and he has ever since made an admiring study of my case. His verdict is, that I am the *last man on earth* to lose his poise! And any one of that—can I say *poison squad*?—class, who should essay to solve a lacteal, or other problem, as I have done, there is reason to believe would be ostracised by the profession.

438. My attention has been called to the re-cent 130,000 word volume of Professor Wm. Pat-ten, “*The Grand Strategy of Evolution: The Social Philosophy of a Biologist.*” A scholarly diction and optimistic spirit conspicuous in this work, tend to soften whatever might seem to savor of criticism; yet, from a sense of duty, I cannot pass it in silence. For this biogenetic theme of mine, covers the entire social horizon; these charming pages, however, hardly have a suggestion of its existence.

439. Life is real and earnest, with character building one of its primal duties; but this *evolutionary* deity seems to have us all as infants in

arms, and marching to elysian fields. Another simile, however, haunts me, and I fancy myself visiting glacial regions, when a fur-clad Eskimo welcomes me to his icy, igloo abode; and there, perched on its dome, he elaborates the grand strategy of the ages; and, to broaden my cosmic consciousness, he details the marvels of our icy perspective.

440. Then, while romancing, as to the eons this particular glacier has probably been edging out over the surging depths, an icequake is felt, and a loud report breaks the Arctic stillness, when we realize that the huge berg is at last afloat. And, how ecstatic he becomes as he depicts the advantages of the new environment—a more genial atmosphere is assured, and an ever increasing food supply in the approaching Gulf Stream swirl!

441. I must here quote a few sentences—perhaps condensed—altho it is a difficult task to make impartial selections: “The theory of evolution has destroyed old standards for the interpretation of life, erased old formulas for its conduct, compelling us to seek new ones, based on the best of the teachings of old religions, and on the best of the new science... While Nature’s methods of creating are always the same, the qualities of her products are always different.

442. “The extent of her creative resources are as unpredictable to-day as they were yesterday,

and as they will be to-morrow. The only attribute common to all of them, is, their inherent power to grow, or to create more new things... There is but one process common to all phases of evolution, inorganic, organic, mental and social—mutual service. This idea conveys the corollary that nature herself develops or progresses, like her constituent individualities, as the sun, a human embryo, or a social institution...

443. "It may sound strange to speak of the morals of an atom, but in the last analysis, science can draw no fundamental distinction between the conduct of an animal, a bullet, or a freshman... Scrutinize as best she may, science finds no seam in the universal fabric; no patch work of dead and alive, honored or dishonored, in creation—no barriers between what was, and is, and shall be...

444. "In the anthropod-vertebrate stock, the great trunk line of animal evolution, running thru geologic eras, culminates, and reaches its logical conclusion in man. His vital organs have reached a natural limitation to the physical powers of protoplasmic response. Man's further evolution is possible, up to the limit of nature's available constructive capital, only by increase in population; by raising the general average of his physical and mental power; by further individualization, or specialization; and by better social co-operation, thru cultural agencies, which extend,

reinforce and communize man's purely bodily functions....

445. "The initial test of veracity, in religion, as in every domain of mental life, is human authority. Science separated from religion and philosophy as soon as it began to seek out, and to utilize, new and larger sources of evidence, in order to test its mental imagery.... The mutation in human thought and action, out of which modern science evolved, was man's usage of more stable objects... The reality of this world progress, this lawful action of nature, under whose directive discipline man upbuilds all his edifices, is called Evolution....

446. "Science is still in its glorious youth; and it is possible to further increase its creative power by abdication of intellectual dominion, that the masses may be entrusted with all the power of knowledge they can receive, and utilize to their own salvation and welfare. They must not be clad in superstition's rags, and make-believe arms of out-worn tradition; but clothed in wholesome truth, and armed with stern realities...

447. "The development of this New Leviathan, out of the sordid realities of to-day, dulls our sensibility to what is actually transpiring. But we are both eye witnesses, and active participants, in the miraculous birth of this giant organism, which now embraces the earth with its encircling

arms. Only yesterday, unconscious as a new born child; to-day it has come into conscious life; and you and I, the very atoms of its flesh and blood; and the instruments of its spiritual power, may calmly sit in contemplation of its inmost anatomy, and measure the ebb and flow of its vital impulses....

448. "In that phase of cosmic evolution which we call social growth, science and religion are the outstanding co-operative agents.... The large element of unpredictable returns in all phases of nature-action, demands trial; creative turns justify the experiment. These unsuspected potentialities are revealed in the triumphs of nature's creative art, and thus reveal a measurable independence of established laws and precedents. Therein is the source of man's undying hope and faith, his abiding impulse to endeavor."

449. **But this stunning dose of glittering generalities; this protracted panoramic exhibit; this "roller-coaster" swirl thru wonderland, has an irresistible tendency to dissipate one's "*hope, faith and impulse to endeavor.*"** The new management seems to have practically discharged the entire old force, since all is henceforth to be done by machinery — manual dexterity, hand-picked products, and home made dainties, alike, seem severally to have been discarded, and relegated to the scrap heap!

450. What trifling toys the axe, pick and shovel appear as the giant motor excavator looms above the horizon—or the steam-roller blocks the highway, and the monster “truck” wanders over hedges, orchards, and forests!

451. **Astronomy, geology, chemistry, are severally as vast and wonderful as they are devoid of nerves and moral bias.** Our biogenetic specialty centers in *humanity*; and this universe of man, positively dwarfs that of the spheres. To gain a *world*, and lose a soul, is *unwise*; and *optimism* even can run to foliage, and blight all fruitage!

452. I might name the ruler of a growing nation. He was a General, and a statesman, as well as a gifted poet. He vetoed appropriations for prisons, since malefactors were so rapidly vanishing in the golden dawn of progress. Yet he was destined to see his palace and Capital invaded; to draw his sword, that he might not perish at the hands of a dissipated son demanding money; and to see his best beloved, youngest and most gifted, *suicide*, while stinging with disgrace in a foreign prison!

453. In that same jurisdiction I recall a noble citizen who had amassed wealth, unmindful of domestic responsibilities. His dissipated progeny demanding “*money or life*,” left a “*two by six lot*” his only coveted possession. And, again, a worthy mother, with three idolized sons, was

shocked to find the eldest, of sixteen years, seriously ill in a hospital. She was appalled to find that he blamed his sad plight on her neglect, and she rushed to instruct the next one, of *twelve*. "Too late;" was a terrible awakening for her; thus, in the baby of *nine*, lay her only hope. But there, alas, was the same fatal response—"too late!"

SECTION THIRTEEN

454. But what does Science say or think of me? Any adequate reply to such a query must savor of rankest personalities; and yet I reluctantly submit, in the interest of our noble cause, which I contend is the quintessence of both candor and reality: "*Unbalanced; visionary; impractical*"—not to mention others, equally gratuitous, and far less complimentary, which are gently whispered and quietly passed along the line of inquirers.

455. Now I was born, as already told, of plain parents, who were of more than average efficiency; and at a period of acute emergency in the family history, when a pregnant wife had to resolve herself into a joint, standing committee of the whole, as well as one of *ways and means*—a veritable *factotum*, in the noblest sense. And it becomes a sacred duty for me to apprise our race of the certainty, that *freak fools* do not emerge from such crises. I have just been recalling over *forty* serious situations in life, which I have had to face with native, *mother wit* only, having served no special apprenticeship for any of them. They date back from *forty* to *sixty* years, and

were never before tabulated. I shall touch upon only *three* fair samples; and may add that I have known several people, well, of like average pedigree, but, who, lacking those final, maternal, tactful touches, would certainly have failed ignominiously in all similar emergencies.

456. When nearing my teens, schoolmates, who were delivering daily papers, morning or evening, to earn pocket money, led me to contemplate similar occupation, but doubtless with more serious intent; and, as a matter of fact, they soon lost their jobs, for inefficiency; and I was offered a route, with no thought that I should ever have a second one. The city was naturally divisible into six sections, and the two political parties, each had its morning and its evening organ—four entirely distinct publications, and the oldest one of all, still depended on its *man power press*—one burly, perspiring foreigner at the big balance wheel.

457. A route consisted of about seventy five "office customers," whose prompt service involved a three or four-mile walk. Each carrier would get a few papers, as they came singly from the press, and snatch lively, or others in line would seize them. Then, after folding his quota, he had to enter the sanctum of the one higher up, and have his count verified, before hurrying out to serve the patrons.

458. I recall so well that, from the first time I saw a paper come from the press, till, probably, the last, I was intent upon inventing a folding attachment. And, while on the street, no bank had funds enough to tempt me to cry my wares; yet no one could ask me to sell him a paper that I would not comply, while they lasted—and, if at a residence, that I would not suggest that I leave it for a week, on trial. All of this was my own native sense, and which I may never previously have related. I instinctively felt, that it was an outrage, to go burdened with the latest news, and yet deny any would-be purchaser; hence I took extra copies, always, from the office, at my own risk and cost.

459. And, strange to relate, the counting officials very soon could not bring themselves to touch my huge pile, but, with a smile, would tell me it was unnecessary—all of which was the sure way to make either a man, or a thief, of the lad. So, on Saturday evenings, when the office man would say, "Let's see; yours is a dollar fifty?" "Yes, but I have taken thus and so, hence am owing you *two, ten.*" And this punctilio in my first independent move in the world, led to an ever growing mutual admiration and friendship, which survived till that editor's death, thirty years later!

460. But I must close up this boyish epoch, which antedated our civil war. The policy above indicated, brought me more "carrier customers"

on that route, than there were office customers—which more than doubled its financial aspect, also. Then, the delivery of the other daily, which covered the same territory, presently gravitated to me. Also a morning route; and, next, the parallel one, delivering both simultaneously. Besides all this, the leading bookseller and stationer of the city, handled all metropolitan dailies, deliverable at noon. And his best route fell to me—and he privately sought me as a clerk in his establishment, unbounded confidence being extended to me in the five offices with which I became identified. I developed the income to a handsome, manly total; yet, I felt it was but a *boy's business*, and my father required my service on his world project—I then being in my sixteenth year.

461. At the age of thirty I was sent to Europe to negotiate the publication of a volume, by the least known author on earth—*myself*—and at a time when no books were issuing, because of an unparalleled period of world depression. Yet my "*Law of Sex*" issued from the press of the leading medical publishers of London. And, altho I achieved on that mission, a succession of bereavements and misfortunes had left me ill prepared to face a season of universal distress.

462. A high official had heard of me in a way that deeply impressed; and, learning from fellow Generals, of a *fifteen hundred acre*, overgrown

plantation, in his native state, bequeathed in a way to require expert management, he staked his reputation in commending me as the best man alive for the position—altho I could not tell a cotton plant from rag weed at the time. And, really, it had been quite a stride, from a faultless, official court interpreter, and translator, to medical authorship, in pioneer lines. But this lightning change to the reclamation of a water-logged, ruined plantation, that had been despoiled and desolated for a dozen years, might well be classed as a veritable somersault!

463. Nevertheless, I was appointed, before adverse reports reached headquarters, that I was openly averse to all that savored of practical business affairs, in *any line!* And the best move to circumscribe that initial blunder, hastily committed, was for the General in charge, to take a trusty lawyer, and a veteran farm expert—an intimate friend of his—down and study the whole problem at first hand, and from every angle. The result was, that I was sent down with financial restrictions, which hardly insured my daily rations; and a certain conspicuous ex-Captain, resident of that same county, was the one I was directed to advise with, before making any move, since he was the reliable expert of that entire region.

464. The jasmine-grown cypress, loaded with

Residence of author 1881-1883,
"Eastern View," on Shuter's Hill, Alexandria, Va.,
and his second Aviation Laboratory in adjacent structure.
The "talked at" tree held one end of wire for nocturnal
experiments. It survives, as shown, after 42 years!



swaying, Spanish moss, in solemn stillness, was all suggestive of the great Dismal Swamp. But, after a couple of days, spent in fixing things so that I could reach the compound, dry shod, I set out for the quaint old city, where our land records were kept, to learn the lawful limits of my new domain, when visibly above the water line. Legal experts were in evidence on all sides; but they did not impress me favorably, even had I possessed the wherewithal for retainers. And I was really surprised that such a mentor, should have been virtually set over me. I walked *fifteen miles* daily, to and from that record office, and, incidentally, asked a few leading questions of the "Captain" so as to be sure of my proper course, to wit: *precisely the opposite of what he might urge!*

465. I found that this plausible ex-Captain, had brazenly taken over a third of our estate, and had embellished it with costly, permanent improvements. I hastened to fence in that entire section, ignoring his superbly constructed highways thereon, for I *knew* that he would never dare hale us to Court. I first acted, and then reported to my superiors, who called my course "*Napoleonic*;" ordered me to draw on them at sight, to the limit, for court expenses, or aught else I might elect to initiate. My drafts on them, however, were negligible. My cotton crop was pronounced by them the best in the state, that year, and my drainage

and fertilizing schemes, doubled the yield for the next season; and I sold all and was called up, to a far more difficult problem, which had vexed our nation for a century. Yet I caused even this one, also, to vanish in a month, but directed its development for a couple of years, when *three* practical men were required to fill my unique place—and *forty years* still attest its efficiency.

466. But this self laudation may be classed as execrable taste, which would certainly be most unjust, since my sole aim is, not to throw bouquets to *myself*, but to my *sainted mother*, for her *fidelity* and *heroic conduct*, which, by utilizing Nature's beneficent *gestatory laws*, all that is exceptional in me is due!

467. With humanitarian yearnings ever at the front, and the solemn duty which rests upon me to disprove the oft-erring dictum of Science, that I am an *impractical* visionary, I will give one more sample of my methods of four decades past—and which still obtain: My innate, altruistic proclivities placed me here in Washington with but a modest government salary, yet with no home for my growing family of five; and for this, I was mildly reproached. The one hope lay in converting *rent* into monthly instalments; but no building association would touch any one, without a dollar laid by.

468. I could not set foot on a lot, in any sub-

division, without a substantial cash deposit; and the landlord's rent absorbed all. True, that early editorial friend had repeatedly suggested my drawing on him; but he was not wealthy, and I could not contemplate such a step. So I wandered out beyond civilization, into the wild woods, and felt fortunate in finding just one precipitous tract, of over a dozen acres, held at *four thousand dollars* — and possession given for *three hundred*, down.

469. I managed to secure a \$5,000 life insurance policy, which solved my problem. With this, as straw security for my friend, I dared ask him to advance me \$500; which would give possession and pass deeds, leaving me \$200 for a rude, yet comfortable, rent-eliminating bungalow. But there were *title searching* and *surveying charges* to be met; and, lacking the price, *I did both myself!* I was negotiating for the last rough remnant of an old colonial tract, of which no living person, probably, had any definite conception; and I should hesitate to speak as I do were I not able to verify my every assertion.

470. I had such confidence in my own *eye* and *step*, that I challenged the veteran official surveyor's report on the area, alleging that his error was one of about 75,000 non-existent square feet. I maintained that he was off on his "home line," some half mile in length; and I projected an out-

line, or plat, of that whole original grant, on a large scale—the only task of the kind I had ever attempted.

471. This revered expert, while questioning my sanity for attempting to acquire such a forlorn property, at any price, pronounced my plat “the most accurate ever made.” I threatened suit if my contention was not accepted—and he revised his work so as to come within a few paltry square feet of my demand. And here is how I knew he was groping and guessing. He made the angle in a modern highway, *identical* with that *hazy* “home line”—which, by the law of chances, would be about one in a *million*; verily, a “coincidence” that might well stagger even *Science*!

472. All gasped at my temerity in this entire undertaking, and I was generally shunned. It was said a change of administration would probably occur, and naturally send me adrift. But my reply was, that I anticipated just such an event—Cleveland—and wanted this as my anchorage, while I should fight for independence! And I must close the incident by saying, that I sold out, before further payments fell due—that *five hundred dollar* venture, netting me a cash profit of over *eighteen thousand*; and my social prestige then advanced correspondingly. In case I had lost my salaried position, I had several plans for profitably turning this transaction. And I can

name those who, to-day are wealthy, because I unselfishly told them, in those months, what to do, and what to avoid, in handling their realty—and they were wise enough to heed my “unbalanced” utterances!

473. Yes, I will insert a fourth personal item:

The combination of ill health and bread-winning duties—age fourteen—beginning at 3 A. M. and ending at 9 P. M., when poorly clad, and braving northern winters, and drifts, withal, in zero weather—made my feeble efforts at wrestling with the intricacies of both English and Latin grammar, no less ludicrous than tragic—and one creature, in human form, has been spared now, for over *sixty years*, to ridicule my sad plight. The one thing which I felt that I positively knew, was, that, for me to learn *any language*, was a sheer impossibility.

474. But my father's enterprise necessitated a good, practical, speaking and all around, commercial knowledge of a modern language, besides English. And, at this juncture, an apt pupil and friend, sought an alliance with us, specializing on what was confessedly beyond my grasp and powers. Then unavoidable delays gave him over two years for thoro preparation.

475. I had no vaulting aspirations in the premises; nor, indeed, the remotest hope in his field.

Yet, strange to relate, and, incredible as it may sound, before we had been three weeks in a strange land, and amid a Babel of tongues, I was the recognized, and always sought interpreter of our party. I later passed for a native; was the writer of errorless columns for the native press; University certified Translator and Interpreter for the Courts—and all without having really ever studied their language!

476. I have wrestled successfully with both *Basque* and *Sioux*; and thirty five years ago, was the official translator of *five* languages for our government—without *ever having studied any of them!* I seldom have to turn to a lexicon, and my work receives highest commendations. Yet there is nothing linguistic in my ancestry, and space forbids my wandering into philological fields, or even touching upon the philosophy of it all.

477. Fifty one years ago, precisely—January, 1872—I was exultant over my discovery of the "*Law of Sex*;" and *five* years later, I was in London, with a goodly volume in hand, of over 140,000 words, entitled "*Sons or Daughters? Choose!*" I had come up thru much tribulation, and had traveled over *fifteen thousand miles*, because of the light I could shed on this most fascinating theme of the ages. I sought an interview with England's most famous biologist, which was promptly and peremptorily declined, as his auto-

graph reply still curtly attests — Thomas H. Huxley.

478. And here is an extract from an editorial in our yesterday's daily;

“SONS OR DAUGHTERS?”

“Julian Huxley, worthy grandson of the great scientist, after years of studying all that is known about the origin of life, renews the prophecy, that *sex may one day be determinable.*” But, pray, why am I dragging that in now? Because it makes me reflective, reminiscent.

479. Rip Van Winkle is a name that is ringing in my ears. The conservation—not of *energy*, but—of *apathy*, is here a manifest psychological law. Breeding true to type is, withal, admirably illustrated. The conservatism of Science, too, is made most apparent—and, a similarity of titles, (Sons or Daughters?) I am pained to see, lends color to its preference for “coincidences.”

480. I was a lad in my teens, when Julian's father, Leonard, was born; and this sire was but a schoolboy, when I vainly sought to interest the immortal Thomas, in Biology's *most momentous fact*. And I might now refer Julian to some of his neighbors, whose sex is obviously due to that remote visit—since two of my publishers have sons, succeeding their four daughters, after adopting my concrete suggestions relating to sex con-

trol—not to mention the second, *contemporaneous generation*. Yet I am tolerant of this myopic misfortune of Science, and generously grant a second *winkilian moratorium* of *half a century*, being fully persuaded that the fifth generation will perceive the precious truth which *millions* of plain people have so long been utilizing.

481. After preparing the foregoing, I chanced to have a business transaction with a young father, of twenty four, who seemed much interested in our specialties; and he listened intently to my hasty exposition of the Law of Sex. After asking the elucidation of one or two details, he surprised me by stating that it was precisely the theory and method his uncle's people had practiced for two generations. They had lived in the belt where my *first edition* had been disseminated.

482. Sex is one of the *basic factors* in biology; yet few have any conception of its far reaching potencies. *Sexuality, mortality, longevity* and *morality* are inter-related to an undreamed of extent! But this is not the place for a *biogenetic sermonet*, from the text, "*Without natural affection!*"

SECTION FOURTEEN

483. Science plants itself on a five per cent of potential parenthood, in determining a child's future, while I reverse that percentage and claim a full *ninety five*, for father and mother—a priceless heritage for all concerned. And, as for the "non-transmissibility of acquired characters": I personally just bristle with them, and dare not aver that any one is lacking in this respect—save the occasional imbecile, possibly.

484. Oh, how depressing to contemplate the long gloomy *eons* of *evolutionary processes*, moving with glacial chill and sluggishness, when I behold, and can demonstrate, a sunny world in which *racial characters, sex, longevity, beauty, genius*, are all *plastic* and readily *controllable at discretion!* I read from the mightiest exponent of the day, how the *super-man* cannot appear on our planet for 100,000 years; while I crave but that number of *hours* to produce *twelve lineally descending specimens* of *earth's noblest scions!*

485. And yet, after all, he is quite right, computing as he does from the geological pace which Science sets—or probably a bit previous. Had

young Isaac Newton, when that falling apple quickened his meditations, adopted modern methods and begun to classify, weigh and measure every apple in that orchard; to critically compare those on the trees with the fallen ones, and numberless other irrelevancies, our common humanity would to-day still be groping and yearning for a law of gravitation!

486. "Life extension," is a modern move which should not be confused with the longevity problem. There are a number of these organizations—the personnel of which I know little. An annual membership fee, with periodical physical examinations, and precautionary suggestions from experts, outlines their general plan of procedure; and the pertinency of any reference to them here is by way of contrast—*commercialism versus altruism!*

487. Very recently I was attracted by a headline, which led me to suppose that I was to be informed regarding "why people die so early," or prematurely, and I naturally hastened to ascertain, by mail, their latest word, since we testify most positively on this vital point. But the expensive literature received, gives no remotest suggestion as to *causes*. It told how a man, after buying any expensive machine, knows enough to have it overhauled by experts at intervals. It referred to a sudden death or two, and indicated

that *twenty years* might be added to such lives, had the unfortunates been members of their organization, and had mailed, at frequent intervals, samples of certain human excretions for analysis.

488. Now the entrance fees would suffice to buy a young couple a comfortable home. *Fear* was the incentive to membership ; and who shall compute the cost of tentative dopes, suggested by these oft recurring analyses? But, oh, the *pity* that our sacred lives should be left to the keeping of distant strangers, whose plain incentive is gain! If they are really skilled in patching up, and normalizing the human machine, why do they not so state, and give references—or does modesty contra-indicate?

489. **Our Foundation is *altruistic*, from its charter, evermore.** We *gratuitously* tell people precisely life's laws, and why they needlessly perish! We reinforce our utterances with an avalanche of such plain demonstrable facts, that the simplest wayfarer cannot misconstrue our evangel. Yet fear defeats our beneficent aims and ends, for he is warned that we are "crazy"! Apprehensions of one sort are stimulated by our opponents to induce patronage ; and then, to ostracise us and hold their patrons, they camouflage as just indicated—and death keeps a steady pace! People, biogenetically bred, will never dream of submitting to periodical prods ; taking those tinkering

trips for a general overhauling, will make the knowing ones smile, who are sensibly equipped with longevity, and can each figure his own life expectancy — his true *biometrical equivalent*! Puttering over symptoms, yields revenue; but their *prevention* is our readily attainable ideal!

490. I learn of a sixteen year old daughter, who walks a mile to school, and is at the head of her class; but the mother seeks professional advice, because of six regrettable facts, to wit: *Very slender; tuberculous family history; tonsils and adenoids removed years ago; chronic sore throat; heavy winter colds; constipation.* And the physician sees *neurasthenia* in the near future: denounces a school system which ignores the physical, and suggests *gymnastics*.

491. Our prognosis of the case, while not *hopeless*, under wise direction, must prove depressing, as soon as it is realized that the trouble began *seventeen years ago*, when all these six present calamitous misfortunes could have been forestalled, and rendered positively negligible to-day! *A viable, vivacious, charming beauty* should now be gracing that family hearth! Further operations, lesions or inroads of any sort on this poor girl's *scanty anatomy*, are plainly contra-indicated by us.

492. Let us contemplate for a moment, a pair of home founders who consult no architect, dig

no foundations, but just off-handedly proceed with the erection of a costly structure. Of course, trouble speedily develops at every angle, and "jack-leg" tinkers, patchers, putty daubers—anything or body, in fact, that gives promise of making the "shack" measurably habitable are summoned. The more *eliminators*, in any line, that might be called in, the sooner the final collapse, naturally. Our blessed, *biogenetic evangel*, is hindered only by obstructionists, who, ever insist that *acquired characters* are not transmissible; and that maternal relation to fetus, is but *nutritive*!

493. The incomparable glory of this human machine, potentially, is, its constant, automatic *renovation, rejuvenation*! And, while I will not argue that osteopaths, chiropractors, dentists, eye, ear, throat, lung, scalp, and other specialists, drugless doctors—and even pill and prescription dopers—accomplish nothing for our race, nevertheless they should be but transitory parasites in our social scheme. Cobblers, tinkers, patchers, bushelers, have permanent legitimate callings. But why continue to tolerate these other locust swarms, after learning Nature's ideal way?

494. **Human progress, in some of its most vital aspects, has long been at a dead halt, because Science is mulishly balking over *maternal influence* and *acquired* characters.** It would seem to have the public blindered to its taste, withal, since

a noted college president assures me that we are helpless till Science endorses our program. Yet I am in full accord with Lincoln's contention, that all the people cannot be *eternally fooled!* And here is our winning program:

495. We should hardly be expected to guarantee *conception, health and exemption from accidents*—and yet these are all *insurable risks*. But we specialize on the *sex and color* of the coming child; its *beauty, exceptional aptitude or genius, for any calling desired*; then, best of all, presumably, a *centenarian constitution!* And we shall not have to fill orders, satisfactorily, in these directions, many generations, before Science itself will sit up and take notice!

496. It cannot yet arrogate to itself *infallibility*; and most of us recall that the dense farrier, Harvey, with his "ridiculous," blood circulating "dope," was sent sadly on his way, in sundry tongues, both living and dead. And the scientific proof that no vessel could carry sufficient coal to propel a ship across the Atlantic, was brought to our shores on the first arriving steamer.

497. I am not indebted to Doctor Eliot's famous shelf of five feet, with its fifty volumes, but rather to my own *diary habit*, contracted over *sixty years* ago—and, frankly, not to the letter of these cherished records, but to their spirit, to the *mental discipline* unconsciously acquired; to a *chronic*

yearning for the knowledge I so sorely lacked—both *dietetic* and *genetic*: the *causes* of *disease* and their *avoidance*; the *secret* of *brain power*; its *acquisition*, and *utilization*.

498. Our theme is so *vast* and *momentous* that exaggeration seems impossible; and *reiteration*, in varying phrase, the most feasible mode of impressing the audience with this stupendous fact! Newton disclosed that great universal law of gravitation, and we have come to reckon with it hourly, as much as with water, air, fire, electricity.

499. Now I am presenting a **gestatory principle**—a *law of fetal life* and *growth*—as *vital*, *fundamental* and *constant* in the process of perpetuating mammalian life, as is any other natural law. I do not talk of the potency of matter in this connection, because I know not the essence of the manifest power. Its *mode of action*, however, is ever traceable. Shall I try to formulate this law anew?

500. Each impregnated mammalian germ, develops, till parturition, by virtue of a constantly potent, natural, reciprocal, vital law, whereby maternal conduct transmits to the fetus all of its active characters, however acquired; and in direct proportion to their *intensity* and *persistency*, will they appear and abide for generations, in successive personalities, and perpetuate, naturally, more readily in the female line—during gestation.

501. Nearly half a century ago, I read Sir Francis Galton's "*Hereditary Genius*," and casually cited it in a work I was writing at the time. I have just had it thrust before me; and, while a formal review of it is uncalled for now, a few words from the champion of *Biogenetic Marvels*, concerning the views of the father of Eugenics, as therein set forth, are certainly in order.

502. I read, in the Publisher's Preface to this work, that, "He proves by overwhelming evidence, that genius, talent, or whatever we term great mental capacity, follows the law of organic transmission—runs in families, and is an affair of blood and breed; and that a sphere of phenomena, hitherto deemed capricious, and defiant of rule, is, nevertheless, within the operation of ascertainable law." Yet, frankly, I have never felt that either author or publishers had any *adequate concept of Genius*—while I do concede that it depends on an "*ascertainable law*."

503. I am certain that whoever speaks about "*hereditary genius, longevity, beauty*," or what not, lacks knowledge. Yet I feel free to guarantee *sex*, as well as *genius, longevity, beauty*, and any other desired mental endowment, to all applicants, because of my grasp on Nature's laws. But if I speak of, or promise, *longevity at will*, it must not be construed as deliverable, by the yard, to the applicant, as his individual perquisite, but to

his *child* — provided my prescription is intelligently heeded by the parents. We are not “architects of our own fortunes,” as truly as we are, the masters of our *children’s destiny*!

504. Oh, why must Science spend the precious decades, with microscopic aid, scrutinizing its semi-imaginary, infinitesimal “*chromosomes*,” and in elaborating puerile guesses regarding their respective, problematical functions—*eternally unverifiable*, and of negligible import if ascertained—while momentous problems, and readily accessible, concrete facts, and vital issues, are contemptuously ignored!

505. **We have a fine, national *Weather Bureau***, conducted along genuinely scientific lines. It is ever growing, extending its field of observation, and increasing its efficiency. It is indispensable to agriculturists, and a blessing to civilization generally.

506. But let us contemplate some change of administration, and a “clean sweep” made, when a new pompous chief is appointed, just bristling with theories. He specializes on *telescopes*, and sets his clerical force, at every station, to watching the planets *Saturn* and *Jupiter*, and ever recounting their respective satellites, photographing their luminous bands and curious spots, while he concentrates on sun spots, to help evolve an up-to-date meteorological system, leaving agriculture

to lapse back towards ante-bellum, guessing days—into a “chromosome” era, in short!

507. Sir Francis says, in his chapter on “*Men of Science*,” that, “There are *hundreds* of students of books, for *one* student of Nature; *hundreds* of commentators, for *one* original inquirer. The field of real science is in sore want of laborers.

508. “The mass of mankind plods on, with eyes fixed on the footsteps of the generations that went before, too indifferent, or too fearful, to raise their glances to judge for themselves whether the path on which they are traveling, is the best, or to learn the conditions by which they are surrounded and affected.”

509. I quote the above merely to emphasize the fact, that I have ever been a solitary “*original inquirer*,” and, for that simple reason have been execrated, ostracised, abominated *and maligned*, by as many of the “hundred book students,” as may have chanced to learn of my despised existence—ridiculed even from the *pulpit*, at their *behest*!

510. I frequently dealt with a lawyer who was a collegemate of Rutherford B. Hayes. The former reached his nineties, while the ex-President passed away at seventy one; which tends to demonstrate that social standing is not an exact criterion—yet maternal, gestatory conduct certainly is such—save where there is preponderant

ancestral taint. And, incidentally, there was precisely that in the unfortunate mating of this same lawyer.

511. Former Vice President, Levi P. Morton, recently died a nonagenarian, thanks to his strenuous Green Mountain forbears; while his contemporary, Secretary of State William M. Evarts, held on but eighty three years. And this reminds me of the fact that a reverend author—a classmate of Evarts—who was, withal, a good friend of mine, and he likewise became an octogenarian. But I recall his sorrow at the death of an only son, when twenty eight. He expired after passing the crisis in a fever. Yet, a wise parenthood would have made him a stalwart centenarian.

512. And this brings up a recent case, of the model youth of eighteen, whose charming, ideal qualities were irresistibly winsome. Our meeting was the most casual, possible. He proved to be the only son of a most worthy, widowed mother; and I planned the wholesome, fatherly, influence for good, which I might easily exert over this young friend. But all plans were shattered, when he, ere long, succumbed, to fever, in a hospital. Non-viability was his congenital defect; an instance of the universal unwisdom of the past—and which, in my haste, I had not pondered in his case.

513. "The Road to Seventy Years Young," is the optimistic title a lady of forty nine, gave

to her breezy volume of two hundred pages—Mrs. Emily M. Bishop. She therein holds, “that man’s responses and reactions to life are virtually within his own control; that the quality and number of these responses and reactions determine, to a large degree, his oldness or youngness.” She quotes what David Starr Jordan calls, “the sin of under-vitalization.”

514. She cites the oldest member of the Royal College of Surgeons, Sir Henry Thompson, actively in harness at eighty four, as supple and mobile as in youth, and thus queries: “Did natural law make an exception here? Hardly. May not science hope to penetrate to the cause, and then command effect? Is it not reasonable to believe that man’s brain and body will show marked effects from a new order of psychologic and physiologic treatment? Perhaps long before the millennium the answer will be given.”

515. Too much cannot be said in favor of her every sentence, and one cannot doubt that precept and practice blended in her daily life. Five editions of her volume have appeared—yet she passed out at the age of *fifty eight*. And must I reiterate, that *Gestation* holds the key to this age-old mystery, which I surely have fully elucidated—but, of course, “Science” will still ignore our truth for *millenniums*!

516. My attention has been called to an article concerning the blind, Polish physician, Melania Lipinska, now with us, who represents the Polish Oculist Association, as well as other European organizations. I cannot accept her recital of causes and remedies, yet we each have positive views regarding the bright, *spectacle-less* era, which potentially impends.

517. She contends that *diet* and *exercise*, are leading factors in controlling and restoring sight, while I insist that *ignorance* and *sin*, are the leading causes of crippled vision, which breakfast foods and morning jaunts, can never materially alleviate. Defective spinal columns, indigestion, faulty breathing, and lack of exercise, are all, to me, novel, causes for optical troubles; "ideas of beauty, and love for science," as remedial agents in this field, strike me as simply *ludicrous*!

518. Gross sins should be chargeable with causing fully half of the eye troubles; and neither *cream-toasties*, nor *cake-walks*, should be relied on to rescue a perverted soul. *Prenatal knowledge*, when intelligently utilized, will, however, suffice to relieve posterity of even this latter half of our sight problem.

SECTION FIFTEEN

519. I note the issue of Publication No. 302, of the Carnegie Institution, of Washington, which is entitled, "*Metabolism and Growth from Birth to Puberty.*" It is a volume of 120,000 words, prepared with infinite pains, by Doctors F. G. Benedict and F. B. Talbot; and a paragraph or two from it will furnish the text for this biogenetic sermonet:

520. "The lesson to be drawn from our observations on private school children, is, that out door life and physical activity contribute toward the development of a larger individual, so far as height is concerned; with likewise a greater weight in children of the same age. But it is probable that even these children with superior surroundings, and, presumably, better medical examination, care and dietetic supply, may advantageously be provided with larger amounts of food than they at present take. One could infer, therefore, from these observations, that, aside from the possibilities of digestive derangements,

it would be impossible to supply the growing child with an *excessive amount of food*."

521. Now, since our biogenetic propaganda centers about the *gestatory period*, and these careful investigators start with *birth*, many may stand aghast to see me precipitate a metabolic wrangle here, when the fact that the mother does sustain a *nutritive relation* to her fetus, is universally conceded. But the assumption, that, "it would be impossible to supply the growing child with an excessive amount of food," is probably what "spills the beans" at this point.

522. Since "Science" imperiously decrees that mother and fetus sustain no other than a nutritive relation, the services of these painstaking observers can have but a negligible value to society. Yet I can furnish the picture of a bright, attractive, African pygmy — whose intelligence secured his adoption by an English officer—which insured for him extensive modern travel. But an uncontrollable *voracity*, amid abundance, ere long proved fatal; whereas, amid the chronic lacks and ever scanty menu of his native arboreal haunts, he would not have prematurely succumbed.

523. And I can, literally, rally *millions* of like *insatiables*, from analogous gestatory causes—and these, likewise, in all mammalian species, both among wild and domesticated varieties! And by the magic process, of which I hold the key, I can

predetermine the favorite articles of food for *each individual specimen!*

524. My quotation reveals these authors, modestly postulating, that food and exercise, during childhood, may modify both weight and stature—with which suggestions I am in fullest accord. But how can people consent to be blinded to the patent fact, that, wise, maternal, gestatory conduct, ever yields a *hundred fold return!*

525. This paragraph discloses one of the most momentous facts of all time—a *glorious evangel of the ages!* And this glimpse of truth, just given, relates to the *material*; while the *mental* and *spiritual* realms have not been touched, tho everywhere visible, amid overwhelming proofs!

526. When challenged for such, I might point to the intelligence of the *fox*, the *raccoon*, and to carefully bred canine specimens. How in contrast with these are our *sheep!* Yet it is man's privilege to breed even the stupid *ovis aries* to be more "foxy" than any of these just named—and I have abundant warrant for this, seemingly, reckless statement.

527. Again I break my resolve to list no more longevity items; for, in these very hours, two fresh instances are thrust before me, and really duplicate none of their predecessors: A goodly volume, entitled "The Art of Longevity," shows its author's father, hale and hearty, at *eighty*—

and I assume that this fortunate circumstance was really the source of the book's inspiration.

528. "The length of your life depends upon the knowledge you possess of, and the perseverance with which you adhere to, the natural laws by which you should live, and nothing more," is the formal "argument" its author enunciates. And this leads me to ponder over the fact that noted centenarians have generally been plain, every day people, of ordinary habits, with no theories, crotchets, or even care as to their length of days—and to many of whom, "*knowledge and perseverance in natural laws*" would have sounded like Greek on their unsophisticated auditory nerves.

529. How passing strange that so simple and obvious a truth as this "law of life," should have been so uniformly overlooked, now, for ages! And the morning paper furnishes me with another of the commonest of longevity tragedies, which, naturally, lies at the door of "Science"—nay, under its *very nose*!

530. "A baby giraffe was born in New York's big Zoo, and died," is all I have for my text. That is the usual sequence to such births in captivity; but what is to be done in the premises, when the experts in charge, are positive that the *mother sustains but a nutritive relation to her fetus?* They *feed* generously, and feel blameless. Oh, for that humane day, when the powers that be, shall

authorize us—this S. B. Foundation—to establish genuine *biogenetic Zoos*, with their certified, *viable, longevity* attachments!

531. I also read, how a poor chimpanzee, in a certain Zoo, for a second time, gave birth to a baby, and held the infant clasped to her breast till it died of hunger and fatigue. *Mother love* is where that writer placed the emphasis, in this sad recital; while I deplore the human density which fosters conditions that can only end in defeat and disaster.

532. Viable offspring cannot be engendered where *maternal exercise* is *denied during the gestatory period*. And even the lacteal flow is often suppressed, where such abnormal conditions obtain. In a state of nature, her motherly instincts would have been normal and success would have crowned her efforts. Must incompatibility ever obtain between "Science" and *common sense*?

533. According to Dr. Grace L. Meigs, in her authoritative "Maternal Mortality," the death rate from causes incident to childbirth were, in 1890, 15.3 per 100,000; while in 1916, it had climbed to 16.3. The World's Work, for November, 1922, comments upon this anomalous situation, editorially, under the caption: "Physicians, Educate Yourselves."

534. The science of Gynecology is largely American, and lying-in hospitals abound, where as high

as 5,000 births annually occur; and this editor does not hesitate to lay the blame at the door of the heedless practicing physician. He points to the fact that in the obstetrical post-graduate instructions, given in these hospitals, the students are chiefly from the larger, rather than from the smaller centers of population.

535. Now I cannot concur in that positive editorial conclusion; and, while readily conceding professional dereliction, in its zeal for a "lucrative practice," it seems to me most illogical to assume that physicians slight this attractive, obstetrical branch of their calling, that they may specialize on repulsive, contagious ills.

536. I note, for example, where, in 1860, thirty three died of tuberculosis; in 1908, but sixteen succumbed; and, in a Boston hospital, for six years prior to 1894, the percentage of diphtheritic fatalities was 43.2; yet in 1912 it had been reduced to 7.6 per cent—an almost *sixfold* gain. And I challenge the profession to present any rational solution of this momentous, deplorable exception.

537. Scores of improved methods, remedies, and appliances have certainly been evolved since 1890, in this sphere of maternity; and, since positive retrogression has resulted, it demonstrates conclusively that there has been a counterbalancing deterioration in the human material involved. Ease, rather than strenuosity, has been the grow-

ing social factor during the past generation, and has controlled results.

538. Let every obstetrical innovation that has appeared in the last thirty years, be suppressed, and the motherhood, for three decades to come, lend a willing ear to my kindly suggestions, and "maternal mortality" would be forever relegated to a negligible quantity, and factor in our census tables!

539. A friend, mindful of my special lines of investigation, took me over, the other day, to hear an able professor's address on the "Education of Genius;" and three hours were devoted to this, and to a general discussion of other topics—much to the edification of the hundred or two members of the assembled organization.

540. The speaker frankly announced, at the outset, that he was as unprepared to define and explain Genius, as he would be to fathom *electricity*. And, informally, since the matter is so plain to me, I will, right here, concretely state, that Genius is any special brilliant mental endowment; and that it results wholly from corresponding *maternal gestatory activities*—its rare, fortuitous feature, depending on *humanity's failure to utilize* this beneficent natural law!

541. We were shown diagrams, explaining how thousands of beans, withal, had been measured with scientific accuracy, and their various lengths,

in millimetres, classified and tabulated. The rare, inferior specimens at one end of the scale typified imbecility, just as the exceptionally long ones at the other, suggested genius. And the professor pointed out how our public school system lacks all facilities for the proper development of these rare treasures in our social realm.

542. Little time, however, should be devoted to this aspect of the problem, since all genuine, promising, worth-while geniuses, are born with such *pronounced preferences* and *predilections* as to be essentially dictators—and the wise course for their elders, is, to expeditiously facilitate the ordered bill of fare for their intellectual feast. It is in the direction of *physical grooming*, that *wisdom*, *tact* and rarest sagacity are usually demanded. Our biogenetic philosophy, however, will presently eliminate this source of danger and supermortals will multiply and possess this old earth as their rightful heritage!

543. But I have not yet hinted at the biogenetic phase of that day's proceedings, which most impressed me. The assembled throng would have craved no greater compliment, than to have been addressed as a band of "*truth-seekers*"—and that, in strictly *secular lines*. Now I was publicly honored on this occasion with a cordial invitation to express myself, but declined, being in a measure familiar with the angle of "truth" which each

active participant in that discussion invariably visualizes.

544. And I smiled as I reflected how they respectively revered the all-conquering human intellect, the logic and proud reason that throbs in each of their manly brows. Every citizen present felt certain that he stood on a base of solid truth, while I knew that each of them was merely nursing the paltry bunch of notions a more or less distracted mother had, in haphazard fashion, chanced to endow him with! Figuratively, there was, to me, a chilliness in the atmosphere of that hall.

545. From the above gathering, however, I repaired to one of many immense auditoriums, packed with typical thousands, who were singing and rejoicing in a *higher, broader* vision of life *more abundant* here—and all this but a foretaste of *unending bliss!* And, oh what a warm glow of satisfaction filled my soul!

546. I reflected that it would be as idle to attempt to dim the glorious vistas here in evidence, as to engraft such in the comparatively little gathering I had previously left—and all this, because implanted by *maternal habit*. How truly it is said, that the mother's hand rocks both the *cradle* and the *world!* And when it comes to percentages, in estimating the community now contemplated, I figure that this "*truth-seeker*" element, totals

somewhere between *one in a hundred*, to *one in a thousand*, of its population. It is for *motherhood* to decide whether the product shall be a *Wesley*, or an *Ingersoll*! And, oh, what a *blessed assurance* this is!

547. *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, (Chicago), recently discusses, editorially, the decreasing expectation of life at various ages, and in different racial groups. The remarkable longevity of born Americans of native parentage is noted; then the gradual loss of this superiority, to the extent of over one year for each decade. This "momentous retrogression" is thought to be attributable to unspecified factors in the American mode of living—"evidently very complex."

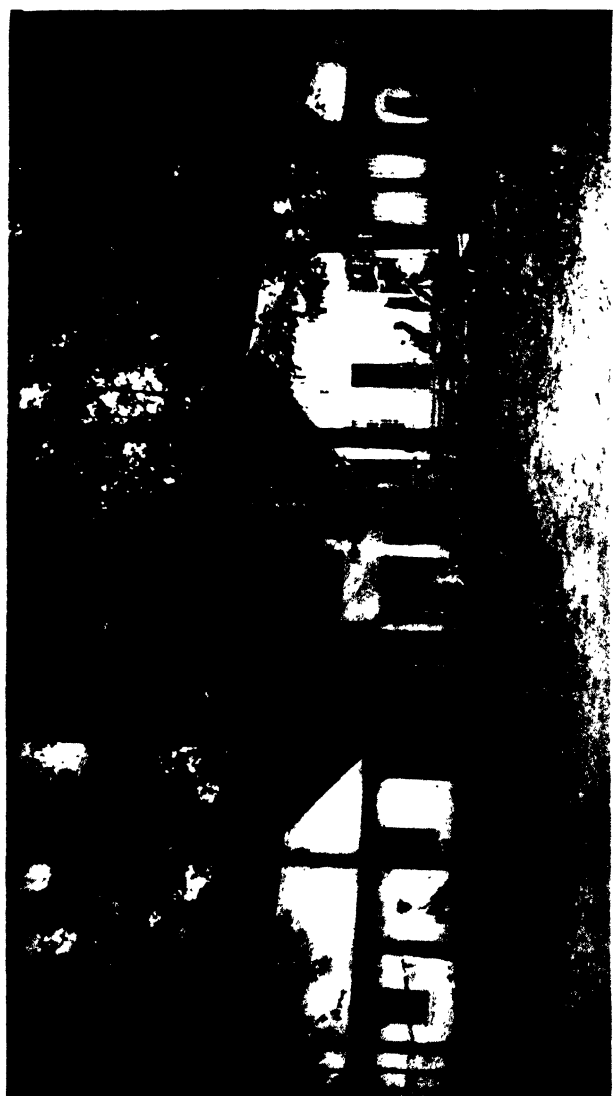
548. "The native whites, of like parentage, are being added to, all the time, from various racial stocks, not perhaps as resistant as the original home stock. From decade to decade, therefore, the native parentage represents an ethnically different group.

549. "Whether the loss in expectation is due to some mingling of less resistant strains, or whether the shortening in average duration of life, is due to purely environmental factors, can perhaps hardly be determined. The question is one that must be considered in connection with the fact, that, in recent years, in this country, the general

mortality has increased disproportionately, in the ages above forty."

550. How doubly pathetic all this doubt, hesitancy, uncertainty, and guesswork becomes, when we contemplate the numberless premature deaths, needlessly occurring because of the criminal obstinacy of "Science!" Darkness and fog obscure the landscape, and a funereal hush of sadness reigns supreme. But a rift in the clouds lets in a flood of light, and natural beauties are disclosed on every hand. Yet those in authority deliberately close their eyes, preferring darkness to light—and they doubt not that the masses will do likewise.

Rude bungalows the author built forty years ago, on a wild District tract, risking **five hundred borrowed dollars**; dwelt there happily with his family, saving rent, but was thought demented, and was shunned till his cash sale netted him a **thirty-sixfold profit** on the investment. Author's **fourth Aviation Laboratory 1884-1890** -was also located there evidences of which fact still remain on that tract, **intact**.



SECTION SIXTEEN

551. Ben Franklin contended that the road to prosperity was about as plain as the way to market; and I insist that the recipe for *longevity* is almost equally discernible. Given, a good average ancestry, a wise gestation, and a sensible regimen for offspring, and centenarians will result. Most people already admit the importance of two of these essentials, but, at the behest of "Science," they minimize the paramount factor of *Gestation*—hence, almost invariable disaster, when intent upon that crowning desideratum of lengthened days.

552. But what ingenuity is displayed by those seeking causes and remedies! I have before me the exultant claims of a specialist who announces that he has discovered the "missing link," and "solved the question," as to why the average mortal gets but one-third of his allotted century. His "new science of living" centres in *dietetics*; and mortality constantly triumphs, "because the *life-principle* is deficient in his daily food."

553. Let us suppose some automobile dealer were to proclaim his new concept, and promise "a million mile run" to his patrons, having dis-

cerned that the going-principle resides in his perfected "juice." What fuel, pray, could ever prevent the puncturing of tires, and a score of other auto ills? Can our longevity expert suggest a more ideal food for the puling infant of days, than what the maternal breast affords? But why that pitiable weakling; and that solicitous, *milkless* mother, who so faithfully "ate for two"—yet exercised for neither? Oh, why cannot Nature's basic law be discerned; why must "Science" blindly ignore facts and exact absurdities!

554. And here I find another still more intensified type of dietetist, who has reduced this food concept to an exact science, and he teaches his classes "how to live and stay young." "The deadly enemies of human life are those that are born within the stomach, and in the body, thru the vicious habit of mixing the classes of food."

555. "Vitality is to some extent a matter of inheritance...But correct habits of life, regardless of heredity and environment, are the real essentials." He has "not a shadow of a doubt that proper food stands first of all essentials of life...Energy can never grow old; hence keep up your energy and you will always stay young." Simplicity itself! Why could not this formula be passed on to the above-cited mother and child!

556. This professor gives 224 articles of diet—acceptable because they digest within three hours.

Then a black list of 130 articles is given, which he claims require from four to six hours to digest. He gives a list of 44 conditions and practices which increase vitality; then 74 which reduce it. Twenty five breakfast menus are elaborated; and as many more for dinner—and a third set for supper.

557. He has a school of health, and *fifteen* courses in dietetics; *nine* courses in breathing; *nineteen* in active exercises; *six* in physical poise; *sixteen* for chronic sufferers; *fifteen* in mind culture; *three* for rest culture, and *seventeen* for therapeutic and corrective exercises. And has this astute professor ever reflected that the practical centenarians of the ages—not his ideal, theoretical, imaginary ones—have never dreamed of dietary science, but were glad to get a little rice, oat grits, fish, dried meat, or roots, which their mothers toiled for so strenuously, each day before their arrival?

558. I recall an author who reports, that the wandering Arabs of the desert, live almost wholly on the milk of camels, fresh or soured; and upon this diet they survive for *two or three centuries!* And then I am reminded of one of these theoretical, assertive artists, who says, "There are no limitations to your mind or its power. . . . Declare to yourself your power, strength, wisdom and health. . . . You will succeed if you keep your mind

filled with these thoughts." But he should have added "*wealth*," withal, that his charming creation might qualify, as a bombastic, bloated billionaire also!

559. And while reviewing life-prolonging schemes, a new volume on "Life Shortening Habits" is noteworthy: "Alcohol, overeating, tobacco, sex indiscretions, uncleanness, ambition, avarice, anger, vanity, cosmetics, avoidance of parenthood," is the author's list; and I do not feel that any comment of mine will add days to any life, or modify any one's present views. My aim is rather to relieve the nerve tension for a moment.

560. Besides this, I find a medical luminary who assumes to point the "*Road to a Healthy Old Age*:" "Of all the medicines that improve the quality of the blood *arsenic* is the best...Constipation is a great danger to sufferers from arteriosclerosis. Here I may mention one of the good actions of mercury. A weekly dose of blue pill or calomel is a very great help to all our other measures."

561. People who are yearning for length of days, may note this paragraph and start for some pharmacist, to lay in a liberal stock of these several "life extenders." But I do not feel that such personalities can seriously affect the social order on either side of the cold sod. Yet I find that I was

omitting three rejuvenating agencies: *Ultra violet rays, radium, mud-baths*. Of course, others have the privilege of discerning the elixir of life in these modern innovations, as indisputably as I have, in my primordial period of *gestation*!

562. And now for a few random statements, just to clear up my list: *Vocational experts* will be jobless in our new social order, for it will be an insult to any *biogenetically born child*, to be dictated to regarding a life calling, since the new arrival is *umpire* in the premises; and the elders can only assist and facilitate, ministering to the demands of the newly arrived *positive personality*. Charity, or Love, as a living force, far exceeds Faith and Hope; just as, genetically, Gestation far outclasses Heredity and Environment! The microscope has its plain limitations. Hens' eggs will hatch in an incubator—and turtle eggs also, doubtless, if an oil lamp is properly looked after. But I am positive that one would miss it sadly, who should prefer living products, from such a source, to Nature's plan with maternal warmth, for the chicks, and the sun's rays for the turtlets; since I maintain that the relation sustained in both these cases, is not simply thermal, I conceive that *longevity* is a factor in all such processes. *Immortality* and inflexibility of the germ plasm are baseless, *illogical assumptions*—and, for which errors, the microscope should not be chargeable.

563. Nothing is easier than to demonstrate the fact, and to convince the thoughtful mind, that diminutive stature and excessive weight, are sequels of ancestral dereliction; but why excessive avoirdupois should appear, and even disappear, in almost any one, or two, of six decades, is not so easy to determine; and such, not over rare instances disclose to students in our field, somewhat of the intricacies and complexities with which this particular problem is involved.

564. And in contemplating infant mortality, in the families of physicians, I do not have to wander back to the moss-grown, mortuary records, generations old, but can point to contemporaneous necrology. I might name a physician, of reputed ability, and married to an estimable lady, who bore him five comely children. I can think of no one but myself, ready to satisfactorily explain, why *four* of them should have been so early called hence. I might name a druggist similarly unfortunate. Both *spurned strenuous gestation*, and *trusted in medicine!*

565. Who does not recall youthful clerks, with capricious appetites, seeking new, inviting tables, about once every month? And, how in contrast with these, are the humble Scotch, or patient Chinese, that find *oat meal* and *rice* ever welcome and satisfying. With these last named, surely, that constancy of relish is inbred—habitual and

permanent as life itself. Science explains the inconstancy of the first indicated set, by saying that it is Nature, crying out against unbalanced ratios—but why does she not plead for a square deal to this latter larger class?

566. We see chess-playing prodigies, whose mothers were not expert; brigands in mountain fastnesses, who are married to well born women, and yet, their offspring become bandits. The same is true of seafaring people, where the wives are seldom on the water; and yet the children take to water like ducks; and the explanation is simple: In all such instances, the feature they have in common is, *isolation*. The “men folks” sit around, conspire and plot, and, later recount their exploits, and narrow escapes. Their pregnant wives have little else to break the monotony and drudgery of existence—and with an inevitable sequel.

567. We have abundant proofs, while studying fetal life, that, in the early weeks of pregnancy, a maternal shock can shed sufficient vital energy to the embryo to eclipse it—just as lightning will kill a young tree. Had an identical combination occurred three months later, life might not have been destroyed at all, tho perhaps seriously and permanently crippled. But were the same to transpire, tardily, in the eighth month of pregnancy, the results might have been negligible. Cases are numerous where a window sash, for instance, has

dropped on the arm of a pregnant mother, causing temporary suffering; yet the child, arriving three months later, has but one arm.

568. Since "*Man's Infinite Potentialities*," is a favorite phrase of mine, in this biogenetic field, I will illustrate a little in detail what would be possible. Yet I am reluctant to do so, since the accusation will be made that I aim at such experiments and social conditions; whereas, the Heaven ordained, exclusive Home, is my one ideal—lavishly equipped with *children*.

569. Were *state farms* projected, and *orphanages* emptied to supply all requisite labor, the stock should certainly be classed as inferior. Yet, with discipline as rigid as that of the Army, and absolute control in all social aspects, suggestive of the stock breeder's regime, in *three generations* those squads of workers could become standardized, almost as accurately as watches, or automobile models.

570. With substantially identical treatment for both sexes, there would be little difference in stature or strength; and if dressed alike, the beard would be the one most obvious distinguishing feature. Study, song, and many accomplishments could be made common to all, and all would possess similar features, as well as a common color of hair and eyes—alike healthy, and, in many ways superior.

571. With an ample supply of orphans, groups with varying ideals could be bred; some classes in the second or third generation could all qualify as poets, orators, musicians, artists — and *pre-natal training* would ever be the telling factor.

572. Let us suppose, again, by way of illustration, that the state should step in at the present juncture, monopolize us, and suppress every copy of our "*Biogenetic Marvels*," resolved that the world should know nothing of our claims, until after a practical demonstration had actually been made. Then, quietly, in furtherance of this test, the next thousand couples, joined in wedlock, might be sent to some exclusive reservation, or island colony, willingly submitting to our directions.

573. A corps of instructors for this group of newly-weds, would naturally be our first thought, in this challenge to make good our claim, that *one year of pre-natal training*, for life's responsibilities, counts for more than the *twenty post natal years of instruction*, as now given! Our numerous rising generation, would see industries of many kinds, libraries, and courteous attendants, whose chief duty would be to answer the questions of aspiring little ones, that certainly would have no conception of what *teachers and vocational trainers* were for, since they would make their *own selections* from life's ample bill of fare. And *phy-*

sicians even would be incomprehensible superfluities to them, since potential centenarians never call a doctor! Librarians would be kept busy, serving hungry minds. But this vaguest snatch of an outline must suffice. And who, pray, teaches the duckling to swim? Oh, the culpable density of parenthood, that brings smiling nonentities into being, who know how to do *nothing*, or to even guess, *where, when or what for!*

574. The National Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Associations, Child Welfare Society, and Tuberculosis Association, in a packed Washington hall, have recently listened to the report of an expert specialist, regarding certain local conditions. He finds *one-third* of our public school pupils, physically unfit, because of *malnutrition*; and all but *one* in *twenty-five* of these under-nourished specimens, are from the *homes of the wealthy and well-to-do!* The hopeful aspect of this grave situation, in the minds of his auditors, lay in the pictures exhibited, showing how the emaciated had been developed to a proper standard; and, those of excessive weight, suitably reduced. And yet it pains me to be forced to dispel this illusion, by declaring that it is already *too late* to achieve any permanent results!

575. I have known those who could never be induced to partake of sufficient nourishment; and others, wholly devoid of restraint. In a great

metropolis, I saw so many of the children hurrying to school, stop, before nine, and buy candies. I learned from one winsome lad of twelve, who had about *half a pound* of sweets, in hand and mouth, that such was his daily ration; and I warned him that he would *ruin his health!* "What do I care? My father is a doctor!" The rising generation was *unscientifically begotten*; and the *prognosis is depressing!* If the above mentioned *defective third*—many of whom seem to be responsive to treatment—could be *permanently kept* in reformatories, under strict discipline—in matters of *diet* especially—the cloud would have a silver lining. But *ante-natal proclivities* are certain to be in the *ascendant* when *freedom of action* is assured!

576. A friend recently expressed his despair of the rising generation, after seeing swarms of young folks pouring out of a cheap, dance hall, late Saturday night. And I was forced to concur, and concede that it lacks *physical constitution* and *personal character*, because Science has so blindly erred, and thereby has misled the masses—and double is the pity, since both of these priceless endowments are so easily transmissible, *pre-natally*.

577. I recently heard a youth defend his cigaret habit, by saying that it, with four movie shows a week, were his only diversions. Later, I counted on the bill boards of one of these, illus-

trating a six-act exhibit, *thirty-three men in ferocious pose; twelve maidens, and eleven revolvers ready for instant service!* And I was led to reflect on the folly of anticipating *world peace*, while the rising generation delights in such realistic exhibits. Can anything worse be devised, or conceived?

578. Yes, by having special rates and inducements for *expectant mothers* to crowd these places! We read about faithful souls having been devoured by wild beasts in public arenas, amid shouts of wild applause—also, where *bulls* have been the special victims. But how great is our *essential progress* to date? I have just been listening to loud shouts at a church, and noted a lot of boys and girls enacting a “wild west hold up” with incessant “bang-banging” from throats and toy pistols—and that sacred edifice was reared to herald the “*Prince of Peace!*”

579. **A propaganda is on for world peace by a novel method.** A *contraceptive* cult is arguing that with the suppression of childbirth for a few generations, wars must cease! There is no strife on our moon so far as known. But our biogenetic peace panacea is, to multiply a race of *pre-natally* propagated pacifists—which would seem to be more sane and sensible than to conspire for a depopulated, desolated planet! Deadly gases even, would surely be a more expeditious mode for

achieving this result. Wives who are wont to pray, "Thy Kingdom come;" then join birth-control "Leagues," while persistently side-stepping maternity, with singular inconsistency thereby antagonize their own hollow petitions.

580. My dominant thought on this occasion should be the *elimination of war* and of *race antagonism*, with their lines of *disabled, diseased and dead!* *Biogenetics, health and longevity* are our heartening substitutes. And *Sex* is a factor so interwoven with all of these, that the temptation seizes me to elaborate its little suspected bearing on many disorders; but I must desist. Yet I will correct one overstated point: I have said that when biogenetic truths are properly utilized, there will be no "unfit," or defectives—and then I have cited cases where such were pre-natally formed as the sequelae of *fright* or of *accidents*, which will always occur.

581. And I will illustrate this point more specifically: We see nice large families, in which no suggestion of ancestral taints are to be noted—save that one child has the *rickets*. But this I find results from pregnancy occurring too soon after an accidental miscarriage—that is, before complete physical recovery. The mental endowment of such, however, I have observed is always exceptionally good. And the rachitic would be met with much oftener, were it not for a natural pre-

disposition to *recurrences* of this abortive misfortune—as so often results.

582. I have reiterated in this address, what I am forced to construe as prevalent frivolity; disregard of all health rules, and a total ignorance of the *one great law of longevity*—of *crass degeneracy*, in short. I have repeatedly contrasted, also, my methods with those of Science, and its *most fallible, faltering conservatism*. I now improve a last chance to quote the latest word of one of its oracles—and with a broad smile I submit his facile scheme for inaugurating a new era by just “*moving our standard forward thirty years!*” How simple! And so strange that no one previously should have discerned Nature’s palpable life preserver!

583. “In view of the evidence of a great awakening of the people of this country to the importance of health — as their first duty to secure — I would suggest that we seize upon the present opportunity of placing the public health standard on a scientific basis. We are living under entirely different conditions from Moses, with a basic principle of life fired by the unalterable precision of science. Biology teaches that the normal and potential life of man is 100 years; that every child born is adapted in physical construction and function to live a century.

584. “We must, therefore, infer that in the na-

tural order of life all deaths occurring at an earlier age are due to conditions existing which are not compatible with the construction and functions of the human organisms. In these scientific facts we find our present duties and opportunities. We should inaugurate the new era in life-saving by moving our standard for the length of life forward thirty years."

585. In glancing thru the morning paper, recently, I saw an Associated Press, mortuary list, of six prominent Americans, with ages and brief sketches given. I wonder how many reflected on the underlying causes of their varying life spans, to wit: 32, 42, 43, 74, 77, 92—a total of 360 years; making an average of 60 for each. I might analyze their brief obituaries, and family histories, which ever confirm my claim that the telling factor is *always* the conduct of the mother during the gestatory period — passivity for the scion that passed at 32, and strenuosity for that veteran of 92! And, oh, the criminal density of those who for centuries have held that *longevity* is positively and essentially a matter of *heredity*, instead of the *patent fact*, that it ever pivots on *gestation*; and, when, I assert, these ancestral instances do, casually appear, they are simply "*coincidences*"—the result of *strenuous pregnancies*.

586. Let us visualize a couple of very similar sisters, who marry good husbands, and are each

seriously confronted with the problem of prospective parenthood. The one notable contrast in the premises, is, that Mary is a convert to the views of her favorite author, who proclaims the theory that *prenatal passivity* is the correct maternal attitude, in order that Nature may have uninterrupted sway during all these months, and fashion this coming one along the precise lines God has foreordained, to fill some special sphere in the world!

587. But to Anna this seems as ridiculous as to leave the home garden as a spot in which the Deity should display His handiwork. She reverently believes that it is a period for *maternal* supremacy—having imbibed the essentials of our *Biogenetic Marvels*, and with which, her husband is in strict accord. Hence the opportunity of her life is seen to have most alluringly arrived, and she is animated by a joy which causes *terra firma* even to seem as but fleecy, silver-lined clouds beneath her feet. She is persuaded that she can produce an heir, destined to outclass any figure in history!

588. And what shall she elect it to be? A son, first of all; and he an orator, silver-tongued—a spell-binding, untiring, magnetic genius, while the years of a century “echo thru the corridors of Time!” Oh, how gloriously certain! Nothing this side of the Pearly Gates is comparable to such a terrestrial vision! Every minute of this precious period must be turned to the best advantage!

589. "First of all let me remember that for *two hundred and eighty* days I must keep my own physical frame up to its present superb condition if my coming "Demosthenes" is ever to enter his second century — lungs, heart muscles, stairs, mountains, must each and all get the daily one hundred per cent of attention and note my *Excelsior* slogan! I must sleep whenever weary, I must often read aloud from the best orations. I must listen to the finest speakers extant. I must look after my household cares with as much zeal and precision as if the President were expected tomorrow!"

590. This hasty outline portends an easy parturition and the arrival of one of the world's immortal supermen! While Mary's passive program will probably prove fatal to both herself and child. And if it could by any possibility survive for six years, she would come to regret the fact, because of its stupid, general, and hopeless inefficiency — its parent having defied, or ignored, all natural laws involved. Every traceable case in this old world's history, confirms these, my ever bolder declarations in the premises!

591. A newspaper item, I notice, states that, at fifteen, a dog is more decrepit than a man of eighty. But biogenetically bred canines, of that tender age, will presently be classed as little more than well-matured pups. Many of these stock

phrases, such as, "not in a dog's age;" or, "once in a coon's age," will have to be revised when people get sufficient "horse sense" to scientifically breed our domestic animals for *longevity*, withal.

592. And I see in a "Daily Pictorial," an athletic figure with scores of ribbons for a background; then, under this, is the legend: "Miss S——, of ——, of Queensland, Australia, and trophies she has won during the past twenty-five years with her riding horses. She has never been defeated as a rider." My *legal* knowledge in the premises, confessedly is slight; yet I am quite positive that she had a mother; and I am equally certain that her equestrianism, during gestation, explains this daughter's marvelous skill.

593. Yesterday a volume containing the portraits of hundreds of celebrities fell into my hands; and one attractive picture carried me back sixty-four years, to the construction of my uncle's barn in New England, when I was twelve years old. A prepossessing young Irish carpenter, of twice my years, was one of those employed, and this Jim Foley's rich, full voice could be heard, in song, squares away.

594. Some appreciative listener urged his cultivating it in Italy—and thus the fortunate world was charmed for over a generation with "Sig. Foli's" marvelous vocal achievements. But this is all I am *legally* justified in attesting. Yet I am

as positive as of my very existence, that, during “Jim’s” humble gestation, the soulful strains of his worthy mother’s voice were wont to echo in the breezes between the Knockmealdown and Galatee Mountains, of Tipperary, as pleasingly as ever her loyal son’s was later destined to do—and it is humanity’s own *culpable density* that it has not had 1,000 Folis, instead of *one*!

SECTION SEVENTEEN

595. Doctor Franklin H. Martin, of Chicago, Director General of the American College of Surgeons, has just said in a public address, that "the life of the average person would be prolonged fifteen years, and the annual harvest of death from cancer, kidney diseases and high blood pressure, greatly reduced, if our entire population would submit to *complete physical examination* at least once every twelve months."

596. Now I should be derelict if I did not rise to the occasion, and indicate the several erroneous features of the above quotation, because I am ten years older than this zealous doctor, and was congenitally attuned to discern physical facts to an extent I have never seen equaled—and I have been a close student of vital phenomena for over sixty years. No drill in surgery, gynecology and obstetrics ever strikes the *longevity* trail. The one tangible result which impresses me—were his plea to be made compulsory—is, that there would be a royal revenue to the medical profession, yearly, of over *one billion and a half dollars*, according to its present schedule of charges!

597. When this law of Longevity, which I have presented, becomes known, no one will make such rash assertions as these I have quoted. And,

next to this potential life-span endowment, is, that all-controlling factor of prenatal bent, or penchant, which but a negligible percentage of humanity ever attempts to modify. As a conscientious duty, I have, for over three score years, now, almost daily, warned and entreated people, on every hand, to correct deplorable habits and physical tendencies, but to no purpose. This Director General also forecasts the prevention of over *sixty six per cent* of the cases of tuberculosis; yet I can recall but two of the many thousands I have pleaded with, who ever gave heed to my dire prognoses.

598. Let me make this matter of predisposition a little clearer: A child may be born with a potential life expectancy of sixty years; yet some base, inherited appetite, if yielded to,—as it is, with rarest exceptions—enables the grim destroyer to take his victim fifteen years earlier. Oh, that an annual professional “go-over,” and a fifteen dollar charge, could, as by magic, insure desirable habits and tendencies!

599. This panacea for human ills, recalls its predecessor, *phrenological examinations*, which, altho largely cranial, yet were all-inclusive, by virtue of their temperamental bases. The victim was figuratively scalped, and a symbolical cap substituted, whose forty odd illuminated demarcations, were the outward signs of inward faculties. And

each of these, as a chart and hand-book made unmistakable, was graduated on a scale of seven: so that every "bump" of the patient was given a specific rating, and hints at every passing angle, to "cultivate," or "restrain," as the presiding specialist deemed more expedient—just as a sculptor might indicate adding or subtracting to a pupil, while inspecting a *plastic* bust. Of course, the final assurances of rare latent potentialities, in the general make-up, might help cause the incidental charges to seem trivial.

600. Old time people were wont to complain that folks were so "sot in their ways!" And I recall one patient husband, who deplored the fact that his dutiful wife, after forty years' effort, had not been able to break herself of the habit of placing a spool of thread on its rolling side, and near the edge of the table, instead of farther in, and on end. And how well I recall urging a short, rotund, financiering President—who would have died of insomnia if any fractional percentage of interest had been erroneously calculated or applied in some huge transaction—to reduce his weight. But he nonchalantly assured me that he was carrying an excess of only *fifty pounds!*

601. With less than one hundred words I might so instruct people that physical examinations would be wholly superfluous. Humanity could, and should, be born with intensest interest in its

physical welfare — and suicide become ever unthinkable—yet imbecile fads and ruinous fashions enslave all!

602. A brilliant feminine expert I find giving latest thoughts to her sex, in the line of her specialty; and from these I quote with a running comment: "We feel there is no excuse for a woman who has allowed her fat figure to spread out of all proportion!" But I say, why blame the unfortunate for the follies in a dozen ancestral strains? "She cannot have proper pride, to allow this repulsive malady to possess her!" The pride of a Lucifer would not suffice to cure the curse—this undertaker's joy-dream!

603. "Indolence and idleness are enemies to the slim, graceful figure!" True; and abstinence and exercise are the only forlorn hopes along the horizon. "Drink plenty of water between meals!" Yes, and some of the worst victims I ever met, were constantly, yet vainly, slaking a consuming thirst, and blaming water as the avoirdupois producer! "The sides of your hips often accumulate unnecessary flesh!" Certainly; and if *greyhounds* should become as partial to fine upholstery as many ladies are, their contours would eventually be suggestive of *hippopotami*.

604. A moderate percentage of common sense is discernable, by observing ones, in every day life. Whence this priceless asset in our midst, is the

privilege of Biogenetics to explain. It is born of sober, sensible motherhood, during the gestatory period. Genius, possessing many marvelous powers, may have common sense, withal; and, quite as likely, not a trace of it. I might name those who have no *vestige* of either *common sense* or *genius*—and they still manage to rub along thru the world. But it is our dream that such tragedies will, ere long, cease to abound.

605. I read that Edgar Allan Poe said of himself: "My friends thought drink made me mad. I know that my madness drove me to drink;" and citing this, repeat that I have herein diagnosed his ailment, give many other instances of it, and definitely indicate its proper treatment.

606. There is abroad, in this fair land, a great National Vocational Guidance Association, which fact makes our little biogenetic coterie smile—*broadly, frequently, severally* — since its basic thought is so radically at variance with our own. And one great University President has just addressed it, saying, "The time has arrived for a new epoch in our system of education"—which, withal, is precisely the tocsin we are so strenuously sounding. "Mental alertness tests for freshmen, to be prepared by experienced psychologists and educators; also a personnel department to give the requisite vocational direction for it."

607. Now caterers, with select menus, and me-

dical, or other dieterical experts, have familiarized us with the idea of the physical needs being dictated to us; but it is quite a stride to establish a *psychical regime* along analogous lines—or be it, with a sort of prison fare precision. The needs of adult society, we are told, will not determine the courses, but the *needs* of the *youth* to be *educated*. Yet our biogenetic program is centuries ahead of all this, since a race of czarinas—once known as “mothers”—are to be in supreme control—uttering both the *first*, and the *final* words!

608. In this coming social order, everything savoring of dictation, will center, primarily, in *Motherhood*; and, secondarily in *childhood*—and these will ever coalesce! And the genuine biogenetic youth will know precisely the vocation for which *maternal solicitude* predestined him—every *special* and *esthetic taste*—in the development of which, library assistants may at times render incidental service. But, oh, the crime, the premises considered, of bringing children into this world, who want to do *nothing* in *particular*, and who are *congenitally incapacitated* for *everything* in *general*—when *each* might have been *endowed* with *rarest genius*!

609. *Plastic as the potter's clay, or the sculptor's wax*; and yet, *expert scientists*, as well as our *laity millions*, are content to let the decades roll by, while they just wrangle over the possi-

bility of "*maternal markings!*" Poor old Robinson Crusoe saw footprints on the sands of his lonely island, and at once became reflective—philosophic. But here is the average countenance, with every minutest lineament bearing the permanent impress of human action, and yet, our revered wise-acres are as blind and mute as meadow moles, in discerning the most patent facts, and in enlightening a confiding public!

610. Divinity, or Nature, has a human ideal which many intelligent people recognize. A sculptor can usually select a few such living specimens from one thousand subjects, while many would not measure up to *twenty per cent* of the proper form, feature and mentality. The hour we lapse from the ideal course of life, it becomes manifest in the entire frame, and modifies it. And at each conception, and during each gestation, these *acquired characters* are impressed upon each of us!

611. Our daily paper shows a bright nine-year-old, spectacled lad, who edits and prints the "Hoosier Boy," a six by nine-inch, four-page paper, doing all the work himself. This "world's youngest editor" has already read over *one thousand volumes*, drawn from the public library of his home town.

612. And this item reminds me of another bright fellow, who is over eight times his age, but

who has never yet been able to read *one hundred* books—nor even *fifty*; and, in fact, prefers writing them to reading. The chances are that this precocious lad can never become a *veteran* editor, because his mother, during *gestation*, slighted *physical exercise*, that might have given her son *tenacious vital organs* and an ample margin of viability. These contrasted specimens of humanity, beautifully illustrate our subject from the *biogenetic angle*, and concisely reveal the almost unlimited potentialities of *maternity*!

613. Then, in another column of the same paper, I read of an old lady, in the South, being immersed, publicly, at the age of *one hundred and four*, and of her joining in the hymn of praise, with a thousand other voices. Her age is above all question. She has reared a family, and “is a woman of the *pioneer* type, having been the *hardest sort* of a *worker all her life*!” Yet I should never have noted her existence, but for this emphasized quotation, which naturally accords with all I am claiming. She has ever followed the *bent* which her *sterling mother* gave her *prenatally*!

614. **The other day I met an acquaintance** with whom I chanced to spend an hour, fifteen years ago; and he wished to know of my biogenetic advancement. He was fifty seven years old, but told, very positively, that he would tolerate no *undertaker* before the age of *ninety*! I only spoke

pleasant words to him, however, giving no remote hint that *longevity* is not a question of *personal resolve*, nor yet of *will power*, in any general sense, but of *maternal action*. I mentally scaled down his life expectancy, *thirty years*—and might indicate very specifically, *why*, and *where*, the break would, or, should, come.

615. Herbert G. Wells, that gifted, prophetic, English writer, has just warned—November, 1922—that the sun of our civilization is setting, and he enumerates broad, world conditions, which presage the return of a “Dark Age.” I cannot refute his forecast; and the *nil desperandum* of my optimistic soul, is enabled to survive, only by virtue of the radiant gleams of our *biogenetic verities!*

616. I can conceive of nothing more opportune than this glorious evangel for all people, just as the portentous shadows are so depressingly in evidence. If the warp and woof of our civilization are proven to be lacking, in a certain modicum of tenacity, which should permeate its moral fiber, all survival value in our race will inevitably be demonstrated to have disappeared! Mr. Wells notes, as most ominous, the breaking down of financial systems, and a return to barter methods; while the moral slump—aversion to *parenthood* and family life, as a whole—is the most deplorable feature from my viewpoint.

617. I listened the other evening to Rev. Dr. R. H. Conwell, when he delivered his "Acres of Diamonds" lecture, for the 6,070th time. It was probably introductory thereto, that he told of having carefully tabulated a list of 4,043 *millionaires*, and that the rectitude of all but forty of them was above question. He also stated that 3,700 of them were born in poverty—which fact suggests my presenting the biogenetic aspects of the situation.

618. Now, while impecuniosity is a superb antecedent to the acquisition of wealth, it is well to bear in mind, that, contemporaneously with the advent of these 3,700 children of promise, there arrived, in their vicinage, upwards of 3,700,000 equally poor, and quite as intrinsically deserving—yet prosperity never knocked at their doors. And this deplorable fact—doubly sad because avoidable—was due to the mothers not having risen to their opportunities, since "Science" asserts that the maternal role is basely *menial*, rather than *creative, deific*—which is the demonstrable truth! Naturally, those mothers as little dreamed they were endowing posterity with business sagacity, as did that smaller contingent, that they were slighting the moral instincts of their offspring, and virtually breeding crooks.

619. A renowned editor asks the simple—almost foolish—question, "Are All Men Born Equal?" He then relates how Rev. David R.

Horton brings four children of Bushmen, South African savages and semi-savages, to America. They will learn from this missionary, to dress, eat with a fork, read, ride in elevators and subways, without becoming frightened.

620. This expert says they can be taught to run an automobile, a locomotive, and even a flying machine. "They can become clergymen; they can vote. *But they cannot be taught to think*, in the real sense of the word." He concludes that in *ten thousand* years they could not become *thinkers*—and this item I have introduced to combat its glaring falsity.

621. Our biogenetic boon most unmistakably demonstrates that just such savages, as are above depicted, may marry, and, by following a regimen we would prescribe, for *one year*, could produce actual *geniuses*—Newtonian philosophers. And this is not bold assertion, but patent, overwhelming reality, which would convince any jury that should weigh the evidence.

622. Professor Rudolph M. Binder of New York University not long ago addressed a Eugenic Congress; and it is refreshing to be able for once to approve most that was said. Fifty per cent of those called to be soldiers, were rejected as unfit; yet the enactment of a law denying marriage to such, he says, would foment a revolution.

623. Doctor Lewis I. Dublin, statistician of the

Metropolitan Insurance Company, told that Conference, of the disappointment higher female education had proven. Women's colleges, he rightly asserts, educate their students *away* from home interests, and "subordinate the ideal of *marriage* to that of *personal culture*." But who can blame the faculty for this preference, in view of the negligible control "Science" concedes to parenthood? The *psychology* of these false teachings demonstrably induces literal, actual sterility!

624. I waive my resolve to cite no more longevity instances, and favor William Peyton, an ex-slave, who died *December* 26, 1919, at Little Hocking, Ohio, at the age of 128 years, with merited notice. He was owned by a Virginian, named Creel; and either as a slave, or as a free-man, he served the family thru *six* generations, retaining full possession of his faculties till the last month of life.

625. Yet his idle African ancestry, it is practically certain, hardly averaged the paltry *twenty eight* years of life. His mother, I doubt not, followed the plow up to the hour of his birth—and we can rear centenarians, also, if our wives are willing to pay the price. Yet no one who desires a tearful funeral should covet a veteran's tomb. Who ever heard of mourning because of a grand-sire's tardy demise—save Mark Twain at the grave of Adam?

626. Dr. Abram W. Harris, corresponding secretary of the board of education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, has just declared, in an address, that, while there are not too many persons in college to-day, there are many students there, who ought not to be; and many others not in college, that ought to be; of the former, are "those lacking any serious objective, and are there in a perfunctory and negligent spirit. But there are many fine young people, that would profit enormously by a college education, who are not getting it.

627. "I favor any sorting-out process which is entirely just, but none has yet been proved to be so. The infinite individual difference and variety of experience, and background, completely baffle every known method in many cases.

628. "After all, the actual trial seems to be the only just method; and in the freshman year, a sort of weeding-out process goes on. The sophomore class is almost always fewer in number than when it was freshman; and the senior class is seldom as high as 50 per cent of its proportions upon entering the college. This sorting out of the various grades of intellects, is one of the really great functions of education. Its effect upon this country has been enormous, as it falls into the process of picking leaders of thought."

629. These pages have been perused to little pur-

"Coronalta," overlooking our Capital City,
was the author's home for over twenty years; and an
adjacent structure his fifth Aviation Laboratory
from 1890 to 1894.



pose by those who cannot discern, that all these distressing conditions, and this wasted college effort, will be undreamed of, and forgotten, when our *biogenetic verities* become known, and are sensibly utilized.

630. There are three conspicuous marital ideals extant, which are equally *impractical, fallacious and illusory* : “*Quality, not quantity ; no more children than we can afford to properly rear and educate*”—which results in one or two *non-viable nonentities!* “*Intercourse for offspring only*”—which blossoms into *scandal, sin and divorce!* “*Contraceptive knowledge for birth control*”—which simply breeds, both *physically and psychically, sterility and family extinction!*

631. The wealth of nations centers in *maternity*, quite as truly as in the *soil*. Our civilization tardily conceded the duty of the state to educate its rising generation; and quite as self evident should be the propriety of a proposition to *facilitate its advent!* The wisdom of having a corps of expert visiting nurses —“*Instructive Visiting Nurse Society*”—is clearly recognized to-day — which will make the next step easier to grasp. Our biogenetic mission is to magnify *maternity*, and to bring the ineffable glories of *gestation* permanently into the limelight!

632. With the vast majority of our people, pregnancy has been noted as a family misfortune, com-

parable to a *nervous breakdown*, or a case of typhoid, rather than hailed as an ancestral "*wind-fall*," or as some royal visit, or decoration might be welcomed. Of all housewifely duties, *pregnancy* should ever have precedence; and a new field of usefulness for woman is soon to be open, which will require an ever available force, several times larger than our public school system at present exacts.

633. The eligibles will be women between the ages of 45 and 75; of good report, and familiar with ordinary household duties. One of the earliest cares of the pregnant wife will be to notify the proper city, or country, lady official, and a brief canvass of the situation will be made by her; and she will tactfully select from her registered force, of "maternal assistants" or "state auxiliaries"—let us call them—the most congenial one to pay daily visits of a specified length for, at least, the coming ten months. This state auxiliary will supplement the wife's duties, leaving her free to intelligently concentrate on the best interests of the coming child.

634. These positions will be as honorable, and as essentially of Christian service, as are to-day the duties of a "deaconess;" and the compensation from the public treasury, will be adequate—the best spent money of all! These trusty helpers may be related to several homes at the same time

—payable according to time given, and efficiency. If the “lady of the house”—the pregnant wife—is dissatisfied, relations can be severed, as is the appointing, thru the central office. Oh, why cannot *common sense* be applied to our domestic problems!

635. And right now, while pondering this, comes a fresh provocation which has led me to relent and admit another item: “*Don’t Leave it to Nature!*” is the mandate of a National authority on health subjects. He is identified with one of our “*Life Extension Institutes*”—its Medical Director, in fact—and his utterances are naturally impelling.

636. “Thus, parents should not dismiss the physician after the birth of their child, leaving its physical development to Nature. A child should have a *regular physical examination*, say, once in every *three months*, thruout *infancy* and *early childhood*, and an intelligent *course of exercise* should be prescribed by the *examiner*.”

637. Now I may be biased, but what I see in this proposition is *expense extension*; and I visualize thousands of young couples, who had fondly contemplated parenthood, reversing their plans, after reading this *de luxe* program, and identifying themselves with a “*Birth Control League!*” Oh, how I shrink from even lisping anything about *commercialism*; and yet, as I glance up from my

paper, in a small reading room, I am confronted with six husky specimens, upon whose lineaments I see "*lucrative practice*" everywhere tattooed ! They seem *predestined* M. D.'s—*chronic leeches* on the *social frame* till the *tragic end*!

638. An artist, teaching his class in sculpture, might be expected to talk to his students much as this Medical director does to the public—or a kindergarten teacher, discussing putty, and mud-pie effects! Oh, is there no *survival value* in the present generation of frail mortality!

639. Must I again reiterate that the *year prior* to *parturition* is the *proper* and only *profitable* season for *perpetuating perfect personalities* — when no *practising physician* is *puttering about*! Political "doughfaces" have long been extinct. Can their spirits have entered our generation, as they might a herd of *swine*, to work *destruction*!

SECTION EIGHTEEN

640. "*The Baby Death Rate,*" was the heading of a recent editorial, which I read with interest, and took great pains to visit the city, and to interview the heroine described—a wife at fourteen; a mother at sixteen, and twenty parturitions in as many years thereafter. All were said to have been big and healthy at birth; yet only *five* of her *twenty-one*, survived the early months of life.

641. Many, who pondered what I have previously said, may assume that *maternal indolence, during gestation*, was the cause of this *seventy-six per cent* of *non-viability*; yet both parents lead active lives. The explanation, however, is unmistakable; and, while a good average parentage would be conceded by the casual observer—above reproach, and exceptionally fond of children—"the third and fourth generation" clause of the Decalogue does apply and explain.

642. Abnormalities were in evidence thruout. Sterility for a year and half; to be followed by such a period of amazing fertility—and the last baby, of ten weeks, of great vigor and promise. Of course, that incomprehensible law of Mendel,

explains how a few could survive. The mammary glands, were from the outset, worse than useless—not only refusing to function normally, but developed abscesses and serious complications.

643. The ancestry on both sides had *Amerind* mixture; and, while the build and stature of neither parent was even approximately ideal, both were victims of rheumatism—a most infallible index. And, in passing, I will mention the causes of two diseases which I have never heretofore seen given, yet am positive as to the facts. *Syphilis* comes from a *carnal knowledge of the dead*; and *gonorrhea* is one of the *sequelae of tyro-induced miscarriages*—and may I positively add that small-pox, measles, chicken-pox, scarlet fever, whooping cough, etcetera, are severally *venereal cousins* of varying, yet *most definite* degrees of relationship!

644. And it is a favoring coincidence, that, in these same days, I should find a news item from Quebec, in which a stalwart citizen of St. Pierre, whose name and address are given, has *raised twenty-one* noble children, as well as fine potatoes, corn and wheat—and the county is proud of such good citizenship. Infant mortality is a negligible factor where the laws of our being, which are but the plainest common sense, are practiced—whether knowingly, or quite unconsciously, matters little.

645. I have seen in a "Daily Pictorial," a fine group of seven robust Tennessee sisters, whose aggregate years are *five hundred and thirty-five*—or an average of *seventy-six and a half*. Of course, such examples provoke contemptuous mutterings, about *rabbits*, and "*quality rather than quantity*," from sundry solitary scions, who long flourished as mamma's pampered, precious prodigies, yet who never have measured up even to modest mediocrity!

646. And, before leaving this constantly recurring problem of *Longevity*, with a myriad recipes for its attainment, I will cite an exceptionally grotesque one, as a basis for appropriate comment. A titled Parisian, on his *eighty-first* birthday, thus details his formula: "For 60 years now, only one cocktail in the morning; light wine for lunch; no brandy after lunch; only two drinks in the afternoon; a well mixed cocktail before dinner; vintage wine during dinner, and fine old brandy afterward. Thereafter, I never take more than three glasses of champagne before retiring. Do this and live as long as I have."

647. Not one American in ten thousand could follow this regimen, for a single decade, without becoming a hopeless sot. Alcohol is ever a shortener of life. Maternal conduct *during gestation*, I reiterate, is the prime factor in *Longevity*, and the above systematic tippler has survived because

of his constitutional, or temperamental, nerve tension, while thousands of his own countrymen, even, essaying the same role, have made shipwrecks of life. I often recall the case of a friend, who was the son of a rich English brewer. His life habit of only caring for a few sips of beer, so perfectly reflected the history of his *gestation*.

648. And still another of these queer items I must here relate, in order to simultaneously clear the files and my conscience: Madame V., while recently celebrating her *one hundred and fourth* birthday anniversary, said she feared prohibition would result in her premature demise. She said, "Good wine, drunk in moderation, will prolong life. I do not believe in the dry law."

649. Evidently she loves life, as well as good wine, and quite naturally assumes their interdependence — which is a dangerous *non sequitur*, since alcohol has successfully qualified only as a preserver of *dead matter*. But why those words, "in moderation?" Simply because its assimilation is so unnatural and antagonistic to human weal, that *millions* have lost out who attempted its use. And the reason that this elderly subject was not hurled from her trolley, decades ago, results solely from the fortuitous features which existed during her *exceptional gestation*!

650. But what, as a matter of legal evidence, do I really know about that particular momentous

period? *Nothing*, the Court might rule; yet the evidence is as scientifically certain, as, when I see a duckling I know there must have been an antecedent *egg* and *mother*. Equally positive am I, when scanning the following current items, that maternal attitudes inevitably produced these gratifying sequels: "The organist of one of London's best known churches, is a boy of thirteen, who has never had a lesson in his life." The other case is of a lad of the same age, an expert violinist, withal, who has just entered one of our great universities. And yet people stare, when I assert that our biogenetic revelations will *revolutionize educational methods* and "eliminate over *one pedagogic decade!*"

651. I fancy that I am the first, and the only one, to ever suggest—or, rather, to *insist*—that in all the *white, yellow, brown* and *brunet* specimens of humanity, the *tint* has depended on, and has been determined by, the *political* and *social environment*—yes, and the *auburn* and *blond* also. "Science" has maintained that the "*Baltic fogs*" have evolved the Nordic, or blond, racial type. But this little recent clipping pleases me, and insures space for another paragraph.

652. "Scandinavian women, including those also of Finland, are said to enjoy a greater degree of independence than women in any other part of the world. They have also secured more direct re-

presentation in the league of nations than the women of any other country."

653. How fortunate, that, at this very hour, I should find in the *Daily News*, the words of America's leading anthropologist, Ales Hrdlicka, while testifying before a Congressional Committee, on this same color problem of the ages: "What is a white man?" "A white man, in the simplest definition of the word, would be one who has lost most of his original pigmentation (coloring), and therefore, has come near in the color of his skin to a depigmented, or white condition." "What causes the depigmentation?" "This has taken place in Europe, especially in the north-western section, due, we believe, to environmental conditions."

654. But, note well, how "Science" *guesses* that the metamorphosing condition was "Baltic fogs," while I *positively know* that it is psychological, *biliary, hepatic*, social; and I can prove my contention by *millions* of specific instances, as well as demonstrate, and produce at pleasure, any of the desired existing tints of the human skin.

655. And the burden of our biogenetic wail has ever been, to suppress that avoidable scandal of civilized life, to wit: *Infant Mortality*—which the following fresh Ohio item tends to accentuate: "Mrs. ——— forty years old, suicided in her home two miles east of here, after killing her two chil-

dren, Coral, two years old, and Stanley, five, by slashing their throats with a razor. The bodies of the three were found on the kitchen floor when the husband returned to the house at noon. Despondency over the death of another child, eight months ago, is given as the cause of the deed." And yet we meet blasphemous people, who insist that this mortality scourge is an integral part of the scheme of *Infinite Wisdom*! Centenarian graves are in the Divine order—yet they are never drenched with tears!

656. Another specialty of ours, is, an irrepressible antagonism to "birth control," or race suicide; and we now quote a few sentences found in an able magazine article—of October, 1922: "The average feeble minded individual leaves two or three times as many offspring as the average college graduate. The biological cataclysm, silent, but none the less fateful, is rapidly spreading to all civilized countries. As a nation, we are faced by no other issue of comparable importance. It is a question of national survival, or, national decay. The greatest problem of conservation, relates not to forests and mines, but to the discovery, encouragement, and proper utilization of human talent."

657. And, right here, it may be pardonable for me to "talk shop," a moment or two. The appalling, current, moral laxity in the rising genera-

tion, naturally results from "Science" relegating the "Great First Cause" to the fogs beyond a remote horizon. And then, after eliminating, as far as possible, all hope of immortality from the human breast, it assures prospective parenthood that it can have but *five per cent* of influence in fashioning its progeny—and then, becomes panic-stricken when no bargain counter rush is manifest in behalf of posterity!

658. But how in contrast with the foregoing, is our biogenetic assurance, that parents have, easily, *ninety per cent* of control over their children, including an *ad libitum* endowment of "human talent," including a sublime *spiritual assurance*, comparable to that of the "prince of the *Apostles*!"

659. An aspiring young friend of mine, a native of the Celestial Empire—or should I say republic—who seeks to secure for it the best educational system extant, has just asked me if I accept the dictum and conclusions of a noted eugenist in the middle west—Casper L. Redfield—regarding *genius*; and it seems incumbent upon me to here reply.

660. Great men, this authority maintains, are the product of slow breeding, from mature fathers; while rapid reproduction, with young human sires, yields an inferior stock—*four* generations in a century, he holds, is *one* too many. And he fortifies this contention with many hundreds

of concrete instances, gathered from biographical dictionaries; thus confronting me with a host of earth's most illustrious specimens—but I am not in the least disconcerted, while accepting his facts, yet *smiling* at his conclusions.

661. We see manufacturing concerns turn out uniform products of watches, or be it automobiles—and this without “bone yard,” or scrap heap attachments. And much the same is observable in Nature, for who ever heard a hunter explain, that he had easily bagged a ‘coon, alive, because he was so fat and logy, had a touch of “rheumatiz,” and was a silly, “boozy-woozy” specimen at best? No, indeed! Every fox too, is found to be a perfect physical product; and mentally, always just so “foxy”—a veritable *genius*!

662. When we awake to the formula which produced *Aristotle, Bacon, Milton, Newton*, humanity need produce no specimens which are their inferiors! Why should Dame Nature—so perfect in other fields—make such a *botch* when she fashions humanity? And this may remind some reader that I proclaim, the day of the *super man* is not 100,000 years distant, as boldly alleged by haughty ones, but is *right here* in our very midst, with the *fields white for harvest*!

663. The above-cited eugenic exponent, truly shows that great men were sired by those ranging all the way from *twenty-five* to *fifty years* of age,

and over; but why in this lottery are there, surely, *ten thousand* blanks for every prize resulting? Simply because the true *determinant*, in every concrete human product, has been *absolutely ignored!* *Maternal, gestatory conduct, is ever supreme*, however ruthlessly ignored this irrepressible fact may be by "Science."

664. I readily concede that famous, brainy people may have had sires quite a bit above the ages of those generated by average mortals. They had lived long enough to achieve sufficiently, to attract the attention of their pregnant wives—and this *explains all*. Oh, why will "Science" persist in ignoring Nature's formula, and demand that she botch her masterpiece, by "wiring up" with *nerves* the mammalian *mother* and *fetus*? Until, and unless, such folly can be installed, it will unblushingly proclaim, that the maternal attitude can no more modify fetal mentality, than can it alter the character of "*coins in the pocket!*"

665. I note *fifteen social abominations* which are responsible for most phases of human misery. The *first five* I shall name are rooted in *greed*: *War*; the *abandonment of female infants*; *desertion of the aged*; the *cremation of surviving widows*; *birth control*. The next *five* originate in *lust*; *Sexual promiscuity*; *polygamy*; *abortion*; *carnal knowledge of the dead*; all forms of sexual perversion. Then come *four* which savor chiefly

of *crass imbecility*; *Neglect of timely sexual teaching*; *child marriages*; *blindness to the potentialities inseparable from the gestatory period*; *failure of the state to co-operate with, and to assist, parenthood, as sensibly and as universally as it already does in matters of education.*

666. One feels an interest in the subject of *Gestation*; and, turning to an encyclopedia, finds that Nature has seen fit to allot different periods to almost every species—varying from days and weeks, to many months—and these periods are most reliable.

667. Again, the matter of *Longevity*, interests; and we note the great ages accredited to eagles, turtles, and what not. Yet, under *domestication*, we see that horses, for example, which are generally classed as old at twenty, are occasionally found to be frisky at *fifty*, even.

668. But what a contrast when it comes to man! There is a vague tradition of “three score and ten;” yet, statistically considered, we find that but *one per cent* of our race, reaches the age of *sixty-five*. We see them drop out of living ranks at every stage of existence, from *one hour*, to over *one million hours*; and there are so few philosophers among us, who go further than to throw a pious halo over the whole subject, and mutter something about “Divine decrees,” and “the counsel of His own will!”

669. Why cannot rational beings reflect sufficiently, to note that the *fleetest, fittest*, survive under natural, jungle conditions, and find life uniformly *strenuous*, regardless of gestatory periods? It is *domestication*, with all its artificialities and abnormalities, that demoralizes vital statistics, with man and beast alike. Bovine tuberculosis fastens on the stalled dairy herd; and hog cholera attacks the penned up and surfeited swine.

670. In spite of human density, many commendable progressive moves have been made with our domestic breeds. But the attitude of "Science" regarding gestation—"the fetus being no more influenced by maternal conditions than are coins in one's pocket"—gives us what we have to-day.

671. I recently stood and watched the passing throng in a thriving American city, which was about to celebrate its *bi-centennial*. And it must be conceded that its material progress has been prodigious; but what of its manhood and womanhood?

672. I gazed intently by the hour, scrutinizing thousands most critically. My standards of human ideals and excellences, are the commonly accepted ones of recognized experts. Physically and mentally rated, the average was in the small thirties, and not one of either sex would have measured up to *sixty per cent* efficiency!

673. Of course, no two personalities were identical. Many wanted to procure something to induce hair to reappear where it once had been—as advertised—while others were intent upon its removal and suppression from portions of the anatomy where Nature persists in placing it. Some were as anxious to cover raw bones, as were others to unload oppressive fat. None, surely, reflected on causes, or cared a hang for anything but results. They were, practically all, just “*cul-lings*,” *freaks*, *monstrosities*, *curios*—and unconsciously so, too, since Nature mercifully implants self-love in each human breast.

674. This review of that human procession occurred, after I had spent month upon month, vainly striving to find some one, in approximately human form, who would, without pecuniary risk, consent to co-operate in the dissemination of this most essential sort of knowledge. But the psychology of the situation was hopeless — *greed*, *graft*, *gold* and *goodies*, were alone in evidence.

675. And here is appended a current item which I assume is approximately correct. It bears out in a general way, my longevity statements: The average duration of human life is about thirty-three years. One-quarter of the people on earth die before attaining six years of age, one-half before attaining sixteen years of age, and only one person of each 100 reaches the age of sixty-five.

Deaths are estimated to occur at the rate of sixty-seven a minute; 97,790 a day; and 35,639,835 a year; births are seventy a minute; 100,800 a day; and 36,792,000 a year.

676. I saw an attractive group picture, the other day, in the daily press, of over fifty dental students; and probably I was the only one saddened by the sight. Suppose, among news items, we should read that some manufacturing concern was turning out a million pairs of shoes monthly; and, down the column a bit, that a certain Industrial School, in that same center, was certifying, or graduating, a thousand young cobblers every quarter.

677. Now all of this would show legitimate enterprise, since our foot wear is made for service, and incidental repair—altho the juxtaposition of these items might seem regrettable to some of the parties in interest. But in the case of the human product, the situation is so different, since, in the biological realm, all mechanisms are *self-repairing*, under normal conditions. Each of those students' countenances, seemed to be radiant with visions of "*lucrative practice!*" I could see more hope for our race, in one pensive portrait of an earnest youth, intent upon devoting his life to fathoming the causes of, and remedy for, our *modern defective dentition!*

678. T. E. Young, B. A., F. R. A. S., who contemplates our problem from the standpoint of the Insurance Actuary, in his well known work "*On Centenarians and the Duration of the Human Race*"—1899—feels that man has now passed his acme, and that a slow decline of the human race, which will end in its extinction, has already begun, masked as it is by modern hygiene, which is thought to prolong life beyond the average term. "Thus human vitality, as measured by length of life, is slowly but irresistibly waning!"

679. Lord Bacon, three centuries ago, as well as Jerome Cardan, Naturalist and Physician, argued that the length of life was dependent upon a lessened amount of exercise. "Trees live long because they can get little exercise, which increases transpiration, and thus reducing life." Bacon's remedy for this leakage of supposed vitality, was the application of oily substances. But what could be more diametrically opposed to the facts, as I have so often herein reiterated!

680. Lest my repeated formulas weary, I will intersperse wisdom from scientifically orthodox sources ; Herbert Spencer in his *Principles of Biology*, declares that perfect correspondence between an organism and the environment, would constitute perfect life.

681. "Were there no changes in the environment, but such as the organism possessed adapted

variations to meet, and were it never to fail in the efficiency with which it realized this adjustment, eternal existence would result. This formula expresses essentially the principle—tho, necessarily, from ignorance of the conditions on which it minutely depends, it exhibits but an abstract form—which underlies the question of longevity.”

682. President Young asks, “Is it possible to discover the nature, order, and cause of these abnormal phenomena, amid the general compass and uniformity of human life? Are they mere sports thrown off, sporadically, as excrescences of Nature, without conformity with any scale of order—so few that prediction from the insufficiency of data is unfeasible; so discrepant that they are incapable of being even approximately confined within any conception of Law?

683. “Do they indicate a definite cause, and constitute exhibitions of a special uniformity, as yet unexplained, but competent—from such partial glimpses as we secure, and congruently with the general formula of Nature’s consistency of action—of an ultimate classification in accord with the systematic and connected processes of Force?

684. “Are they the fragmentary expressions of a factor whose nature and correlations may be associated with the more customary and evident range of Nature, which scientific and statistical inquiry on ample bases, may yet be able to dis-

close? Do they present the signs of Nature's exuberance of vitality, or the symptoms of a disorder which she occasionally displays?

685. "It is most probable, in consonance with the universal regularity of Nature, in all its several departments of physical and, indeed, mental expressions, that these demonstrated instances of abnormal longevity are included, vitally and inherently as the remaining and more constant phenomena, in the Equation of Life. . .

686. "When the laws of Nature have assumed a precise quantitative numerical condition, we may anticipate the occurrence of singular instances, and as the whole of the Physical Sciences meet in the mathematical principles of mechanics, it will be found that no portion of Nature is devoid of these apparent anomalies. They present, however, no contradiction to the prevailing constancy of phenomena, but may afford the most unique opportunities for the final verification of the uniformity itself.

687. "The instances of excessive longevity belong, apparently, to the class of Divergent Exceptions, in which a phenomenon manifests itself in a character of unusual magnitude, without being subject to a peculiar law appertaining to the specific class itself.

688. "And it may be assumed that, corresponding to other natural abnormalities, the order or

frequency and significance are intimately coincident with the law of error or divergence from an average. They will in due time be rationally ranged among *aberrant*, but not *arbitrary* examples; their apparent *lawlessness* will be comprised within the scale of a uniformity of *rule*; and, though *eccentric* in their movement, yet bound by a natural and simple tie to the Center and Norm of the vital Universe."

689. M. M. A. Quetelet in his *Statistical Inquiries*, remarks that "observations prove stature and other properties of the human body are regulated by the law of the probability of error, where that probability forms a function of the error in question. The various groups into which the different characteristics of mankind may be classified, are divergence, in accordance with the Law of Probability Curve, from the mean proportion which Nature aims at producing.

690. "The facts of longevity are clearly embraced within this mathematical scheme, but they are too scanty, complex, and precarious, in the present state of knowledge, to enable us to assign, with any precision, the conditions on which these irregularities depend.

691. "The factors of human life are not merely intricate in themselves, but also exhibit a complexus of complexities. The personal constitution is affected by the varying intensity of heredity,

by natural physical vigor, with mental and moral elements, and their comparative distribution in reciprocal extent; by individual training in addition; and this totality is associated with the external factor, the everchanging material environment which incessantly and fundamentally modifies its co-operant factor...

692. "The Centenarian instances may be regarded as extreme divergences from the mean in the positive direction. But as deviations in one direction are correlated with divergences in the opposite, or *negative region*, where shall we discover the counterbalancing or compensating limit to Centenarian examples, and thus produce the polar symmetry?"

693. The speculation occurred to Mr. Young, "that the negative correlate to Centenarians would properly be placed in the antenatal deaths, or deaths *in utero*; the extreme of longevity, *beyond* the termination of ordinary life, finding its opposite in the extinction of life at the epoch prior to the observable origin of the series—the point of living birth. Is this supposition theoretically feasible?"

694. "And the connected question naturally occurred whether a period distinguished by proportionately numerous instances of abnormal longevity, was probably correlated with a stage when the

frequency of antenatal deaths—the polar and negative extreme—happened to be excessive?

695. “I pondered over this aspect without obtaining any reasonable confirmation of the notion, when I had the good fortune to study the able and instructive essay by Professor Karl Pearson, upon the ‘Chances of Death,’ which apparently affords a theoretic support to my general conjecture.

696. “For, removing from his total Death Curve, the mortality sections appertaining to old age, middle life, and youth, he obtained a remaining curve of a strange-looking character, tho resembling in its general features the Frequency Distribution curve which prevailed in so many and apparently incongruous classes of data.

697. “The mechanism of effecting a continuous juncture of this segregated curve with a theoretical Frequency Curve, was long impracticable; but finally he succeeded—by considering that the mortality of childhood is distinct from that of infancy, and that the mortality of infancy, must, at least in theory, be extended across the antenatal period, to a distance which is very approximately nine months—in discovering that the Curve theoretically required the assignment of an origin at a point nine months preceding birth.

698. “And altho statistics are deficient on the subject, Professor Pearson found that the antenatal deaths to each 1,000 born alive, were reason-

ably confirmed. I admit that my specific surmise is not yet determinable under our existing systems of statistical inquiry, and I leave it, therefore, in the region of speculation.

699. "I cannot refrain from expressing my admiration of Professor Pearson's reference, which affords another remarkable example of the striking manner in which Theory, dealing with continuous quantity, is competent of suggestions which ordinary observation would fail to note.

700. "Professor Pearson himself found that in 12,000 tossings of a coin, the successes, or occurrence of tails, were 50.16 per cent, while when the experiment was extended to 24,000 trials, the successes showed the closer equality to heads of 50.05 per cent. And his examination of human, cephalic specimens, discloses the fact, when extensive numbers are involved, that the apparently random sizes of organic objects possess a frequency, closely corresponding to theoretical Curves of Frequency."

701. Now I feel, in a sense blameworthy for having quoted so freely; yet it is proper that varying view points and methods should be frankly indicated. I surely could not have qualified in this statistical actuarial field, and I seem to visualize a personal, *microcephalic* curve in contemplating it. Had I been a master of these scientific intricacies, it is certain I never should have discovered

the simple basic truths which illuminate — yes, and *eliminate*—all these related problems.

702. This discovery of the law of Longevity sounds the death knell of ordinary life insurance, yet does not touch the matter of *accident* insurance. But every day, in every way, I find myself bitter, and ever more bitter, against those who select some *one decade* as the golden season in each life for achievement, and practically discourage all broader vistas. The psychology of such propaganda is *execrable*—if not *criminal*. Notwithstanding the limitations of the past, I can point to those who have had *sixty years* of unimpaired, mature intellectuality—and our Foundation points the way to upwards of *twenty years longer* of brilliancy!

703. Ancestral alcoholism; excessive alimentation; physical passivity; sluggish eliminators; sexual excesses; venereal complications; mental misgivings; contraceptive collusions; alienated affections; and these nine calamities severally conspire to induce and precipitate a psychonomic condition of practical sterility and the extinction of once illustrious pedigrees!

SECTION NINETEEN

704. Only the other day I read a modern volume, by a medical expert, the aim of which is to add years to life; and how any young person contemplating marriage and parenthood, could, after perusing its pages, muster the courage to do so I cannot imagine. Probably I found nothing that was new to me; but the dose was excessive, and I must quote a sentence or two:

705. "In your system lies the bit of germ plasm, that—miracle of miracles—conveys the potentialities of good and evil of all the past—the epitome of the racial history of all your myriads of ancestors. Nothing that you can do will change its character. Its potentialities are fixed irrevocably. In a sense it is not a part of you; it is a heritage placed temporarily in your stewardship."

706. The selection of a life partner is where he makes individual responsibility figure. And I fancy lovers, at twenty-five, with a million dollars in bank, summoning scientists and genealogists to determine whether marriage would be a justifiable step for them. And they spend precious

years, paying bills and reading instalments of pedigree, till the fertile years of life, having passed, and their resources having become exhausted, they enter into a suicide pact, and, devoting their last dollars to "ending all," with curses on their lips, directed to the demented deity that should have evolved such a nescient system of life.

707. But with our biogenetic certainties available, the office expert who could not scrutinize, catechise and accurately certify a full score of expectant couples, daily, would be discharged as an incompetent. Priceless suggestions could well accompany every certificate — interdicting unions probably in less than ten per cent of the instances.

708. Discussing a patient, who was advised not to exercise, but to take a taxi for even a few blocks, this medical author I am quoting, says, "that if Mr. X had begun to exercise at the right age, and had taken proper care of his 'originally good constitution,' he might very well have hoped to live to be *eighty*, instead of dying as he did at *sixty-five*."

709. Now I am positive that this view is erroneous, and that the deceased, lived every day that he was entitled to. Yet, had his *mother* begun to exercise at the "right time," he might easily have passed the century mark. Physicians talk loosely of "*good constitutions*" without any concept of *basic principles*. We see *A, B* and *C*, whose several

constitutions are certified as "good," because each appears well and healthy. Yet they respectively drop out at *forty*, *sixty-five* and *ninety*.

710. It has not been in vain that I should have scrutinized and philosophized on this longevous proposition, for over *seventy years* now, since the more than *ten thousand* subjects I have scanned, saves me from reaching silly conclusions. Who, for instance, ever had a "*better constitution*" than *Doctor Dio Lewis*—or more perfect systems of *exercise* and *dietetics*? Yet he had to let go at *sixty-three*!

711. **The latest book off the press, burdened** with our central theme, is "*The Revolt Against Civilization*," by *Lothrop Stoddard*, and in this he cites *Popenoe* and *Johnson's* recent work, "*Applied Eugenics*," over a dozen times. These authors employ a quarter of a million words in support of what I deem most fallacious; and, as they are severally so firmly entrenched in public confidence, I feel it a duty to fire, at least a few more parting shots, at their position, since the fate of *countless precious lives* is involved in the issue. And here are condensed quotations:

712. "The new biological revelation, teaches the supreme importance of *heredity*—the mightiest transformation of ideas the world has ever seen . . . The mysterious life processes remained a mystery till *Weismann*, and other biologists, have re-

vealed that all living beings are due to a stream of *germ plasm*, which has existed since life appeared on earth. It is not really a part of the individual, who is but a *bearer* of this life chain.

713. "The difference between the theories of *environment* and *heredity* is not academic, but tremendously practical. . . Ten years ago biologists believed that disease toxins, like lead, alcohol and syphilis, caused racial degeneracy. But the germ-plasm is so carefully isolated and guarded, that it is almost impossible to injure it. . . It used to be thought that the germ-plasm of the embryo, could be injured and altered by racial poisons and 'pre-natal' influences, such as the mother's exhaustion, worry or shock. To-day such ideas are utterly discredited. There is not a shred of evidence, that the mother's feelings can in any way affect the *germ-plasm* of her unborn child.

714. "Of course, the mother's condition may profoundly affect the embryo's *body* plasm, so that the child may be born stunted or diseased. But the child will not pass on those handicaps, by heredity, to its offspring. The mother can do nothing to improve her child's germ-plasm. She may endow her little one with a sounder body; but its heredity was irrevocably fixed the instant it was conceived."

715. How weary such quibblings make one!
The other day a party told me that intermarriage

in his county, produced over forty per cent of defectives. And President Roosevelt sent Dr. T. Alexander MacNicholl to Europe, where he studied, withal, ten families of regular drinkers with sixty-five children; *thirty* of whom died in infancy—insane, epileptic, anaemic, diabetic, poor teeth, heart disease, imbeciles, adenoids, neurotic, tubercular—only *four* of all being normal. Whereas, in ten families of total abstainers, but two of their *seventy* children died in infancy, and *sixty-four* were normal. *Ninety per cent* were all right in mind and body, as against *seven* per cent of the drinkers' children!

716. No! I cannot proceed, but must first thresh out this incomparable issue more thoroly; and will now quote what the above three formulate, and exult in: "Biology is one of the finest fruits of the modern scientific spirit—a splendid maturity. Discoveries from a thousand laboratories, and library alcoves, may completely alter human destiny—the mightiest transformation of ideas the world has ever seen! The unveiling of the mysterious life process, places in man's hands the possibility of his own perfection. Such is the young science of *applied biology; race betterment!*

717. "Eugenics is evolving into a higher synthesis, drawing from psychology and the social sciences. Hitherto *environment* has been considered of basic importance, changing *existing in-*

dividuals from *without*; but Eugenics holds that *heredity* is the basic factor, working from *within*—and by determining which individuals shall and shall *not* produce succeeding generations.

718. "The problem of Eugenics is to make such legal, social and economic adjustments that, (1) a larger proportion of superior persons will have children than at present; (2) that the average number of offspring of each superior person will be greater than at present; (3) that the most inferior persons will have no children; and (4) that other inferior persons will have fewer offspring than now.

719. "Of course, Eugenics does not propose to attain its objective in a day; being inspired by the scientific spirit, it believes in evolution, not revolution, advocating no sudden leap, but steps which have been scientifically tested, and have gained intelligent public approval. Yet it claims that the momentous scientific discoveries of the past half century enable us to make a sound start for race betterment. And it further holds that such a move is imperative, since racial impoverishment is going on so fast, and the forces of social disruption are growing so ominously, that delay threatens speedy disaster.

720. "The truth is that our race is facing the most acute crisis in its history. The very progress of science, which affords our best hope for the

"Mount Dome,"

a most romantic, isolated and commanding site, was honored as the scene of the author's sixth Aviation Laboratory--1895 --under police protection of its "scientific experiments." These pictures show the location as it is found to-day overlooking Washington.



future, has thus far rather intensified the peril. Not only are all the traditional factors of race decadence operative, but new ones which *may* become powerful agents of racial improvement, are at present working mainly in the direction of racial decay, by speeding up both the social sterilization of superior stocks, and the multiplication of inferiors. The result is a process of racial impoverishment extremely rapid and ever accelerating. The sense of social responsibility, of moral consciousness, has reached a stage that the sociologist may well call a *danger-point*!

721. "The problem of race betterment has two phases: the multiplication of superior individuals, and the elimination of inferiors—or the exact reverse of what is to-day taking place. And these two phases demand totally different methods. Multiplying superiors is a process of race building while the elimination of inferiors, is a matter of race cleansing; and degeneracy is a cancerous blight constantly spreading, tainting and spoiling sound stocks, destroying race values, handicapping society, and threatening its very existence!"

722. Surely I need quote nothing further as a basis for argument—and I am almost warranted in letting the case go to the jury as it stands. But is it not remarkable, that this vaunted "new revelation, showing the supreme importance of *heredity*—the mightiest transformation of ideas

the world has ever seen"—should have reached us only on the verge of a *cataclysm*! It is the *monster bungle* of the ages! It reveals *cultural density* which should be classed as *criminal*—and quite eclipsing, "the crime of 73!" But to my task:

723. And, first, I should give a few head lines, or chapter titles, of Mr. Stoddard's "*Revolt Against Civilization: The Menace of the Under Man*:" "The Burden of Civilization; Iron Law of Inequality; Nemesis of the Inferior; Lure of the Primitive; Ground-Swell of Revolt; Rebellion of the Under Man; War Against Chaos." The title of his other book, which appeared two years ago, is "*The Rising Tide of Color Against White World-Supremacy*."

724. Now the artisan's first duty, when undertaking any new task, is, to ascertain the essential qualities of the substance in hand—and even scientists cannot safely ignore this basic principle of action. And they have recognized it, deciding, in the present instance, that humanity is *material*, "of the earth, earthy," and ignoring, so far as possible, its *spiritual* phase.

725. There is a short, ugly word which it is unwise to utter outside of an Ananias Club. And there is another, equally brief and unscientific, yet of much broader scope, to wit: *Sin*! And, with

due deference to Weismann and his followers, I will say that the student of heredity, who fails to absorb the full import of the second section of the *Decalogue*, is wasting his time.

726. I was about to trace the bloody trail of humanity from the hazy past; but it seems a superfluous step. Only the other day I was listening to a famous world traveler, who told of the prevalence of *infanticide* among certain peoples—of the immense throngs of humanity, of whom over *ninety per cent* were afflicted with our *infamous social diseases*, the *concrete nature* of which I have disclosed in these pages.

727. But, it may be said, that these are merely our racial culls, and Mr. Stoddard's "iron law of inequality," and of inferiority, might be cited against me. Of course, I repudiate such allegations, and show how *genuine geniuses* may be bred at a rate to far outnumber our present horde of imbeciles. And now I will itemize a little, to indicate what I have against the *elite*; the *superior*; the "*scientific*:"

728. I believe in an *all wise* Creator; hence I feel that, had He made Himself "*unknowable*" to us, it would have savored of *imbecility*. Yet the canons of "Science" assume that to achieve in their lines, the aspirants must first be divested of all faith in Deity, or the supernatural. I might

name one of the scientific bureaus of our government, in which a godless propaganda was systematically directed toward all new accessions to its force—and I never learned of any case of failure to attain desired results. One of the most cherished names of science to-day, in making his official reports, was forced to submit to the elimination of his *atheistic* utterances by devout superiors.

729. In a foreign university—where the writer incidentally passed its examination—a canvass of its thousands of students was recently taken to ascertain their religious opinions, and over 999 were found to be atheists, to every single professed believer! And I still recall the shock I felt when one of the brightest students I ever knew in that land, confided to me his conviction, that there “was not a *man on earth*, over fifteen years of age, who had not suffered from venereal diseases of his own contracting!”

730. The evolutionary hypothesis seemed to dim the necessity of assuming an “*unknowable First Cause*,” hence its popularity was assured — and *eons*, plus “remote ancestors,” became the common solvents. I am too intensely interested in human welfare to wrangle over the merits of Darwin’s suggestions, which are wholly *academic*. Mr. Stoddard seeks to derive consolation from evolution and natural selection; but how ridiculous they appear, when contemplated as barricades to the

“ground swell of revolt; rebellion of the under man—Chaos!”

731. As I have already quoted, Mr. Stoddard and his eugenic associates, state that their “problem is to make such legal, social and economic adjustments, that a larger proportion of superior persons will have children.” They do not dream of doing violence to our common humanity—of *forcing any one’s will; of coercion* in the direction of *matrimonial alliances and parenthood*.

732. And this superior class, graduates of Harvard and Wellesley, is so familiar with the evidence submitted, that they spurn the entire proposition, preferring bachelorhood and club life. Thus the hope of inducing the few who do embark on the perilous sea of wedlock, to relent a bit, with their contraceptive practices, in the interest of posterity, is time *worse than wasted*, since the psychological law involved, produces a *denatured, sterile progeny*. Life is our superlative gift; and those sordid egoists, the essence of whose motto is — “After us the Deluge!” — are foredoomed, by Nature, to have no descendants, with footsteps echoing thru “the corridors of Time!”

733. Sir Francis Galton’s suggestion that a senior wrangler of Oxford marry some brainy woman, and be rewarded by a liberal government pension, as already cited, is worth recalling. Also

how his common sense presently asserted itself, as he dropped the idea, with the remark that it might be prudent to first seriously consider "whether the game would be worth the candle?"

734. As to the third feature, "that the most inferior persons will have no children," is, by common consent, now enforced, when confining such in sundry institutions. And, regarding inferior persons generally, being induced to have fewer children; such surely are preferable to depopulation, for what others are indulging in fecundity?

735. Mr. Stoddard says, "Bad social conditions and the frightfully high cost of living, continue to depress the birth rates of all, save the most reckless and improvident elements, whose increase is a curse rather than a blessing." And he quotes the *London Saturday Review*, as explaining why no young man of the upper and middle classes will marry on less than 2,000 pounds a year. Further than this it shows that the man who starts with nothing, does not generally acquire so large an income till after he is past the marrying age.

736. And the *London Times* thus describes "The Death of the Middle Classes:" "The fact is, that with the present cost of living, taxation, price of houses, a family, as it used to be understood, is impossible. It means not discomfort, but priva-

tion, with consequent deterioration of health. One shrinks from the alternative of stern, hard work, frugal living, a minimum of pleasure, and a maximum of anxiety."

737. The New York *Times* editorially criticises the results of a "short-sighted philanthropy, which penalizes the thrifty and self-respecting elements, to coddle the charity-seeking and the improvident." And it cites Health Commissioner Copeland's statement, regarding the declining birth rate among Americans; also Commissioner of Charities, Bird S. Coler is named, who reports, that, for the first time in its history, self-respecting middle-class parents, brought in their children that they could no longer feed and clothe.

738. And Doctor Copeland finds infant mortality, among the native-born mothers, to be 90 per 1,000 as against our foreign mothers, with much less—only 43 among the Scotch. But I demur to this conclusion, and maintain that *strenuous gestative exactions* among the latter is what insures this favorable viability.

739. Without digressing to argue the *birth-control* proposition, I will simply give the forecast which Mr. Stoddard presents, based on actual vital statistics: "Take 1,000 Harvard graduates, and in two centuries their descendants will number 472; while 1,000 of the common, laboring

class, after a similar lapse of years, will have 13,000 representatives on life's scene."

740. Or, if Dr. C. B. Davenport's figures are preferred, I will submit them: "1,000 Harvard graduates in two hundred years, will have but 50 heirs; whereas, 1,000 Roumanians, to be found in Boston to-day, will then number 100,000!"

741. I remember that a medical friend told me, how a fellow student, after graduating, caused a death at every obstetrical case he was called into, during the first year—and was earnestly entreated to drop that branch of his profession, at least. And this recalls the story of the busy practitioner, who had taken on a young graduate as his assistant, and sent him out to take charge of a parturition case. His first report was that he had lost the mother and child, but hoped to succeed in saving the father!

742. A dental student told me, proudly, how no one in their large class, could equal him in tooth pulling—not even their professor—the others so often injuring and even fracturing the maxillary bone, because of adhesions. And I might name a "natural bone-setter," who had an almost national reputation—and this "gift," it was claimed, had been transmitted to his progeny. Again, I have a relative, whose native intuitions, while acting simply as a nurse, in serious crises, causes the regular practitioners to stand aside and let her

proceed in her own way—and thus she has often saved patients whose cases had been pronounced hopeless.

743. Some may argue that these several instances disclose the necessity of having vocational experts to start each adolescent out into the world on the proper path; but we, biogenists, have a sensible, normal, scientific method, which is incomparably superior to anything above suggested.

744. Our *Biogenetic Foundation*, plans to, ere long, issue a series of *Gestatory Journals*, each containing several hundred superb illustrations, adapted to different life callings—and no prospective parents will, presently, dream of being without one. Later, the state should furnish the equivalent of these—as it does to-day our school books. And each bride and groom will ever treasure their “G. J’s.”, more attentively than their marriage certificates.

745. **There are official registries in every** jurisdiction, where we can learn the date of birth, marriage and death of each citizen. In our hospitals too, the detailed record of every patient’s progress appears. But that which is infinitely more important to have officially accessible, is, every person’s *gestatory history*! With the proper system in vogue, these basic facts, attested withal, by the “state assistants” already indicated, no student, for instance, at any medical college,

will be matriculated, who cannot furnish duly certified, record evidence of having been *pre-natally* fitted for the profession to which he may aspire.

746. For many decades I have carefully noted lineages of successive generations—of theologians for example—where ancestry counted for naught, when an indifferent pregnancy supervened. And I was recently reading the frivolous, fatal advice given by a popular writer in a past generation, who believed in prenatal potencies. It was to surrender one's self, during this infinitely momentous and sacred period, to all manner of diversions and asininities—and the pity is, that his advice seems, so generally, to have been followed.

747. I attended a lecture the other evening, where individual portraits were shown of several whom I had met; and much was told concerning the habits certain of them had eliminated, decades previously, and had already reached great age. Now the spirit of that occasion had my fullest sympathy—yet the absolute fallacy of the conclusions indicated, vexed me, since I am positive they were wholly erroneous. Those minor acts of reform were commendable, and surely wise—yet their longevity was certainly due to *maternal gestatory activity!*

SECTION TWENTY

748. I was recently reading the words of Science as uttered by its chosen exponent in the eugenic field, regarding what, two or three generations ago, would have been termed Temperaments—a problem with which I foolishly and futilely wrestled for decades. These expletives are warranted, because the teachers of those days were building on quicksands. And to-day my opponent in this field, altho using modern parlance, leaves the earnest seekers after vital truths, utilizable in daily life for human uplift, floundering in a boundless morass, where even the beguiling *ignis fatuus* of random percentages, suggests nothing available for *eons*. Ten thousand *scions* of *one hundred select families*, are tentatively grouped in varying proportions, as “*choleries*,” “*apathetics*” or what not—much as others have labeled them “*acids*” and “*alkalines*”—on the vague presumption that certain characters were dominant or recessive. But statistics, as above, are vain in this field. When parents come to us with a special aim—as an artist child—the formula is more specific and reliable than that of “diamond dyes”—*guaranteed* and *gratis*!

749. Many must remember how the old time

temperamentalists labored to elucidate the phlegmatic type—a drooping, and, apparently, heavy eyelid being its surest indication, however difficult it might be to define the precise physical humor producing its visible characters. It should be easy to divine, nevertheless, my explanation of this phenomenon. The pregnant mother, because of family maladjustments—not unlikely a fretful infant that often robbed her of sleep—was wont to await the husband's evening return from work, or business, and so sleepy that her eyelids seemed like lead, between her frequent drowsy nods.

750. President Roger Ward Babson, F.R.S.S., our noted sociologist, and statistical specialist, with offices in twenty-six American cities, besides those in London, and on the Continent, has, in this month of January, 1923, addressed our Washington High School graduates, after years of contact with them—and officially, too, when in the Department of Labor—and he finds that they are lacking in “pep,” and other “indefinable qualities,” which sharply differentiate them from all others of his acquaintance.

751. He is at a loss to account for this anomaly, and says, “The physical teaching plant is well developed; the teaching staff is able, conscientious, and industrious; but there is *something* about the Washington atmosphere which is harmful to the student.” He suggests carving over every school

door, these words: "The world does not owe me a living; but I owe the world a life!"

752. Now I became a close student of this local problem, before our "Director General of Information and Education," was ever enrolled in even a kindergarten class; and I am not puzzled in the least by the presence of that apathy, of which he so justly complains. He speaks of "The Six I's of Success: *Industry, Integrity, Intelligence, Initiative, Intensity and Inspiration.*" And I feel so grateful to him for this ideal list, because of its *alliterative* feature, most especially, since, if I had ventured to link up even half of this list, I can name those who would assert that it was a well recognized, scientific proof of *incipient insanity!*

753. Before ever seeing Washington, I heard it described as a "city of magnificent distances"—and after my arrival, that its population was made up of government clerks and boarding-house keepers. And it is a self evident proposition, that no local conditions tend to stimulate desirable traits—any more, in many ways, than on an Indian reservation. Civil service is such a *snug harbor*, that shelters from life's tempestuous sea! I voluntarily resigned thirty-six years ago, and, unregretfully, have had *one hundred fold* more of strenuosity forced into my system and life, than I could ever have imbibed from "*government pap!*"

754. But my postulate for this pathetic problem—my panacea for perfecting posterity—is positively, and most properly, *prenatal*—a “*pep*”-*tonized parenthood!*

755. An alert editor has just summarized the present situation in these words: “If one lives long enough, he wonders duly what has become of the host of bright, promising and remarkable children. The only available answer is: They were killed by a conspiracy of human ignorance, whose members are loving parents, well-meaning teachers, a helpless, hopeless, visionless mass of half-alive men and women, and a collection of worse-than-dead institutions.”

756. And now follows the great desideratum, or “dream”: “So, you see, the progress of the race must needs be slow. The production of a type of human being that will quickly be lifted to the heights, to live long upon a sunlit plateau of enthusiastic efficiency, and of creative activity—that is the hopeful dream of democracy, born of a brooding love for each precious individual of us.” I was not in collusion with this scribe; yet he sees things quite in accord with our viewpoint. His “brooding love” is commendable; but I see no ray of hope for the future, save as our *Bio-genetic Foundation* is given the right of way.

757. No one knows his heredity well enough to be certain there is in him no lurking weakness

—hence “Never!” is the only safe rule concerning all that is questionable. I will cite a few pertinent examples: The first was the son of an English brewer, whom I came to know well. He was a globe trotter, in middle life, lacked all scruples; yet, so far as I could judge, never cared, as he claimed, for more than a sip of beer or intoxicants—a rare and fortunate maternal inheritance.

758. The next, was a refined lady of British stock, who was very abstemious—or, rather, a teetotaler, because of her father’s occasional breaks. She married a nice husband, who became so prosperous as to afford a little wine on the table, and finally induced his wife to partake. She soon became uncontrollable, a disgrace, and was divorced.

759. My third instance is of a waif of lowest imaginable origin, but reared in a favorable environment, and he became a model citizen, with a fine family. Yet, in middle life, he seems to have yielded to some temptation, of which I never learned details, and the last half of his days recapitulated all of life’s most disgraceful phases.

760 A scrupulously abstemious friend of mine, confided the career he had outlined for his model boy—an only child. But before completing his college course, that son broke into evil ways, and proved hopelessly worthless—just like his *grand-*

father, of whom he had probably been told nothing unfavorable.

761. Here are three actual cases, surely, where a "take it, or let it alone" policy—or its equivalent—led to ruined lives. Had the situation been made plain to each, in early life, and that safe motto of "*Never!*" been properly instilled, all might have been well with each to the end. Tobacco frequently lights the fatal fuse. Much is said of feeble-mindedness. A lad who cannot see the evil effects of this weed, and lacks the will to resist it, should be classed with these defectives—and, if yielding to a social, imitative impulse, it is suggestive of simian forbears. Girls, descending to such a level, should be reported to the Salvation Army rescue squad!

762. **An entire page of a Sunday paper** was very recently devoted to an explanation, by the *United States Health Bureau*, of, "*Why Fat People Never Live to a Great Age.*" It was illustrated, and several public characters were introduced—one carrying four buckets of water—an equivalent of the one hundred pounds of adipose tissue which this illustrious personage, by dint of some heroic course of treatment, had successfully eliminated.

763. Dietetic facts and formulas were indicated; carbohydrates enumerated and explained—as also the proteins, and their purposes. I am not dis-

posed to challenge the accuracy of a single assertion therein appearing; yet, I felt from the start, that those who gave "Advice About Keeping Down Your Weight," had, themselves, no adequate grasp of their problem.

764. For, indeed, how could they be thus equipped, notwithstanding all their scientific lore, while blindly ignoring all the basic facts of *Gestation*? Who can imagine "Old Hickory" Jackson, or Lincoln, having had recourse to the Banting system, for weight reduction—or, of our Rockefeller, or McAdoo, ever being driven to such extremes?

765. Eating much, and exercising little, is what starts this trouble. A wife, thus handicapped, upon being confronted with pregnancy, then feels free to indulge her appetite, since she "must now eat for *two*." And thus she unwittingly curses her posterity—becoming, withal, a prime factor in this form of racial decay—which so very few have the necessary strength of character to persistently combat. And, after ideal weight is achieved, and decease thereby delayed, *longevity* has by no means been attained—and never can be, since *strenuosity* did not characterize the all important period of *gestation*!

766. In recent years, we have been edified—yes, surfeited even—with the patriotism and wisdom of "swivel-chair Generals," and strategic

doctrinaires. But what is comparable to this modern school of dilettante, dyed-in-the-wool eugenists, with its academic sophistries—yet utterly ignoring sundry basic facts and features that ever permeate our common human nature! If there are any, amid this vast cloud of witnesses, who will submit to dictation, regarding *who* and *when* to marry, will all such please raise a hand; and, further, as to when they shall incur parenthood, and when their wishes shall be thwarted. Yet this, in a nut shell, summarizes the forlorn hope of these eugenic theorists.

767. But let me now focus a more inspiring vista upon the screen—a concrete instance, from among hundreds, and which can be duplicated at pleasure even to-day: A century and a half ago conditions were about as soul-searching in our American Colonies as we often find—and then came that ordeal of a seven years' war.

768. A plain, average man, named Nott, took a chance in the matrimonial lottery, in defiance of prohibitory prices, and of impossible conditions generally. The morals of the couple were above reproach; and the spirit of their humble abode may be epitomized in the petition, "Give us this day our daily bread."

769. Sundry modern wiseacres, would have banned that sacred union, as one destined to become a public charge. And the Fates did seem

intent upon strewing misfortunes along its path, for *eight children* were born to it; then came robbery, fire; and, presently, the death of the father, leaving the courageous mother with three little ones of helpless age.

770. Several sheep managed to survive on her few rocky acres; then, fleecing these in midwinter, and mercifully braiding hay coats for the shorn quadrupeds, she would *spin, weave* and *tailor* their wool, till her precious little brood was rendered frost-proof. But should I cumber these pages further with this "poor white trash" recital, which product jeopardizes so many commonwealths? Yes, I will risk it.

771. We are all familiar with Goldsmith's parson, who was "passing rich" with *forty*—not two *thousand*—*pounds* a year. And this New England community, was, in those days, gauged up to a similar standard. Two months of schooling—five miles distant—were provided annually; and the teacher's salary, for that winter period, was *ten dollars*!

772. Mrs. Nott ere long died; and her youngest, the little orphan, Eliphalet, might easily have qualified as one of those "social outcasts who never had a chance," could he not? Yet he had no criminal record; was not a public charge, and was never even indicted—far from it!

773. *Eliphalet Nott's* record was closed *fifty-six*

years ago, when, at the age of *ninety-three*, he passed out after serving as the President of Union College for *sixty-two* years—and all that, after having lost one lung. He was a polished pulpit orator, withal, a successful financier, and a prolific inventor. His oldest brother, Rev. Samuel Nott, lived to the age of *ninety-nine*; and a third son also achieved most conspicuously.

774. Yet this is not a sporadic case, but one in the regular, natural, Divine order, since, whatsoever parents sow, must they also reap! Eternity itself would scarcely suffice for me to tabulate all analogous records—and, after submitting this indisputable exhibit, perverse “Science” would scornfully spurn all, and dub them mere “*coincidences!*”

775. The law of genius is clearly traceable in the career of this Nott family. I often assert that every life, and natural death, attests the accuracy of my law of Longevity—and it is well exemplified in this case. The parents were of average stock, and succumbed—thanks to their respective gestations, primarily—at a little over *fifty*; while these children, with *strenuous pre-natal periods*, survived nearly to the *century mark!*

776. **The American Public Health Association** has just held its annual convention at Cleveland, and in “a message to the public,” declares its officers feel confident “that there is nothing imprac-

ticable or extravagant in the proposal that many nations may obtain such knowledge of the laws of health, appropriate to each age and occupation, to each climate and race, as to, within the next fifty years, prolong the expectancy of life at least *two decades*."

777. But who can fail to discern the distinct lines we are respectively pursuing? I am not fussing over details regarding health, but am unearthing the great *basic laws* of our being. This laudable Association, by promulgating the glorious gospel I am proclaiming, may easily see twenty years added to the average lineage of converts—but only bitter disappointment otherwise.

778. There is no warm glow of sentiment about Science. It is as cold as a glacier. Some feel that a *First Cause* must be assumed; but, since the microscope and laboratory confirm no such hypothesis, it is rigidly excluded from all its reckoning. It bumps up against Evolution, and freezes to it, much as the exhausted explorer does to glacial wastes! neither can be quickened or jostled from its millennial, millimeter jog!

779. But eugenic science deals with man, who is sentimental, strenuous, and, at least potentially, spiritual. Karl Pearson—its brightest exponent—feels, after a tedious series of experiments, that certain minor modifications can be wrought in the

human frame in the course of 8,000 years, in defiance of the "immortal *germ-plasm*," invented by *Weismann*. A Creator is to them "unknowable;" yet they are as positive that Heredity determines *ninety-five per cent* of a child's future, as, that parents can no more modify fetal life than they can "the coins in one's pocket." And, more appalling monstrous errors than these are simply *inconceivable*!

780. The practical elimination of Deity, removes all sense of obligation, responsibility, accountability. And when it is conceded that marriage is equivalent to an invitation for vagrant storks to alight, and leave possibly some repulsive *vipers*, on which they have fed, "*birth control*" even becomes an *extra hazardous venture*. And, to think that all these fairy tales can survive, when humanity breeds so true that the respective *gestations* forecast the future destinies of each—whether *Bacon* or *Bonaparte*; *Lafayette* or *Long-fellow*; *Newton* or *Newman*; *Saint Paul* or *Saint Patrick*; *Wesley* or *Walpole*!

781. Millions of people are persuaded that *love* is a paramount social factor; and the more sagacious ones recognize the fact, that it is *spirit* which gives *life*, and controls matter generally—and nowhere more conspicuously and unmistakably than in the *human frame*. Hence, it is here opportune to present, concretely, a vista of what

our Biogenetic facts, vouchsafe to a distraught world:

782. Life is so sweet and inspiring to youth; when suddenly, all Nature takes on an indescribable beauty, which a wealth of Japanese cherry blossoms, even, can but feebly suggest. And why is this? Simply because two pure souls have fallen in love, and unutterable joy seizes them as they contemplate an indissoluble life union.

783. Symptoms presently appear suggestive of posterity, offspring; a darling in their own image—or in any desired image, really, since the plasm is almost as plastic as potter's clay. And shall the precious new arrival—"bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh"—be a philosopher, poet or a musical genius—since, with a modicum of wisdom, the desired sequel is doubly certain.

784. Now this is no flight of poetic fancy, but the *most demonstrable truth extant!* And the *most glorious earthly fact*, is this very *law of vital re-action*, which constantly operates during the *fetal period!* Better for our race that all the wisdom on library shelves be consumed and forgotten, than that this *basic feature* of our *very being* should be ignored!

785. The love which animated the young couple, just introduced, is redoubled, interwoven and intensified with the arrival of *every added scion*. And when death breaks into this family circle, it

but bridges the way to the hereafter, knowing as they do, that loss is impossible, and that as a father loveth and pitieth his children, even so the Ruler of that realm, is literally with all, both now and then, whether here or there—and that but the merest foretaste has as yet been experienced!

786. Oh, how the “iron law of inequality; of inferiority; the problem of the defective classes, criminals, imbecility,” and all such products of *sin*, shrivel and vanish when we really get a clear vision of the Divine plan! And, oh, the calamity, that our perverse race must ever be working at cross purposes, instead of being co-workers with God for its realization!

787. A friend brings me a fresh English item from his evening paper, and desires my estimate of it. The painstaking patience involved reminds me of Karl Pearson’s utterance in 1904, while commenting on modern investigation, and of the Carnegie Institution, when he said: “I agree absolutely with Professor Newcomb, that the nineteenth century has piled up a vast mass of unusable astronomical, physical, and biological data, because mediocrity may collect facts from which only exceptional men of great logical power can draw legitimate conclusions.

788. “I hold that fully half of the observations made, and the data collected, are worthless; and that fifty per cent of data recently collected is

devoid of value and should be scrapped. The scientific journals teem with papers which are of no real use at all, since they record what cannot be made of service by any one, howsoever able—and it was gathered, simply because others were seen to be so engaged, supposing it was scientific research.

789. “Even among those who have begun to realize that exact science is creeping into the biological and sociological fields, their observations in many cases are of the lowest grade of value. They have rushed to measure, or count, any living form they could hit or figure on, without having planned the conceptions and ideas that their observations were intended to illustrate. I doubt whether even a small proportion of the biometric data accumulating in Europe and America, can, by any amount of ingenuity, be made to yield valuable results.”

790. The item I am referring to, would seem to be the limit; yet I must give some of its more salient features: “The first child has the worst record for disease; while the eighth one, and upward, the best. Eight children are inferior to none, and superior to those in small families. Intelligence rises from first child to third; then drops to the sixth, and rises again to the eighth. The tallest and heaviest are the latest born; while the shortest and lightest are the second and sixth.

The eldest child has the lightest eyes, while the eighth has generally the darkest. In vision, the first and second children are the worst, while the third comes out best."

791. This *statistical method* is *immense*; and I make bold to adopt it forthwith. I shall take special pains to prove, that more *thieves* are born on *Monday*, than on any other day in the week; and that boys are born in excess on *Wednesdays*; while *black cats* have a preference for dropping their litters on *Saturdays* — and usually in the coal bin. Of course, it is a bit risky to make such forecasts before canvassing these several fields, and tabulating my totals; but I hazard nothing in declaring that any discrepancies of fact or of fiction, will be too negligible to affect the tides, or to convulse our social order.

792. Even Professor Newcomb was tempted to suspend his studies of the "Statistical Relations Among the Parallaxes and Proper Motions of the Stars," to make "A Statistical Inquiry into the Probability of Causes of the Production of Sex in Human Offspring."

793. And he explains at the outset, that, "It is an attempt to apply a rigorous theory of probable inference, to a question of genetic biology, taking statistical data as the basis of the inquiry; and he hopes the work will show how it is possible, by

such methods, to reach conclusions on questions which elude all direct investigation."

794. And this, be it noted, is said nearly *three decades* after I had elucidated the problem of the predetermination of sex, placed it in the libraries of the world, and a generation had been born thru the beneficent working of this biological law. Very naturally Professor Newcomb finds that the side of the street, the floor occupied by the family, and numerous other trivial incidents, make slight variations in his tabulations; and, after much algebraic elucidation, he submits his "Mathematical Theory of the Effect of a Unisexual Tendency."

795. For the benefit of parents yearning for a child of a certain sex, I must quote one or two of his closing paragraphs: "We may use this formula to express the probability in question, for the case of a family of any number of children, distributed in any way among the two sexes. We shall now form these expressions for families of various numbers of children.

796. "In doing this, families in which the sexual distributions are the reverse of each other, will be combined. For example the equal probabilities that a family of five, will be wholly male, and the wholly female, will be added into one sum—as will the probabilities of *four* of one sex and one of the other, whichever sex it may be.

797. "The pair of probabilities thus combined would be rigorously, when, and only when, there is an equal probability of male and female children. But not only is the error involved in the assumption of inequality, unimportant for the present purpose, but, resulting as it does in giving too small a probability for a preponderance of males, and too large, for a preponderance of females, it is nearly self-compensatory when we combine families of inversely distributed sexes."

798. Landed estates, subject to laws of primogeniture, personal preferences, and scores of other considerations, combine to make the sex of a prospective child, a matter of deep concern in a majority of instances. I sincerely trust that all who may be thus interested, will be able to derive great solace from these quotations. They are words emanating from a profoundly scientific mind, and I think no one has challenged the import of these utterances. They have never thrilled my soul, however—probably because of its relative inferiority. Yet, almost in the days of my adolescence, I *did* fathom this problem, and made its feasible features so patent that no wayfarer need err.

799. **Medical science has discovered reflexes** in the physical frame, and the afferent and efferent nerves that are involved, which are in constant rapport. They are classified as motor, sensory, secretory, tactile, or inhibitory ; and the

practitioner, with much profit, studies its elaborated tables, which detail over fifty of them; and he thereby learns the precise character and significance of each, both in health and disease—how to obtain them, as well as the sequence of each.

800. All this is merely the servile letter of natural law; but, oh, how unfortunate that their contemplation should have blinded the profession to a paramount truth, to wit; that it is “the *spirit* which *giveth life*,” and this is never so much in evidence as, during those *embryonic* and *fetal months*, when it is incessantly supervising and fashioning every remotest feature, both physical and mental, blending and harmonizing ancestral, Mendelian inheritances, with maternal moods, experiences and general conduct—all of which is necessarily a *wireless, nerveless* proposition!

801. **Must I again concretely formulate and elaborate this law of fetal development?** It seems as if I had presented, at least glimpses of it, in almost every paragraph. I can think of nothing in all the realm of knowledge so vital to human weal! The premises considered, a sense of duty impels, and I make bold to iterate, and to reiterate its marvelous potentialities, in season and out of season, on every occasion, and under the slightest provocation, trusting to the compensations of an approving conscience—and, possibly, the gratitude also of posterity for rescuing this

priceless pearl from the scrap heap, where haughty, materialistic "Science" cast it!

802. Each fertile parent is endowed with germs which are laden with ancestral characters and potentialities, both physical and mental; yet these are ever plastic, and modifiable by the conduct of their respective hosts.

803. The union of a sperm cell with the female germ, or egg, causes conception, and the development of a new, and substantially unique, being, the potentialities and personality of which, are gradually evolved, fashioned and determined, by the daily attitude and conduct of the mother, during the *entire period of gestation*.

804. The constant embryonic and fetal reflexes, which inevitably accompany, or succeed, each one of these maternal moods and acts, exercise, vitalize, fix, and control, the size, strength and general tone of every corresponding feature and faculty of the new life.

805. And they thus govern the mental capacity, the color, stature, activity, durability of every part; and also, potentially, the life span, or expectancy, of the coming individual, since it is the *spirit* which gives life and reigns supreme, from first to last.

SECTION TWENTY-ONE

806. I have for years published the fact that a revolution impends in our educational methods—that *ten years*, withal, of pedagogic domination and drudgery will be eliminated—and yet it may be charged that I have failed to indicate, specifically, how this marvel is to be accomplished. I am, therefore, pleased to be able to present what is practically a concrete example—and which is none the less pertinent because it has, in a sense, been unconsciously evolved, produced and published.

807. An eleven-year-old “prodigy” has recently finished her University freshman year, and is now entering upon the best law course our country has to offer. But let the little lady tell her own story:

808. “This higher education just comes natural to me as a result of the intense training which my father gave me early in life. When I got through the second grade in the public schools, father thought I wasn’t learning much of a practical nature, and decided to teach me along his own lines. He is a linguist, and an expert in phonetics. He thereupon began drilling me in

some of the subjects taught in high school, and, to my surprise, I found that they came easy to me.

809. "When it came time for me to enter this school, I found that I already had mastered most of the freshman and sophomore subjects, and so we decided that I wouldn't go to high school. During the next two years father coached me in its special subjects, and when I was *nine* years of age, I had an education equivalent to that possessed by the average high school graduate of *eighteen* or *nineteen*.

810. "So last fall I entered ——— University. There I took English literature, Spanish, French and chemistry. I don't like to appear a braggart, but I finished at the head of my class in all four studies.

811. "In the meantime, I had been helping father in his compilation of a phonetic dictionary, containing more than 64,000 words. I now believe that I have a vocabulary of this size at my command. So has my sister, fourteen years old, who is able to write 135 words a minute on the typewriter.

812. "I can't assign any particular reason for my aptitude in these higher subjects. Perhaps the ordinary little girl might get along as rapidly as I did with them, but possibly she wouldn't be willing to work so hard as I have done. While

“Author’s first begotten Quintet; practically
demonstrating the feasibility of scientifically
balancing the sexes of our families.”



I haven't been what is called a *grind* at college, nevertheless, I have had to work hard to accomplish what I have."

813. Now, while this young deponent has given us a very clear idea of her father's personality, there is no lisp suggesting that she ever had a mother, even; yet as surely as our fair witness was blessed with a natal day, just so certain is it, that her mother was the *star* of that melodrama of the preceding year, supported, however, by an ideal helpmate.

814. Of course, the explanation which "Science" would give is, a "sport"—or possibly that ubiquitous, spectral "remote ancestor." But "prodigies" are not dependable products, at best, it may be urged, and are really not worth getting excited over, since they usually fill very short graves. Yet I boldly aver, that ambitious wives, covetous of gifted progeny, can produce specimens that will serve and bless the world for six generations even, like the already cited ebony hero, since sowing and reaping are ever correlated.

815. Science resorts to the microscope and the statistical method, or any other post natal scheme, to fathom and achieve *sex control*, when *observation* and *reflection* are the only requisite and indispensable accessories. After learning that *hypothetical chromosomes*, atoms, and what not, have been invented, and the assumptions are ac-

cepted, that an extra one is present in some human crisis, how is the aspiring parent aided in his laudable ambition for a brilliant child, to learn that one per cent more sons were born among a thousand families who lived on the south side of the street; or, on the top floor; or, in the month of June; or, on Tuesday; or, as first children, or the last of a series?

816. And this is not an imaginary picture I am fashioning, but *historic facts*: while for over *half a century*, I have been vouchsafing success and joy to all applicants, along lines which Science will ignore as long as microscopes abound, and *fictitious atoms* obey its sovereign voice! We all recall how Gulliver found that even the Laputan *tailors* and *cooks* were insistent upon *quadrants* and other instruments of precision, with geometrical figures and formulas at every turn.

817. **Scientists conceive of entities, imagine structures, invent functions with which to endow them, coin Greek cognomens for their better identification—and plain people stand back aghast at the profundity of their wisdom. Assuming that all their foregoing *fancies* could, by some stroke of magic, crystallize into *fact*, and reveal, for instance, a *law of Sex*, how near would that come to explaining why *A* always has sons, and *B*, daughters; or a hundred other anomalous features, so puzzling till the “Law of Starkweather” elucidates**

perfectly every pertinent item? And, apropos of new words, recalls the instance of one who took his visiting friend to an observatory to gaze at stars; and what amazed him most in astronomy was, how, at such immense distances they were ever able to *discover their names!*

818. I find cause for utterance in every current publication I touch—the latest instance being the following : “*The National Amateur Athletic Federation* has decided on contests to determine the status of the 38,000,000 youths of America, between the ages of twelve and twenty-four. A 100-yard dash; a running, broad jump; a running, high jump, and a bar vault.”

819. I feel that fully *one-fourth* of this number will be more or less injured, permanently, by these tests—and over *one per cent fatally*, from heart failure. I doubt if any benefit will accrue to as many as will be seriously injured thru overtaxation of congenitally weak organs.

820. Were it possible for a decree to issue, so that, within a year from to-day, none, but scientifically engendered, biogenetic offspring could arrive, a decade hence, a N. A. A. F. would prove a blessing rather than a curse to our race. All children would then have sound vital organs, as well as a keen relish for athletics, regardless of sex. But as long as progeny are begotten, as at present, with no conception of embryonic laws,

competitive endurance tests will ever be hazardous diversions.

821. And were something more tangibly dependable than this bald dictum, suggested, confirmatory of its accuracy, I might point to the abbreviated careers of professional athletes, as a class. *Bulging muscles* are certainly *contraindicants* of longevity, as truly as is *corpulency*—yet so many innocently covet these abnormal developments and conditions. Lincoln had the enduring type of muscular endowment.

822. Let us take the case of A, the champion athlete, who has a rival B, that is congenitally ten per cent inferior to the prize winner; yet he resolves to surpass all. And so perhaps he might by training systematically for several *decades*; but the limelight is very stimulating, and *strenuosity* is the vogue; and by dint of persistency, and liberal drafts upon his vital reserve, he wins by an eyelash—yet only to collapse presently from inevitable reaction. And such stupid tragedies are appallingly frequent.

823. **I was not shocked the other afternoon,** to note the death, in the evening papers of two professional men, in the prime of life, with whom I had long felt acquainted. One of them was a physician, who passed out after months of ill health; and the other failed to rally after an operation. Both were of exemplary habits.

824. I was impressed with the impotency of the "healing art." If that victim's title had been D.D. instead of *M.D.*, he would not have survived a day longer. I speak with assurance, because his life limit was most apparent to me from the first. And nothing was plainer written, on any face, than the doom of the other—an astute scientist of charming personality.

825. They were of fine pedigree—especially this latter, whose distinguished—almost nonagenarian—forebears I well knew. One of them specialized on life and health, quite as conspicuously as I have ever done—and yet her *maternal masterpiece*, drops out more than *forty years* sooner than would have been the case, had my gestatory teachings been known and heeded. That son's *eyes* and *brain* were attuned to serve for a century—yet the *vital organs*, but to half that limit.

826. His own parenthood was as limited as his mother's—and the end of their lineage already looms. What a contrast is this to Mrs. Wesley's *nineteen*—all of whom might have vied with *John* and *Charles*, had my pointers been available. Alas, what silly talk circulates about "*quality* and *quantity*!"

827. That physician's case was not as clean-cut, since there were ancestral indiscretions to mar his life equipment. But, what a pity it is for one to be endowed with such priceless discernment,

and yet to be so often shunned as a suspicious character of doubtful poise — which absurdities are ever fostered, naturally, by *sinister interests!*

828. Very recently I was impressed by a headline in the daily paper — “*Chronic Fatigue Cured by Surgery*, Medico Asserts” — which I perceived at a glance would precipitate a struggle with me, even if ignored by the easy going, “born-tired” specimens of humanity. But I soon found that the reporter had “queered” his items — altho not so seriously as in that noted mix of a *wedding* and a *dog-fight*. Yet certain views there presented warrant an insertion here, plus my comments:

829. “Advancing a new theory, concerning chronic fatigue, Dr. Edward H. Ochsner, of the Illinois State Medical Society, at the Tri-Medical Association convention, described the ‘tired business man’ as suffering from an accumulation of fatigue material, or toxin.

830. “The disease is a condition particularly liable to affect hard-working, successful business men, at an age when they are most needed in a growing business. The sloven, the laggard, the phlegmatic and the weak-willed are rarely ever affected. Rest, while important, serves only to check the accumulation of fatigue.”

831. Now a pregnant mother can bring forth a

faultless child, *only* when she systematically, and daily, exercises her entire *physical* and mental *constitution*—hence no expression can really be more strictly accurate than that contemptuous slur, “born tired.” It should, however, be designated as a condition, and not as a “disease.”

832. I took pains to watch and study one such case—an ideal instance—for *forty years*; and the subject never knew what it was to awake in the morning, full of zest for the duties of the day—yet a more intellectually earnest individual it would be hard to find.

833. Doctor Ochsner says, the sloven, the laggard, the phlegmatic and the weak-willed, are rarely ever affected; yet I contend that they are, severally, splendid samples of unfortunate gestatory conditions. His “tired business man,” I recognize as one whose pregnant mother did not force her physical nature to keep step with her mental aspirations. I have noted bright lives thus cursed by an inherited, constipated condition, plus general lassitude.

834. I have in mind a physician who had a sort of “Excelsior!” motto for the family tree—“*quality, not quantity*” for his posterity! A son and a daughter inherited his goodly estate. Yet the ambitious youth, during the third and fourth decades of life, was ever halted, because of *weak vital organs!*

835. At twenty, he was spitting blood—just as I have seen so many young Reservation Indians do. A dozen or more years later, I visited him, when business was piling up on every hand. An exception was made in my favor, and, in a darkened room, a brief interview was granted me, just to exchange pleasant greetings, since his weak heart, if any agitating themes were touched upon, might precipitate the final crisis. But, notwithstanding every precaution, he passed out a few months later.

836. And yet, I must see thousands of these tragedies, year after year, culminating — with causes and remedies as clearly traceable as a mountain stream, but hold my peace, or be ostracised and persecuted, because materialistic “Science” decrees that maternal gestatory conduct cannot influence fetal life any more than it can “coins in the pocket.”

837. Physiognomy is a subject which almost invariably interests people—yet it stands to-day as a “pseudo-science.” Every “Professor,” or author, who boldly asserts that love, hatred, thrift, or what not, is manifest in one or another feature, always awakens in me the query, *why*, this or that? And I have just been pondering an illustrated volume in which a dozen features are dogmatically discussed, and its author presents it as “an exact science, as legible as the type on a

printed page to whoever knows the esoteric alphabet."

838. I find one's entire character is often claimed to be disclosed, in, perhaps a chin, of detailed contour. Presently the nose, ears, or eyes, are made to severally indicate an entire personality—and, naturally, impossible contradictions multiply when a given individual is plastered over with such crazy-quilt phantasies. I recall one illustrated volume, in which its expert author had the "human face divine" bespattered and focalized with traits, as lavishly as one ever sees it marred by freckles or pockmarks.

839. I am not presenting this topic, however, to confuse or bewilder, but rather to announce, that our *Biogenetics*, for the first time in human annals, traces the evolution of each feature, and makes evident the significance and value of each lineament, and thus renders the word *science* not wholly a misnomer, when applied to the human countenance. If time permitted I could show just why so many centuries were required to produce the civilized *chin*, and the *Roman* nose, for instance; while *lips*, *eyes* and *brain*, are strung on a much shorter circuit. And none will challenge my conclusions after pondering the evidence.

840. In my recital of prenatal potencies—to which my remarks are so largely given—I have tardily become impressed with the duty of men-

tioning one inherited affliction which often works ruin. I will name it, *gesugerea* — *genital susceptibility* from *gestatory reaction*.

841. I recall discussing it over half a century ago, with a prominent German medical professor—who had never heard of anything analogous. Its victims, I feel sure, are mostly found in the haunts of *incipient Genius*; and who can measure the loss to humanity which must have resulted from its ravages!

842. Probably even those who contend that “but a *nutritive* relation exists between mother and fetus,” will concede that miscarriages are often precipitated by sudden fright, nervous exhaustion, and accidental jolts. These, and similar misfortunes, are too common to elicit a word of passing comment. And, of course, shocks which at one stage of the gestatory period would have resulted seriously, are successfully resisted by Nature at later dates.

843. Now, quite as positively, it can be asserted, that, for each mishap, or fatality of this character, there has been at least one narrow escape—and from among these, surely, most of the world’s geniuses have emerged. And, with these preliminary observations grasped, I should be able to proceed, understandingly, with my disclosure:

844. Many wives have some outstanding trait or characteristic, such as *caution*, *temper*, *order*

—or possibly the lack of it. And pregnancy often seems to exaggerate such idiosyncrasies—and exceptional conditions sometimes conspire to drive the expectant mother almost to the point of desperation. But the *reflex* of such maternal attitudes, on the fetus, is the matter of present concern.

845. The new arrival will generally be classed as bright and promising—perhaps inclined to nervousness, regardless of sex. And now for the denouement: That child has imbibed the *spirit* of those maternal exacerbations, and, years before puberty, becomes a victim of *erethismus*, which concentrates and culminates in the sexual organs.

846. Incomprehensible, indescribable—and unutterable from a well-bred sense of modesty—the victim remembers the novel experience almost with a shudder, and with a feeling of helpless awe, as he or she recalls the ordeal. But, again and again, as the months roll by, has the strange occurrence been repeated; and always with the same provocation—fear of being late, perchance, or, in some burst of temper.

847. Then, with each repetition, its awful phase seems to lessen, and a pleasurable feature, to linger, insomuch that the staging of crises becomes a matter of innocent planning, presently; and, for a time, at least, without any preliminary local excitement or erectile tendency. Yet all the es-

entials for *physical ruin* and an *early grave* have thus been deliberately assembled—tho quite unconsciously and unsuspected by all parties in interest. And the moral of this brief recital is, that wise parents will ever seek to retain the whole-hearted confidence of their little ones, and keep themselves fully informed regarding whatever pertains to human welfare.

848. The yawning abyss thus presented is easily side-stepped, and wholly averted, by counseling the little one how to avoid being late on any appointment likely to provoke a nervous crisis, for example; and, if not encouraged, the inherited defect may ere long be practically surmounted.

849. Yet I recall one of mature years, born with this idiosyncrasy, who, seeing the gateman at a metropolitan railway station—with its groups hastening to trains—saying, that money could not tempt him to accept such a position, as his anxious sympathy for the tardy travelers would induce a nervous collapse, the very *first week*. And all this depicted havoc and ruin of the sex nature, and of the nervous system, occurs without any culpable or lustful acts or antecedents!

850. I was calling on a friend one evening—an ex-college President—when he offered me one of several apples on the mantel, saying that he considered their virtues, tonic, if not medicinal. And I have met many also who abominate them,

raw, because of their indigestibility—all of which is but my basis for comment on an instructive incident.

851. I might name one that I know, who is as refined and cultured as any of those above referred to; and he demands apples at *every meal*, the *year round*! The capacity of the average human stomach is about one *quart*, we are authoritatively taught—and yet, this man's *foundation* for a square meal is about *two quarts* of raw apples. And are we, then, to assume, that he, a person of average physique, has a gallon sized *maw*? I think not; but rather, one of exceptional absorptive or assimilative powers.

852. He has what some may recognize as "*a coming appetite*"—the last mouthful of any favorite dish, always seeming the best ever; and, hence, a duplicate order is the next logical step. A stranger seeing this gastronomic stunt being executed, would probably mutter, "*gourmand! glutton!*"—and the performance well might seem to such, as savoring of *insatiable voracity*. I recall a colored brother that chanced to witness it, who exclaimed: "He shorely duz eat *sweet!*" But to prove that the man is far from *gorging*, he will *double his allowance*, and proceed with wonted vigor and gusto.

853. Naturally, disaster would impend, were he reckless; but, fortunately, he is one among a thou-

sand in the matter of regimen. And does he *count, weigh or measure* his ration? None of these, but he simply eats by the *clock*. The first, basic course is this traditional, Adamic fruit—which is run in just thirty, luscious, fletcherizing minutes! When no time piece is available, his plan is to cinch his waist-band and assimilate till the pressure becomes prohibitory.

854. And now for a closing word of comment on this interesting, and most pregnant incident. No one will concede that a single swallow makes a summer ; but I insist that there is evidence sufficient in this single case—when traced to its inception—to establish all that our *Biogenetic Foundation represents*. A prospective mother, naturally fond of fruit, was peculiarly circumstanced, so that she could see and yearn after it; but was forced to just let her “mouth water,” and the gastric juices flow.

855. The osteopathist, and the chiropractor alike, have adopted novel systems for restoring health. They doubtless work marvelous cures with their respective methods; and many must feel that these modern marvels amply attest the giant strides of progress our race is making. Yet from the *biogenetic view point*, they silently attest the racial *degeneracy* incident to our boasted civilization!

856. Who would exultantly point to the chiropo-

dist, working overtime to relieve the agonies incident to multiplying corns and bunions; or to the chirologist, teaching sign language to classes of defective pupils, and claim these evidences of skill, as millennial portents? No one, surely, since all these arts alike, attest *racial declension*. The biogenist gets in his work, *prenatally*; and in proportion as his tribe increases, the practice of these several specialists will languish.

857. And will our *Biogenetic Foundation* then be viewed as the enemy of all these obsolescent professions? Surely not, for I recall, over a dozen years ago, while traveling by rail, that I told my seat-mate—a dentist—how our discoveries would cripple his bank balance, by eliminating dental decay. But he surprised me by wishing me God-speed, giving me his card and declaring that defective dentition was the despair of his profession.

858. **Dr. G. Stanley Hall**, since resigning the presidency of Clark University, after decades of faithful service, has ably written a large volume on *Senescence*; or the state of growing old. He is in full accord with Nietzsche, who declared our race lost if we can do no better than its present record demonstrates. Yet he suggests three hopeful lines: (1) *Eugenics*; the breeding of a better stock, as Pearson says; (2) *Nurture*; or educating more scientifically, as H. G. Wells also argues; (3) *Prolong human life*, as Metchnikoff and Ber-

nard Shaw advocate—so that we may have a longer apprenticeship.

859. Now our biogenetic verities reveal *Man's infinite potentialities*, one hundred fold more advantageously than the three above mentioned agencies in any way suggest; and, yet, notwithstanding this tidal wave of newly grasped scientific truth, which I am lavishing on the world of Science, I see no silver lining to the dark cloud which obscures our future, if people shall be willingly led, in matters spiritual, by the Canons of Science.

860. "Ye are the salt of the earth...the light of the world," are very familiar phrases — and have no ring of pessimism. Saint Paul caught their inspiration; squared his life by it; and when the time of his departure was at hand, gloried in the good fight he had made — as millions have, since his day, similarly fought.

861. How astute scientists, in the light of history, can dismiss all this as some puerile psychosis, would be measurably incomprehensible, but for Paul's words, that "the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believe not." Polemists once wrote and wrangled over theoretical depravity; but a perusal of the daily press now emasculates and relegates all such effusions!

862. The Creator's supreme gifts to humanity are, *earth-life, Genius, sonship, eternal life* — all

four being substantially tendered to us, subject to our option. And is there a stranger fact extant, than, that "Science" is *ever hostile* to these several *inestimable blessings!*

863. Karl Pearson describes Science as "a classified index to the successive pages of sense impression, which enables us readily to find what we want, but in nowise accounts for the peculiar contents of that strange book of life." And Herbert Spencer insists that "it is only when *Genius* is married to *Science* that the highest results can be produced."

864. Colleges and Universities are the recognized hotbeds of Science; and statistics attest that premeditated sterility practically obtains among their graduates! *Genius* is ever a *gestatory product*—yet any one is beneath contempt who essays to lisp such a thought in the presence of *haughty, highbrow Science!* And, as for suggestions of Sonship, and *Eternity*, it treats such vaporings with "the respect due to honest, hopeless, helpless *imbecility!*"

SECTION TWENTY-TWO

865. The yearning for perpetual youth, and length of days, probably haunted the soul of Adam, quite as persistently as it did that of *Ponce de Leon*. I have contemplated sundry formulas for this prize in past decades, and, recently, hearing a lecturer on Psychology, while extolling the virtues of "*suggestion*," say, that, to his own sixty-two years he proposed to add a second block of *sixty-two*—much as he might elect to preempt a second half-section of our public land—I have felt that it is incumbent upon me to scrutinize this latest *get-longevity-quick* scheme from our biogenetic lighthouse.

866. The physical frame requires air for respiration; food for digestion; exercise for sleep; water for the excretions—and I can attest that each of these factors of life has been mounted as a hobby, by some specialist, who, with a shout of "Eureka!" has sought to stampede the masses in his direction. But what candid listener dare assert that the key to longevity is to be found in any of these elements?

867. Metaphysically, we note reason, memory, affection, enterprise, jealousy, anger—none of which are suspected of harboring the secret of longevity. Yet I can name six others, that have

severally been contemplated and claimed as factors, either pro or contra, to wit: *Will, imagination, fear, faith, affirmation, suggestion*; and a spirit of leniency towards all of them animates me.

868. I see that the Russian Greek Church, in 1836, found over 1,000 people had died, age 100, plus; forty-nine between 115 and 120; forty between 120 and 125; sixteen between 125 and 140; four between 140 and 150. And the United States, in 1835, had 2,228,642 blacks, bond and free; 2,045 were over 100 years old. The white population was then 10,537,378; 539 of whom were over the century mark. The census tables I consulted for 1910 merely gave "less than one in 1,000 who were over 100," and little profit can accrue from more specific data at this point.

869. Now, if *faith, affirmation or suggestion* can really add even a decade to life, why do they not give us a grip on *immortality itself*? And if these are thus accessible to-day, they presumably have been equally so, all along thru the ages. Let us get down from the abstract to the concrete, for a change, and note what has actually occurred.

870. We have all heard of the criminal who was blindfolded, strapped onto a table, and told he was to be bled to death. A tiny scratch; warm water trickling from that, and steadily dripping to the basin beneath, plus *suggestion* and *fear*, quickly finished him; and I have already mentioned

the case of my friend, who, in defiance of a sinister medical prognosis, added sixty years to his flickering thirty-six, by sheer force of will—plus original constitution—and I can cite several similar instances.

871. Will power is a mighty psychological factor; and the lungs are very susceptible to injury and neglect, which result in many premature deaths. But *affirmation* and *suggestion* are our special scrutiny at this point. I recall two little optimists who constantly affirmed “*better*,” and “*better*,” till the final breath, when *materia medica* might have saved. And what, indeed, is more fatal than tuberculosis—yet the *optimism* of the consumptive is proverbial; hence psychology is evidently not supreme.

872. I well recall a fine young man in business—the son of a clergyman—upon whom pulmonary troubles settled, sending him for one season to Arizona. He returned, still ailing, and I entreated him to accept a remedy that I could confidently prescribe. But he gave ear to the *affirmationists*, and repeated his formula to me, as he tottered up the street, two days before his demise. And another I might name, with heart trouble, who pursued an analogous course to his tomb.

873. My own case of more than forty-four years ago, contains a pertinent lesson: I had risen from early invalidism to a degree of health, at thirty-

one, which caused people in the new environment to refer to me as “that man who *runs* when he *walks*.” I had noble aspirations, and felt that disease was an enemy I had conquered, when I was suddenly confronted with an overwhelming *double* bereavement. And surcease came only in natural, but excessive, sleep, for two months, when I fell, also, a victim of that same climatic fever—and, oh, how I rejoiced that an honorable discharge from life’s cruel battle was at hand—a peaceful finale.

874. But the doctor interposed that I was culpable, insomuch that I did not wish to survive, and was thereby nullifying the potency of all his remedies—and none of us really favored suicide. They argued with me till both reason and conscience were touched; and forty days later I was again on my feet. I have stood in my own grave—and I still retain the foot-board of my own coffin, as a fitting memento of those sad days.

875. I have, perhaps foolishly, introduced some very unmerited slurs that have been in circulation to defeat and injure me. My motive has been to further my crusade for humanity. And it just occurs to me, that, in fairness to myself, and to expedite the service, I may be pardoned for quoting a snatch from my own *obituary*, which was in the issue of the public press of that day, and now before me—October 14, 1878.

876. "Mrs. Starkweather sent word to General ——— that her husband was dying, and he has gone to that place. It is probable, ere this, that he is dead. Thus ends an enterprise of great promise, which was undertaken in a genuine missionary spirit. Mr. Starkweather was a man of great intelligence, a thinker, scholar, traveler, who was regarded by those that knew him well as a remarkable man, and one destined to make his mark in the world."

877. Incidentally this links in with a psychological item of twenty years previous, at the little ungraded school in my native city, when one pupil fell ill with smallpox. His home was half way down a certain lane—at the end of which other pupils lived. And at noon time a number of scholars started for that last house, to see the popular girl, Nancy. But Fanny would not go down, and pleaded with the others not to expose themselves thus to disease. Yet Fanny's was the second and last case of smallpox in those years!

878. Forty-four years after her recovery—during which period I had not seen, or scarcely thought of, her, I called, but left it for her to declare which of the four boys I was of that first class in the little school of long ago. And her first words were, "I know you are not George Starkweather, because it is many years since he passed out"—which reveals one of the complica-

tions incident to premature obituaries. I recall other instances when mingled resurrection, and "seeing-is-believing" thoughts, were evidently haunting their incredulous stares.

879. But the aim just now is to entrench, and to establish, my Longevity law, and to zealously defend it against unwarranted psychological encroachments. And my random move is to cite Rev. Sylvester Graham, born in 1794, who, in 1837, specialized on temperance and diet reform, publishing his *"Journal of Health and Longevity."* And in its weekly issue of May 23rd I find this news item:

880. "At Potock, in Lithuania, lately a man died aged 188 years. He had seen seven monarchs on the throne of Russia, and served under Gustavus Adolphus as a soldier during the 30 years' war. At 93 he married his third wife, who lived fifty years with him, and bore him several children."

881. And now I quote a proposition of this noble reformer with which I agree absolutely--yet I feel that I have a clearer, firmer, grasp on just what those "causes and effects" are, than he ever was able to attain:

882. "That remarkably strong constitutions are not the special, direct and extraordinary gifts of the Creator, but are the natural results of a succession and concurrence of causes and effects operating in the constitutional nature of things."

883. But now comes another which I cannot accept because of my "prenatal" preferences: "All may attain one hundred years of age, since one has the issue depending wholly on the intrinsic energies and circumstances and habits of life that are under the control of human ability."

884. In spite of Graham's Longevity Journal, his bold *affirmations* and optimistic *suggestions*, he quietly and properly passed out at 57, because of *maternal, gestatory unwisdom!*

885. **I was not too young to have a keen interest** in that health and longevity crusade of the last century; and I well remember the shock I felt when I read how that "Samson," Dr. Winship, had quietly dropped out at 44—as did also the brilliant Dr. Geo. M. Beard. S. R. Wells went at 56, and Doctor Dio Lewis, that most popular champion of physical and mental uplift, went at 63; while Dr. R. T. Trall—the extremist and polemist, who was unmistakably a victim of his own erroneous teachings, succumbed at 65.

886. The Hon. Col. M. I knew well enough to call on and tender my New Year's congratulations, for 1882; and he optimistically told how he had been "a lazy sort of a Christian," and must quicken his pace, as he had but *fifteen years* remaining—yet he was buried a fortnight later, aged 56.

887. That veteran reformer, Horace Greeley, who

left us at 61, might have remained a decade longer but for successive, overmastering disappointments. Benjamin Harrison died at 68—as did his grandfather, William Henry. I feel that *suggestion* may have shortened Benjamin's days a little, as the average of three generations preceding him was but 64 years; and I often noted two factors in this, our twenty-third President, which inevitably militated against longevity. I recall a father and son who each died at 62—and, again, a parent and child at the same age, and of identical cancerous troubles, which I doubt not was a case of suggestive, necrogenic hereditism.

888. The immortal Jean F. Oberlin, with his wife, entered enthusiastically upon their missionary enterprise, and their earnest prayer was that when one should be called hence, the survivor might be permitted to speedily follow. She was taken in 1784, leaving seven children, after 16 years of married life, while he tarried over 42 years longer, rounding out so beautifully his life work at 86. And the pertinency of this incident, is, its bearing on the potency—or *impotency*, if you prefer—of *suggestion*, as also of pious yet puerile petitions.

889. I recall a mother, with a grown family, who began telling the children of sundry premonitions of approaching dissolution—and the dear old lady actually passed out nearly *thirty-six years* later.

And this reminds me of a beloved pastor, who was likewise given to pessimistic, personal prophecies—yet he persisted, or showed such stalwart, saintly perseverance, for well on towards half a century of pastoral work, that the patience of the saints was sorely tried.

890. I have for years, by way of entertainment, consulted standard biographical dictionaries, and have forecast the ages respectively attained by those therein sketched—judging wholly by the illustrations. This method is plainly crude; yet my approximations have been surprisingly close.

891. The age for retirement of officers in our Army and Navy is very properly sixty-four years, as dates of their decease in the vast majority of instances amply attest. And this is because the cadets so often come from the social stratum which generally succumbs at about the age of sixty-five. Yet, when our longevity law is utilized—as it will be a generation hence—the Government can safely raise this limit sixteen years; that is, “by reason of strength,” till four score.

892. We often read accounts of where one of an aged couple dies, after some brief illness; and of the survivor, contracting a cold, during the ceremonies at the grave, who is likewise laid away within a week, succumbing usually to pneumonia. Now the second of these deaths is clearly psycho-

logical—the depression of sorrow opening the way for a fatal pulmonary attack, when probably another decade of useful service was still in store.

893. Such cases are analogous to my own—already detailed—where the problem was, to rally in the patient a desire to longer survive. I might name a prominent citizen, who, returning after an absence, over-heard personal remarks on the street, which led to searching inquiry upon reaching home. The truth had to be told, how an only son had disgraced the family name. That father took to his bed, never to rise.

894. Over forty years ago, I enjoyed the friendship of a noble youth—the son of a minister of the Gospel. We recently met in his native city and recalled the past. But last week, talking with one from there, I learned that my friend had passed away on the operating table—and the feeling was prevalent that the doctors had killed him.

895. Yet I am disposed to exonerate them, because of their biometric limitations. Had I been consulted, as to the expediency of any major surgical operation, however, on this patient, I should have opposed it, feeling sure he would succumb. And this is but one of many fatalities I have known of—all of which I believe that I could have saved, without surgery—altho none of these were ever constructed on century lines.

896. Robert Louis Stevenson was never rugged, and succumbed, nearly thirty years ago, at the age of forty-four. His father was a lighthouse engineer—and it would savor of folly for any pregnant wife, ambitious to engender Methuse-lahs, to seek such a shut-in habitation. I lately read of a confinement in one of these coastal watch-towers of ours, when assistance was unfortunately scarce.

897. The most interesting fact for me, in that case, was, that the infant did not survive. Probably I am the only one who attributed its death to the unfortunately circumscribed environment, during gestation, rather than to any lack of obstetrical attention. Were a lighthouse keeper's bride to tell me that maternity was her aspiration, and a centenarian son her fond hope—altho imprisoned in her lonely tower, I should indicate to her that I would insure a successful issue only on the condition that she should ascend and descend those winding stairs *one hundred times daily!*

898. This may suggest a padded cell for mine; but bear with me yet a little: I was impressed a few years ago by a health tract given me in New York—official doubtless—which, after stating the thousands of gallons of milk which had been provided for hungry little ones, gave the percentage of poor mothers who had been forced to *labor*

during pregnancy! The idea intended to be conveyed was that such a state of facts was a disgrace to our vaunted humanitarian civilization.

899. But here, at the dawn of the year 1923, please note well what Doctor Royal S. Copeland—United States Senator-elect—has said in a recent address: “One square mile on the lower East Side, where 500,000 persons live, shows one of the lowest infant mortality rates in the world. In this most populous area on earth, among every one *thousand* children born, only *fifty* die the first year of life. By contrast, in the upper Fifth Avenue district, *one hundred* of every *one thousand* children die during their first year.”

900. Now there is food for thoughtful consideration in such facts, for all grades of society—even the birth-control leagues. Among the “upper ten,” are ten times as many dollars, health accessories, and amenities of life generally, as are to be found among those unfortunate East-Siders—yet *double* the mortality! The submerged tenth however, altho having ten times the number of births, of insanitary conditions, and privations generally, have a *two to one excess of viability of offspring*, as statistics amply attest. Can some scientific luminary kindly harmonize these startling facts and figures on any other theory than the common sense, biogenetic proposition we so earnestly submit?

901. I read that Ira Elkins, a New Hampshire shoe cutter, has just won the \$1,000 bet he made seventeen years ago, with his employer, to wit; that he would live to be ninety. From the psychological angle, surely, his wager was wisely conceived, since he was ever holding himself in the "right thought." Yet, how could he have been a loser? Suppose that employer had chosen to risk money on the optimistic side of the gamble, and Ira, on the pessimistic ; here again psychology would have favored him — or, more accurately stated, his heirs.

902. If we deal in aggregates, it will be found that the social rank governs maternal conduct during pregnancy—yet, of course, there are exceptions coupled with assumptions. Ponce de Leon was clearly a longevity optimist; and we find that he was a page to the tutor of the royal family of Spain. His death, at 61, I feel favors my presumption regarding his gestation.

903. Hon. James G. Blaine expired from "complications," at the age of 63—and yet, some foolishly contend, that not one in a thousand lives out his full allotment. But it is always safe to declare, that these "lingering" subjects, draw the very last breath they are entitled to. During those anxious weeks, I remember asking a conceited metaphysical healer, why she, and others of her cult, did not combine and give that mag-

netic, aspiring statesman, "absent treatment," and restore him to his friends and country.

904. Her defense was, that he was the hopeless victim of "race belief," rather than of "malicious animal magnetism." Yet I can prove by thousands of concrete instances, that people are entitled to only what their mothers impart, thru *gestatory activity*. And even this allowance is subject to a discount, which hereditary taints so frequently exact.

905. The poet Keats, the son of an ostler, died in 1821, at the age of twenty-six, his health having broken—weak lungs—three years previously. He was a seven months' child, withal, which is often a fortunate mental asset—and even physical, also. But losing his mother at fourteen—who fell a victim to consumption and rheumatism—explains the defective constitution, and its unmistakable cause.

906. Henry Kirke White was the son of a butcher; yet he was of a very refined, noble, delicate personality. I have never seen anything in his immediate ancestry to explain the causes of his collapse, in 1806, at the age of twenty-one. But they are certainly there, as the sequel proves, since specific laws ever control in all realms.

907. Darwin, Tyndall and Huxley; naturalist, anatomist and physicist, respectively, and contemporaneous bright lights of the last century,

severally reached the "allotted span"—averaging 72 years. And, with us, I take six, almost at random, Irving, Emerson, Beecher, Longfellow, Lowell, Saxe, whose average age was seventy-five.

908. But let me break this monotony for a moment, to show the alleged potency of suggestion. I had a friend who aspired to, and published much to sustain his thesis which involved the feasibility of, physical immortality—yet he quietly passed out at seventy-three. And I can name a man to-day, whose great concern is how he can manage to die, for he is eighty-five, and in robust health—yet he is tired of life and yearns for death.

909. Carlyle, Gladstone and Spencer are in another class, and averaged eighty-six years—altho two of them were always delicate. And, among us, I will name four, whose mean approximates eighty-six—Cooper, Carnegie, Rockefeller, Wanamaker—and their respective prenatal histories—or, be it social antecedents—are all that I could desire as favoring my contention.

910. Sir Walter Scott going at sixty-one; the Younger Pitt at forty-seven, and H. T. Buckle at forty-one, were all perfectly natural and inevitable fatalities—quite as easy to forecast as our own Thoreau at forty-five, and Gottschalk at forty.

911. Joseph Cook, Nathaniel Hawthorne, James G. Holland, Bayard Taylor and N. P. Willis, aver-

The author's latest children,
taken on his sixtieth birthday.



aged a scant sixty years of life, as any competent biogenist might easily have foretold.

912. Lincoln was a potential centenarian, altho, of course, not *bullet-proof*. And, regarding Roosevelt, I had long held him on my fatal list. I even ventured to write him while he lay at the Roosevelt Hospital, correcting the diagnosis and prescribing his proper regimen—for which I was commended, and kindly thanked by him. Yet I knew that his days were fast being numbered—because of certain conspicuous and unmistakable ancestral legacies.

913. I have said that the apprehension of being late, was the form a weakness took in the subject I described. I am here reminded of another case which proved fatal. He was an alert professional man, and quickness of temper was his failing. He allowed himself to yield to it, and in one such fit, he fortunately took his own life rather than that of his opponent.

914. I was shocked, in my boyhood, by the death, from brain fever, of the scion of a distinguished lineage. He was superb in every aspect, and of rarest promise; yet he died at about thirty—which, of course, was the misfortune incident to his unbalanced gestatory history.

915. Horace Bushnell was a contemporary of the legal prodigy just cited; and I speak with assurance regarding him, because I knew him per-

sonally. Had he given years to cultivating his native hills, he might have become a nonagenarian; but his intensive, intellectual life, developed tuberculosis at the age of fifty-seven—which, however, he fought against for *seventeen* years, succumbing at seventy-four.

916. Theodore Parker contemporaneously fought the same malady; yet, being of a less favored ancestry, let go at fifty. But that was before the days of “suggestion”—1860. Some may contend that had he known the blessed art of “*affirmation*,” he might still be with us. *Fear* is claimed as a mighty destroyer. Could Cornaro have but eliminated this demon, what might he not have done with a second century!

917. Our race is given to “crazes”; and, at present, Psychology may be said to have the center of the stage. I recently heard a luminary in this field, tell his spell-bound audience, about one who could listen to a long speech and repeat it verbatim. His comforting declaration was, that the same power of memory lies dormant in each of us.

918. With equal truthfulness I might assure an audience, that they each could sing like Jenny Lind, orate like Webster, and equal, in chess-playing, that prodigy lad who excels the ten billions of humanity that have preceded him. The plain fact, is, however, that we can each achieve, only in so far as we were *prenatally* endowed! Yet

it is an unwritten social law, that the wife, whose condition becomes "interesting," must not be seen, nor even referred to, till after her unfortunate two-hundred-and-eighty-day disease shall have run its arbitrary course!

919. Longevity was ever as interesting a topic to me, as to the average mortal; and I recall the Doctor, who sixty odd years ago, discovered the "life line" near the aperture of the ear. I had practically forgotten it, till I recently found it being used to jolly patients. Some may prefer to find it in the palm of the hand. The sole of the foot, also, has it with like accuracy, and almost any fortune teller can fathom its mystery.

920. We hear John Wesley referred to as the one, who, appearing at the psychological epoch, saved England from the horrors of the French revolution, and really made Britannia the moral force she is in the world to-day. I readily accord him this meed of praise, but am saddened to reflect now his *heroic mother*, with her *nineteen children*, and the actual miracle worker of that grand melodrama, lies unrecognized in a neglected churchyard!

921. Hearing a lecturer, in referring to the decadent condition of our school children's teeth, makes me feel that I have not set forth, with proper emphasis, the nature of the problem. He gave a prescription which contained the tooth-

making elements, oblivious of the fact, however, that times and seasons govern, and that their day of grace has forever passed.

922. During any gestatory period, the wise mother can endow each physical and mental function or faculty, with a perpetual hungering and thirsting after efficiency and perfection generally. If, in dread of that needless "morning sickness," she fails to masticate substantial foods, but sustains life with a variety of slops and teas, medical science can never equip her weakling with proper dentition. I have known of infants, almost too apathetic to take the breast, while others were intent upon devouring it. Oh, can reason and common sense never be enthroned!

923. Activity and strenuosity are synonymous with life. Yet a very few strike "soft jobs," thanks to the energy of some predecessor, and they begin to take life easy, and to degenerate—the eliminators doing but half duty. Gestation, in such instances, foredooms the progeny; hence we see the products, suggestive of *porkers* rather than of *grey-hounds* — and anti-fat "remedies" on every hand.

924. I have cited the case of a neighbor, whose child was born with sores to match the maternal lesions from hot grease. And I recall reading in a medical journal the details of a still more striking case. The editorial comment was, that the

profession must some day face such facts squarely. And should I be censured for occasionally insinuating a lack of *good faith*—and for my thrusts at that ever-sinister “lucrative practice?”

925. I lately read a statement made on good authority, to the effect that, during the last millennium, our common humanity has increased its stature at the rate of *one-eighth of an inch per century!* But what can have precipitated this break-neck pace? Surely, staid old Evolution would not have thus expedited the service.

926. And only yesterday, a bright professional man talked with me, who was over a foot shorter than I, hence my ancestry would seem to have a *ten thousand year* advantage over his lineage. But none of them were cognizant of our expeditious, biogenetic processes. Not that by taking thought we can any of us, actually add a “cubit” to our stature, but a goodly section of one, to that of the *gestating* child—in conformity with Nature’s eternal laws, already indicated.

SECTION TWENTY-THREE

927. There is a large class who will be eager to learn the attitude of our *Biogenetic Foundation* towards sundry issues and institutions; hence it seems proper to specifically define our position: Lamarck's views have been pondered by the scientific world now for over a century; and we feel very favorably disposed towards them, altho not actually indebted to him in any proper sense.

928. The memory of Charles Darwin's personal treatment, awakens the kindest feelings; still we were never in accord; and, while his contributions to Science have been marvelous thought stimulators, they appear to have, at best, but an academic value for humanity—yet "Evolution" seems to have wrought a moral blight in our civilization. And his successor, Weismann, shall I say, seems little less than a calamity, with his *ignis fatuus*.

929. The kinship of Sir Francis Galton stimulated him to noble endeavor, as his eugenic labors attest; and his conspicuous successor—Karl Pearson — certainly has no superiors in his special lines. Their efforts must, however, be practically wasted, in the direction of human weal, while they ignore the treasure house of beneficence inseparable from *gestation*. Mr. Pearson cautiously pre-

dicts advances he can induce in 8,000 years, while I am positive that I can effect *one hundred fold* greater progress in as many *hours*!

930. It is so comforting and restful to emerge from the mists and mire of hypothesis and conjecture, and stand on the clean, solid rock of *Mendelism*, with climbing, flowering, hybrid peas in full bloom on every hand—and so many cute little variegated rodents all about. But Mendel had no message for *humanity*—and the tragedy of it all is, that a legion of bright minds have hypnotized themselves into a faith and practice, as if he tore the veil from most biological mysteries.

931. Proceedings of the Washington Academy of Sciences—Vol. IX, 1907, has a very able 20,000 word article by Dr. Orator F. Cook, bionomist, of our Agricultural Department, on Mendelism and Other Methods of Descent, and from which I now quote : “Mendelian theories predicate the existence of character-unit particles, and of germ-cells which receive and transmit particles representing only one pair of contrasted parental characters. But no such method of inheritance has been proven, and no such assumptions are required, or even permitted, by the facts of Mendelism.

932. “All the different kinds of cells which compose the body of a higher plant, or animal, represented as many cell castes, and there would need

to be character-unit determinants to govern the formation and arrangement of these, quite as much as for the different kinds of organisms which the species may contain...The complexities of this problem of transmission transcend the powers of the human imagination...characters which are not expressed may still be carried along, generation after generation." He gives a partial list of over a score of different methods of descent.

933. We feel that this "*Starkweather Biogenetic Foundation*," is the final word in the direction of *race perfection*; and that the *Francis Galton Laboratory for National Eugenics—University of London*, in which *Karl Pearson* is *Galton Professor of Eugenics*, besides being its *Director*—as also the *Department of Experimental Evolution*—of the *Carnegie Institution, Washington*, located at *Cold Springs Harbor, N. Y.*, under the direction of *Dr. Charles B. Davenport*—are the two existing agencies with aims, broadly speaking, analogous to our own.

934. That diverse views and methods should be found among those entering a virgin field is but natural; and the ethics of the situation surely forbid harsh criticism from us, however much our concepts of truth and fact may vary. We are, therefore, doubly fortunate in being able to pertinently quote from others, our precise attitude in the premises.

935. We maintain that the above-cited, English and American Eugenic centers, by repudiating as they do, the potencies of the Gestatory period, have each eliminated fully *ninety-five per cent* of their respective fields of usefulness. The former, we conceive, has accomplished but little, good or ill, during the last twenty years, with its most able and chaste quarterly, *Biometrika*, because of its vast, forbidding vistas, suggestive of the Arctic regions.

936. The latter, however, with its Mendelian obsession, "field workers," "trait books" and "Bulletins," appears to be working positive harm, which tends towards *race extinction*! Heron and Pearson each published, about ten years ago, under, "*Mendelism, and the Problem of Mental Defect*," strictures in keeping with our own, which totaled some 30,000 words; and Doctor Davenport replied with 20,000—only briefest extracts from all of which we shall give.

937. *Biometrika* first appeared in October, 1901, with a photogravure of Darwin's statue, under which is the inscription, "*Ignoramus : In Hoc Signo Laboremus*." As indicative of its methods, I quote one sentence: "Whatever views we hold on selection, inheritance or fertility, we must ultimately turn to the mathematics of large numbers, to the theory of *mass-phenomena*, to interpret safely our observations."

938. And here is from, in and by the same—Karl Pearson—nineteen years later, in his extensive paper on “The Fundamental Problem of Practical Statistics”: “The chief criticism of the theory of inverse probabilities has been based on the want of generality in the first hypothesis—what Boole has termed ‘the equal distribution of our ignorance,’ or the assigning to the appearance of a factor whose real probability is unknown to us, all degrees of probability, and then making these degrees all equally likely to occur.

939. “This is not the sole, but I think the chief, feature of Boole’s attack on the theory of inverse probabilities. Why should we, he asks, distribute our ignorance equally? Other sorts of distribution may occur, and, we know, do occur in chance problems. Why this assumption in the particular case? Dr. Venn’s strongly unfavorable criticism of inverse probabilities, seems also based on objection to the principle of equal distribution of ignorance.”

940. **Doctor Heron, of the Galton Laboratory,** I feel, rightly deplores “the harm sure to result from papers read at a recent International Eugenic Congress—1913—when large masses of our citizens read in the dailies that Professor So-and-so, at a congress of specialists, declares that degenerate stocks mend themselves by dying out; or from Dr. Blank, that insanity or mental de-

iciency obeys the laws of Mendel, and that the children of an insane parent, if normal themselves, may marry other normals without detriment to their future offspring, or the race.

941. "They do not know that the Professor's statement may be based on an obvious fallacy, in his statistical treatment, or that Dr. Blank, within a year, will have propounded a new theory the very opposite of his earlier opinion! Views so expressed, take root, and when the man in the street learns from actual contact with degeneracy, that such statements are not true, then, not only is the very name of Eugenics discredited, but the respect that all scientific opinion ought to carry, is also destroyed.

942. "'At last it is possible,' writes Dr. C. B. Davenport, 'to give definite advice to those about to marry, or who do not wish to transmit their undesirable traits. . . Weakness in any trait should marry strength in that trait, and strength may marry weakness.' It is absolutely necessary to nail such false coin to the counter, and to do this, it suffices to appeal to that Mendelian theory, of which Dr. Davenport is such an ardent advocate.

943. "We cannot conceive of a greater evil than that expressed in the teaching we have cited. . . Dr. Davenport has started the theory that mental defect is a Mendelian recessive character, and has told us, that, when both parents are feeble-minded,

all the children will be so likewise; this conclusion has been tested again and again; and further, a 'defective, married to a pure normal, will have no defective offspring.' If this conclusion were correct, then, once more, according to Dr. Davenport, 'strength might marry weakness, and instead of segregating the mentally defective, the State should endeavor to provide them with healthy mates!'

944. "Even such an ardent Mendelian as Professor Bateson, writes, 'From such pedigrees as I have seen I should hesitate to describe feeble-mindedness as a simple Mendelian recessive. It is possibly due to an absence of some factors; but there is strong evidence that the normal result of mating between normal, and feeble-minded parents, is, a proportion of feeble-minded children, and it is difficult to suppose that most ostensibly normal persons are heterozygous in this respect.' Well may the Mendelians ask to be saved from their friends!"

945. It may be well here to explain that a heterozygote is a Mendelian hybrid, resulting from the fusion of two gametes that bear different allelomorphs of the same character, and which, in consequence, does not breed true. It is contrasted with *homozygote*. Gametes develop from mother cells in gametangia; and by the fusion of two, a new cell is produced. An allelomorph is one of

a pair of contrasted characters which become segregated in the formation of reproductive cells.

946. And the thought may well occur to one, whether all these intricacies are *God-made* or *man-made*—whether it is worth while to further chance all these civilized complexities? The prophet Isaiah tells us that, “the way of holiness shall be for those (redeemed); the wayfaring man, though a fool, shall not err therein!”

947. And now for more of Dr. Heron's extracts from Dr. Davenport's "Bulletins," or "Trait Books," perchance: “Some defects that the field-worker will study, such as albinism and feeble-mindedness, are known as recessive defects—due to the absence of the determiner making for normality. . . Feeble-mindedness is, for the most part, a recessive trait. . . The field-worker finding a person who suffers from feeble-mindedness—a descendant of two normal parents by hypothesis, both of these parents are simplex; the field-worker must understand that each parent will probably have, somewhere in his or her ancestry, a feeble-minded person, and it is the business of the field-worker to make a special search for such person or persons in the pedigree.” Who, indeed, would not rejoice to have some of these “field-workers” call, and improve the opportunity thus presented of setting them to worm into the alleged “half-baked” status of sundry detested *in-laws*!!

948. Dr. Davenport complains of the paucity of vocabulary displayed by field-workers in "The Trait Book"—such as, "smart, or defective, peculiar,"—hence he supplies, "impracticalness, in-adventurousness, disheartedness, unconversation-ableness, unanecdotesness. Jealousness vs. Unjealousness is given the index number 42625, but Jealousy vs. lack of jealousy appears under the number 4842."

949. "Dr. Davenport and his collaborators are obliged to exercise ingenuity in getting rid of frequent exceptions to the rules they so confidently lay down. The simplest method is to omit them. Table I of Bulletin No. 4, by Drs. Davenport and Weeks, contains a mating of a feeble-minded father and an epileptic mother (Case 4062b); they have two *normal* children. According to the author's theory, *all* should be defective. This mating is entirely dropped in discussing Table I, and even disappears entirely from I of Dr. Week's paper read before the Eugenic Congress. . .

950. "Perhaps the most comprehensive method of meeting an exception is that given by Dr. Goddard in *The Kallikak Family*: Finding two exceptions to the 'law, that two feeble-minded parents do not have normal children,' he says: 'We may account for these exceptions in one of several ways. Either there is a mistake in calling them normal, or a mistake in calling the parents feeble-

minded; or else there was illegitimacy somewhere, and these two children did not have the same father as the others of the family.

951. "Or, we may turn to the Mendelian law, and we discover how, according to that law, there might be, in rare cases, such a combination of circumstances that a normal child might be born from two parents that function as feeble-minded. Thus the facts are to be considered as elastic; and if that fails we are to make the theory plastic enough to cover the facts . . . The analysis of the data, then, gives support to the conclusion abundantly justified from numerous other considerations, that feeble-mindedness is no elementary trait, but is a legal or sociological, rather than a biological term. . .

952. "We believe that those who dispassionately consider the papers discussed in this criticism, must conclude with the present writer, that the material has been collected in an unsatisfactory manner, that the data have been tabled in a most slipshod fashion, and that the Mendelian conclusions drawn, have no justification whatever. The authors have, in our opinion, done a disservice to knowledge, struck a blow at Mendelian research, and committed a serious offence against the infant science of Eugenics. . .

953. "The public have common sense, and when they see such statements as those propounded in

some of these recent American papers, followed by such advice as Dr. Davenport's 'Let weakness in any trait marry strength in that trait, and strength marry weakness,' they will apply the test of experience to such doctrine, and end by condemning wholly a science which proclaims such absurdities.

954. "Shall the stocks tainted with tuberculosis, with insanity, with epilepsy, with every defect and deformity of hereditary nature, be directly encouraged to taint socially valuable stocks, healthy in mind and body, and the latter be directly told to marry weakness? When we find such teaching—based on the flimsiest of theories, and on the most superficial of inquiries—proclaimed in the name of Eugenics, and spoken of as 'entirely splendid work,' we feel that it is not possible to use criticism too harsh, nor words too strong in repudiation of advice, which, if accepted, must mean the death of eugenics as a science."

955. **Karl Pearson, F. R. S., Galton Professor,** delivered a lecture in its Laboratory, just nine years ago, on "The Graduated Character of Mental Defect," and from which I will briefly quote: "In no sphere is our ignorance greater, in no sphere can more harm be done by dogmatic statements, than in the field of social inquiry, where legislation is liable to follow on dogmas propounded in the name of Science...How can we

legislate if the very conception of what constitutes feeble-mindedness is still chaotic?

956. "The American Eugenists, headed by Dr. Davenport of the Carnegie Station for Experimental Evolution, are special advocates of the view that the mental defectives are a completely differentiated race characterized by the absence of a Mendelian unit-character which appears in the normal human being.

957. "Dr. Davenport says, in the *Journal of Psycho-Asthenics* : 'It cannot be admitted that feeble-mindedness is a personal and private matter. There is reason for believing that it is one of the oldest traits of mankind—a heritage from his ape-like ancestry. The feeble-mindedness of to-day, is, for the most part, the dower of a germ-plasm common to hundreds of thousands of kin living and past; and if not controlled that germ-plasm may pass into hundreds of thousands of descendants. How can the product of a germ-plasm with such a history, regard his traits as purely personal and private?'

958. "If this passage be capable of interpretation, it either means that, in the man-like ape, there was a character, a definite plus, which is absent in the man, or, in the man, there is a definite plus which was absent in his ape-like ancestry. As the same American school looks upon feeble-mindedness as a Mendelian recessive, there

is little doubt that it is the absence of some unit character to which Dr. Davenport is referring.

959. "‘A character is recessive,’ we are told, ‘when owing to a lack of its determiner in the germ-plasm, it is not present in the individual under consideration.’ And again, ‘the total inheritance of an individual, from his parents, is divisible into unit characters, each of which is inherited independently of all the rest, and may therefore be studied without reference to other characters. The inheritance of any such character is believed to be dependent upon the presence in the germ-plasm of a unit of substance called a determiner.’...

960. "That the ape is differentiated, intellectually, from the man, goes without saying; but that the ape-like ancestry of man, could have persisted for twenty-four hours in the hostile environment they would certainly have had to face, had they been the least feeble-minded, in the modern sense, seems to me an absurd notion. I cannot conceive a feeble-minded ape—lacking, for example, in the strong social instincts—surviving at all in the struggle for existence. A feeble-minded dog, or child, would have no capacity for survival in a wild state...

961. "How any ‘mentally vigorous man’ should find a mentally defective woman ‘socially attractive,’ and how a professor of the science of Eugenics can find such a marriage permissible, from

any standpoint, passes my comprehension. But what surprises me above all, is, that when members of the Galton Laboratory, point out the fallacy of such statements, and hold them up to the ridicule they deserve, they should be accused of doing everything ignoble on the face of the earth, by those gentlemen who profess to be exponents of popular eugenics in England.

962. "Yet here is the gravest social problem of the moment, settled on the basis of the merest theory, by the assertion that there is nothing from the social view-point, or from the standpoint of Eugenics, to be objected to, in the mentally vigorous man, marrying the socially attractive, mentally deficient woman. I assert that so far from Dr. Heron having spoken too strongly, no words can be used too vigorous to ridicule such theory, or to condemn those in this country who are associating themselves with the propounders of eugenic doctrine of this type."

963. While in heartiest accord with all the foregoing, I must, in fairness, give some space to Dr. Davenport's reply: "In the first number of *Biometrika*, Pearson recalled that Galton had remarked that the new problem needed 'a scientific firm, with a biologist and a mathematician as acting partners, and a logician as consulting partner.' The consulting partner is dead; the biologist is dead, and the young man he was training as his

successor has gone over to the Mendelians, and now, biological problems are treated only statistically in the home of *Biometrika*.

964. "I conclude with the true words of Bateson. 'To those who hereafter may study this episode in the history of biological science, it will appear inexplicable that work so unsound in construction—as that of Professor Pearson and the Biometrical school—should have been respectfully received by the scientific world.'

965. "With the discovery of segregation it became obvious that methods dispensing with individual analysis of the material are useless. The only alternative open to inventors of those methods were, either to abandon their delusion, or to deny the truth of Mendelism; but with the lapse of time, the number of persons who have themselves witnessed the phenomena, has increased so much, that these denials have lost their dangerous character and may be regarded as merely formal."

966. **Having been interested in biogenetic** matters now for over half a century, it would seem incumbent upon me, right here, after these many quoted paragraphs, to state precisely our attitude in the premises: "*Ignoramus*" is the motto of *Biometrika*, and of the *Galton Laboratory*, as previously stated. But, we, of the "*Starkweather Biogenetic Foundation*," are not seekers after bio-

logical data, primarily, but rather, aim, by every proper means, to freely disseminate the most *welcome facts conceivable*—to take the entire world into our fullest confidence, regarding the precious truths that have come to us in these decades!

967. As already indicated, the *statistical method* has had no part in our research work, but rather the *individual*, “hand-picked” plan of procedure. I have known the Mendelian law for a score of years, and have marveled at its disclosures; yet its only aid to me has been in helping to understand why one or another child in some family was cursed with sundry inheritances.

968. The pity, with this law, as with so many others, is, that we cannot readily ascertain its scope and confines. Doctor Davenport feels that it is operative in the color scheme of humanity; while I am more than positive that it is not. If, in any minor phase, its presence should be demonstrated, I can disclose a higher *psychical principle* which renders it quite negligible.

969. Doctor Davenport has field-workers, trait books and bulletins, backed by tens of millions of treasure. His quest is, withal, for criminality, insanity, imbecility, immorality. Yet we, yearning to dispense the most priceless blessings of the ages, in the fate of things, must be ruthlessly despoiled, and left without even the funds for postage.

970. The law of Mendel was discovered in the vegetable realm; but it is unmistakably operative also among rodents. How far up and down these fields it extends, who shall declare? The matter has, for me, but an incidental interest, since my soul is ever burdened for *humanity*. I have not mastered Nature's color scheme, yet feel that I can trace one of its psychological phases in all dapple markings; in those marvelous, arctic, seasonal transformations—and even in Jacob's flocks and herds.

971. For any one seeking to explain our racial shades, with Mendelian formulas, I should think that the very small percentage of blonds extant—probably less than three per cent—would prove puzzling. Doctor Davenport holds that Albinism and feeble-mindedness are recessive defects, due to the absence of those hypothetical, sub-microscopic microbic “determiners.” We, however, rejoice in being able to deal, ever, with more demonstrably tangible entities.

972. Eugenics Record Office, Bulletin No. 2, on the Study of Human Heredity, Methods of Collecting Data, by C. B. Davenport and H. H. Laughlin, Cold Springs Harbor, 1911, says, on page 8: “The Mendelian rules will be found useful in directing the field-worker in her inquiries. First, it is important to disabuse the mind of the popular error that traits are inherited from ancestors.

Strictly, traits are not inherited at all; what is inherited is a condition of the reproductive, or germ, cells which determine the development of the trait—the trait depends on the presence or absence of a determiner in the germ cells.”

973. Now we are most charitably disposed towards the Doctor's absentee determiners, because of their infinitesimal diminutiveness of stature. We, nevertheless, exult in a reliable, visible, *tangible* order of “*determiners*,” that are never absent from the post of duty. Ordinarily these unique and indispensable *determiners* of ours, average above *one hundred pounds avoirdupois*, each—and we address them by the endearing term of *Mother*!

974. We have no gossamer-splitting intricacies to thresh out with our determiners, as to the inheritance of traits from reckless, “remote ancestors,” but rejoice in the blessed assurance, that, the all-wise Creator, has instituted only the simplest and most beneficent of laws, ever available, for all His loving subjects.

975. Many irksome duties of life, or impenetrable mysteries seem more tolerable, if we can manage to dress them in some novel guise. “Chromosomes,” “dominant and recessive unit-characters,” and spectral “*determiners*,” have at least the merit of sounding strange to the layman. But these tentative, advance moves seem to impair

one's common sense, frequently.

976. Years ago, in a quaint, cultured city, a leading merchant, having heard favorable comments, very properly sought my assistance for a development of the arithmetical faculty, in an otherwise dependable clerk, of manly proportions. My first "Binet-Simon," random venture, sufficed to give his measure: "If a fish and a half, costs a dollar and a half, what is one fish worth?" After thoughtful moments he gave the problem up, in despair, with the remark, "I once could have worked that out by the *rule of three*!"

977. Tho Psychology is, admittedly, a popular craze to-day, few seem to recognize its potency where actually working ruin. All good citizens wish to be factors in the problem of racial uplift; and no one would be linked in with any phase of insanity; hence the scrutiny of remote ancestry. And the actual fruitage of this extreme caution is, that the well informed avoid parenthood! Those whose motto is, "quality not quantity," have but one or two indifferent specimens, who simply *abominate offspring*. Much learning renders them worse than *mad*!

978. Some one induced me to witness at the movies, a much heralded show, which was most unmistakably featured by the medical profession as a feeder of the "lucrative practice." It showed scientific instruments, obstetrical crises, and in-

fant nursing, with every conceivable accessory. And the sequel, I am warranted in asserting, was, to make a majority of those present resolve to *forever eschew parenthood!* College men and women are silent, sterile witnesses of the verity of these psychological facts!

979. Let us assume that the State, having recognized eugenic fads, were bristling with restrictive laws, when an average young couple should apply for a marriage license, equipped with pedigree certificates from the Carnegie Institution. Several regrettable incidents, perchance, figure in the history of both families, and the forecast appended by the *C. I.* experts were to give such a percentage of sinister probability, that a license should be denied them—unless favorably certified by our *Biogenetic Foundation*.

980. In nine cases out of ten, a *first glance* at the couple, by our expert, would fix its status, regardless of pedigree. And I can foresee that others, positively rejected by us, might have had the unqualified approval of Dr. Davenport's Department. *Mendelian* conclusions—or, rather, conjectures—are his specialty; while our *psycho-gestatory* feature, outclasses, and practically eliminates, all such barriers. And this is not idle conceit on our part, but is confirmed by every page of history—with indisputable evidence sufficient to fill an encyclopedia!

981. The psychology of parenthood unmistakably demonstrates, that speedy extinction awaits pedigrees, where a minimum of *six* children, are not welcome! Acquired characters dominate and persist in exact proportion to their original development and subsequent culture thru exercise. Sowing and reaping bear a constant relation. But, oh, the thrill that should quicken every maternal heart, with the ineffable assurance, that all wise, gestatory zeal, yields for posterity, *one hundred fold!*

SECTION TWENTY-FOUR

982. And here I have a final opportunity to concretely illustrate my life-long Quaker leaning, and at the same time to note the prevailing attitude of Science: Early in childhood's aspiring days, 1856, I became cognizant of a natural phenomenon which had never been explained; and altho lacking every facility for investigation, I resolved to make its elucidation a life aim, since I perceived that in its mastery the issues of *world peace* were involved, as well as its proving of incalculable value to our civilization.

983. Twenty-one years later, I had visible proofs that the problem had a two-fold aspect, and that there were active, as well as passive phases awaiting solution; and the former suddenly blocked my path, in 1879. Yet, as if by magic, I caused it to vanish, and exultantly became a slave to my self-imposed, herculean task — and thereby impoverished both myself and dependents.

984. In 1887, a world famous scientist, had, publicly thrust before him, the potentialities which slumbered in that passive phase of my problem,

under circumstances which I might detail; and, with ample means, as well as every other conceivable facility, he concentrated life's energies upon the acquisition of this most coveted prize of recorded time, and of all the ages; while I plodded along a *Jericho road*, that was inconceivably rough.

985. Kindly acts in those days were as rare as angel's visits; yet one little friend, with singular thoughtfulness, brought me, figuratively, an olive twig from the very tree under which my illustrious, competing, and superbly equipped, rival had vainly basked, peered, pondered and dreamed, for over a decade.

986. The secret of the centuries, was instantly flashed before my mental vision, and this poor plebeian soul of mine exultantly swelled. But this result—which is similar to so many others I have experienced—was not due to favoritism on the part of Nature's recondite forces, yet was quite in keeping with the rhythmic consonance of the spheres. For there are *mental* as well as *physical handicaps* and *hamperings*; and in this fact lies the double misfortune.

987. I hastened to the gates of this aspiring scientific luminary, and his messenger faithfully delivered my joyous assurances. But the reaction was most depressing to all concerned—like the dream of Columbus, altho it materialized, he

nevertheless languished, and perished in chains. For my own personal achievements, an almost similar fate has long impended; and, as to my unsuccessful rival, he died in bitter disappointment, "of a broken heart!"

988. Encyclopedias have their uses, but become a positive curse when pressed into any single cranium, permeating and saturating the cerebral content. Educators elaborate their curricula, and Science nurses the delusion that university "cramming," is conducive to the world's progress—and yet, also assures us, that, to memorize even the names of all the streets of London, is beyond the power of the human intellect. It repudiates me because of a foolish pride, and the fact that I am not water-logged, and lumbered up, with the wisdom of the schools. Were such the case, however, my exceptional discernment would vanish.

989. And, lest any should query as to what I am hinting at in these vague paragraphs, I will say that it is *Aviation*, which I openly contend is still a frightfully *fatal failure*, because my discoveries are ruthlessly ignored, although their manifest destiny still is, to revolutionize our civilization, and to marvelously advance all human interests. European gliding experimenters, with motorless devices, are nearing my trail of *forty years ago*—but I am still more than a generation ahead of them all!

990. On these closing pages, I resist the temptation to cluster half a dozen concrete instances of persons who are genial, and even gifted, in certain directions, yet are really psychological freaks, since liable to burst into fits of passion, and commit murder or suicide—which most of them actually did do — when pride, patience or pocket became incidentally involved. But our biogenetic plans will eliminate all such social monstrosities; and I will put a silver lining to even this black recital.

991. I might name a worthy couple, tho they were “unequally yoked”—for he was as apathetic in religion as she was active and devout. With pregnancy, came the earnest petition that it might be a son—a zealous, fervent preacher. And this was some four score years ago when that prayer was answered, tho not miraculously, but precisely along our broad biogenetic lines. That boy, early in life, converted his father, and, for well over half a century, now, has been, perhaps, the most marvelous preacher on this continent—the constant delight of an ever-crowded sanctuary: with his burning zeal and irresistible logic—yet the despair of all reporters, so rapid is his utterance.

992. Which instance reminds me of another line I might name, where three generations have been preachers—the last scion doing splendidly while yet in his 'teens. Still again, where several

successive divines have been followed by spiritual blanks—all of course depending on the maternal attitude and habit.

993. In my 8,000 word brochure, of a dozen years ago—“*Bovine Tuberculosis*”—after noting how our Government reported, in 1907, that random human post-mortem disclosures, revealed over 90 *per cent* with tubercular lesions, I quoted “the danger to which public health is exposed thru the use of milk from tuberculous cows, is of a magnitude almost beyond conception.”

994. I also referred to Nathan Straus’ words at an *International Dairy Congress*, in *Europe*, where he declared “the human race *faces extinction* from this *diseased milk*,” and I added Prof. Irving Fisher’s estimate, that this country alone suffers annually a pecuniary loss of \$50,000,000. I further noted, that, of our millions of slain buffalo on the plains, all were found to have lungs as sound as are those of our livery horses.

995. And here I quote my summary: “The cause of this appalling scourge can be summarized with *eighteen* letters, formed into the two simple words, *pulmonary passivity*! Again, *eight* letters will more briefly, tho less accurately, express the same disgraceful fact—*idle feet*!” I further stated that with my magician’s wand, I could, at pleasure, transfer the pest from *dairy herds*, to *livery stables*, by just keeping the bovine contingent on

a lively trot, leaving the pachyderms—or at least the mares—to stand, and lie in stalls, leisurely ruminating, and doing their level best to augment their mammary functions *ten fold!*

996. Of course I touched upon a feasible method of profitably and positively eliminating the appalling scourge; and, quite as naturally, no one sought details, but listened to the vituperations of “Science.” And I make reference to these facts here, that they may be perpetuated, and that the average citizen may be able to better pass upon my *sanity and common sense!*

997. Only the other day America’s great public heart bled, as it read of the death, from *septicemia*, of the six year old daughter of one of our richest men — the efforts of twelve physicians, plus six nurses, and hosts of friends, proving futile. And a big metropolitan daily, commenting on this case at length, says, withal:

998. “The movement for educating mothers in the scientific care of children, is constantly imperiled by the opposition of physicians, who fear, perhaps subconsciously, that it will impoverish their profession. If people know too much to become ill, who will keep the doctors in bread and shoes? It is a well known fact, however, that the life of the average physician is so taken up with the treatment of insignificant ailments that he

has very little time or energy for the study of difficult matters.

999. "When all the medical knowledge of Chicago, does not avail to save the life of a child, who has been sick but a week ; when the scientific world is still practically helpless against the ravages of a disease like cancer ; then it appears that there are still vast fields of medical necessity awaiting the attention of Science."

1000. Now my own past successes, warrant the belief, that I could easily have arrested that malady the very first day ; and our *biogenetics* would certainly have rendered their darling, immune from birth. And that "Movement for educating mothers, in the scientific care of children," sounds queer to me, realizing, as I do, that "Science" itself is hopelessly at sea in the premises, and that cultured, nervous mothers, are already so rattled, as to precipitate early, inevitable disaster, as a case I recall well illustrates :

1001. The refined wife, with her first treasure, would have been able to nourish it at Nature's matchless fount, instead of puttering with bottles, had timely inquiry been made of me. But, after months of medical care, the wife was entrusted with that bud of promise, her *own very self*. Yet, in a few days, all was confusion : relatives were notified by phone, and the doctor himself was

called in once more, because baby was alarmingly ill. And he had a hearty laugh, for that anxious, agonizing mother, was "simply *starving* the *infant*," the physician averred—while I, with moistened eyes, reflect that they were all having their labor for their pains, since, none knew aught of *bio-genetic laws*; and I am positive that it was a *non-viable specimen*!

1002. Yet, apart from all remedies, I will give what I hesitate to call the *true diagnosis* of that septicemia patient, but rather, in the last analysis, what should be termed the origin, or real cause, of that sad fatality, regardless of any mutterings of "Science:" Health abounds, where blood taints are absent, and every bodily organ functions normally, because of reasonable physical exercise. But, probably not five per cent of humanity can really qualify in this rating—and the wealthy, far less readily than those immersed in life's strenuous swirl.

1003. The care-free, ease-loving lady of wealth, seldom has her secretory and excretory, organs, functioning with that tone which insures the prompt elimination of all impurities and waste from the system—and, during pregnancy, any semblance of strenuosity is contra-indicated by the medical adviser. Hence we see the inherited predisposition, in that unfortunate victim, to have her system surcharged with bodily waste, and cor-

respondingly weak eliminators. The *strenuously born* prove to be *centenarians*, and total strangers to *septicemia*, ever. *Biogenetics* alone can save our race!

1004. On the evening of November 28, 1922, I attended an illustrated lecture, here at the *Carnegie Institution* by a leading Zoologist, whose subject was, "The Constitution of the Hereditary Material, and its relation to Development." And, since the field of our *Biogenetic Foundation* is the entire habitable globe, I naturally was a bit apprehensive lest encroachments, and actual trespass might be imminently menacing. But I left that hall with a light step, confident that the next century would be ushered in, long before any invasion by the rank and file of Science.

1005. I ere long consulted his published University Lectures, of a decade previous, yet noted not the minutest modification since then, nor advance made, in either text or illustrations. And thereupon I reflected that *years* are negligible factors in scientific, as in geologic, time.

1006. Our interest centers in *humanity*—certainly never extending beyond mammalian bounds; yet this alert lecturer, beginning with Mendel's *pea patch*, hardly approached the confines of civilization at all. He referred to *Genetics* once or twice, but progress with snails was thoroly illustrated, even to the wrinkles that had been in-

duced; but their pace is certainly too slow for our coach.

1007. The colors resulting from the cross-breeding of guinea pigs, were effectively shown. Also the anticipated results obtained in crossing red-eyed flies with the white-eyed type, were fully elaborated and graphically shown. Yes, and this recalls that human eyes were also thrown upon the screen, and the proportion of the sexes that had actually inherited parental color-blindness.

1008. Now I assume to specialize on *sex*, and to have a broad, world-grasp on subjects, yet this is a fact that I never should have traced. But why so heedless, when every truth has value? Yes, yet this is a negligible detail, when contemplating the acute phases of problems like the chronic scandal of *infant mortality*!

1009. I rejoice, however, that I attended the lecture, for otherwise I should have failed to announce here, that color-blindness is one of the easiest defects conceivable, to sidestep and eliminate from mortal ranks. Oh, why must Science, with its microscope, focus its every energy on the *minute* and *infinitesimal*, failing utterly to calmly ponder and apply *common sense* to a discovery of at least the patent, if not of the hidden, causes also, of abnormalities!

1010. I may be charged with "color-blindness" towards whatever does not originate in the gesta-

tory period; but I certainly would renounce my biogenetics, and affiliate henceforth with the orthodox crowd of "*coin in the pocket*" scientists, if I could not practically demonstrate and produce, from lineage that fails to differentiate or distinguish *red* from *green*, artists with the color sense unsurpassed in human annals!

1011. In view of my triumphal predetermination of Sex, over half a century ago, an abiding interest in the progress of Science, along my path naturally survives. And when noting that Thomas Hunt Morgan, Professor of experimental zoology in Columbia University—who was but an infant in those days—has lately written on "sex-determination in man" I most naturally investigated, and now quote from him.

1012. "The culmination of the evidence of sex-determination in man is found in a study of the cell structure of the human race itself. Strange as it may seem, we have been longer in doubt concerning the number of chromosomes in man than in any other animal as extensively studied. Four conditions are responsible: (1) The large number of chromosomes present in man. (2) The clumping, or sticking together of the chromosomes. (3) The difficulty of obtaining fresh material. (4) The possibility that the negro race has half as many chromosomes as the white race."

1013. These chromosomes are so inconceivably

microscopic, that I frankly confess to embarrassment in my efforts to form their acquaintance. But because of their basic position, in the modern biological structure, I have just felt obliged to turn once more to the latest and best dictionaries for their better identification; and here are the words of three recognized authorities:

1014. "Chromoplasm is that portion of the contents of a cell-nucleus that has a strong affinity for coloring matters. *Chromosome* is one of the segments into which the chromoplasmic filaments of a cell-nucleus break up, just before indirect division." The best Medical dictionary I ever opened, says, a "chromosome is any one of the chromatin-fibrils of a cell. According to some observers, there is only one such fibril in closely intertwined folds. Others say they are numerous, and of two varieties—fine and coarse."

1015. Webster, however, says, withal, that "chromosomes are identified with the *idants* of Weismann's theory." And I remember so well the satisfaction I lately experienced, while listening to this very Professor Morgan, as he publicly immolated the *vaulting imagination* of the aforesaid Weismann. And the real source of my pleasure, probably, sprang from my love of *truth*—and, incidentally, from the fact that I had essayed the same role, long before I had met any one else sufficiently courageous to do likewise. Doctor

Weismann passed away several years ago, and, in his forced absence, we severally grow bold.

1016. I have just perused the work of a regular physician, written an even fifty years ago. And this fact, together with the title, are what attracted me; for what could be more opportune than the "Ten Laws of Health, or How Disease is Produced and Can Be Prevented?"

1017. Pure air, food, drink, clothing, cleanliness, exercise, et cetera, are certainly desirable; yet I recall those who have had nothing else all their lives—but, alas, they were chronic invalids. Good soil and cultivation are essentials in agriculture—yet effort is in vain unless due attention is paid to the *seed*. A dairyman may feed and house, faultlessly, yet at a loss, without attention to *pedigree*.

1018. This medical expert says that from *twenty* to *thirty* is the decade of physical perfection; while from *thirty* to *forty* are the golden years of intellectual supremacy. And such averments exasperate me, since I have instances in mind, where the physical and mental have been in perfect action from *fifteen* to *seventy-five*—and still going under full pressure.

1019. I sadly smile as I read that "the very painful and obstinate disease, *rheumatism*, has no cause more frequent and influential in its development, than in irregular or diminished exhalation."

tion from the skin." The fact is, that it ever springs from a *blood-tainted ancestry*.

1020. His old age formula is as threadbare as it is erroneous: "A uniform, serene state of mind is recognized by all writers on great longevity, as one of its most common causes — and deserves careful remembrance by all, subject to extreme and profound emotions."

1021. The problems of Sex he treats as nonchalantly as a sophomore might have done; and there is no lisp concerning *Gestation*. Yet the flood-gates of disease are opened by the former, and the secrets of *longevity*, are disclosed by the latter, —and it is our privilege to evermore live happily together!

1022. **But this recital must terminate, and its leading features should be summarized.** Science has a pet recapitulatory theory, which awakens no enthusiasm in me; and I must not create confusion at this point by using its favorite phrase. I will venture to reiterate, however, our points of difference, and to contrast our methods, withal.

1023. Science is prone to look and reach back for the beginning, while I exult, empty handed, in the living present, observing, reflecting, leaving microscopes, scalpels and chemicals for other specialists. When, in every casual human specimen, I find a treasure-house of priceless, concrete facts,

why should I have recourse to scientific paraphernalia for tests and experiments, or hamper myself with other species of impedimenta?

1024. The prestige of the scientist is gauged by the infinitesimal dimension of some atom he seems to discern, and to the millions of *eons* he is able to ascribe to it; by what?—counting the wrinkles on its horns? In our biogenetic field, surely, I have quoted sufficiently to show that unverifiable hypotheses and vague conjectures are the only possible return; while I marshal *historic facts*, with their unvarying sequences, and boldly proclaim theories that cannot be doubted or assailed, since the *verities* involved are positively *axiomatic*! The carping camouflages of, “*remote ancestors*,” or “*coincidences*,” are too attenuated to pass muster in this instance.

1025. The wholly illogical insistence that nerves must bind mother and fetus, before aught but a nutritive influence will be conceded, some might term a plea favoring the reincarnationists. Yet why should Science not yield the point and cede my contention, that they are on a common circuit, like two clocks, on a Marconi wireless-electric system? In *cytology*, and all along the line, it admits every essential feature.

1026. It is optional with fertile wives to view pregnancy with dread—as “*a nine months’ disease*,” having medical experts daily examining

secretions and excretions, only to bring a non-viable "struggling savage into day," at the end—or, to hail it as the bestowal of one of the Creator's choicest gifts; a season of ecstatic enjoyment and opportunity thruout, and a glorious consummation—Heaven's sweetest music in the infant's every utterance; rather than "a devil of a time," and Hell to pay, when the squalling "brat" is left alone, bottle broken, while mother and nurse seek surcease at the movies!

1027. A delectable "year of Jubilee," arrives, I reiterate; a season for rejoicing, because a new opportunity is presented to improve upon the imperfections of the past, in all mammalian lines—especially in the direction of human perfectibility! Perhaps no feeling is more universal, and no wish more often expressed, than, "Oh, if I could but *begin my life over again*; what mistakes I would avoid; what a record I would make!" Of course, that is impossible; yet something analogous, and surely far preferable, is the opportunity now offered every wife, with each pregnancy!

1028. In conclusion, let me figuratively throw upon the screen some faint concept of my life dream: Columbus rounded out our earth sphere, and to the diameter of this, after the elimination of war, thru the art of *Aviation*, I proposed to add practically *ten miles* to its *diameter*. It was to have a goodly percentage of the world's inhabi-

tants, traveling constantly and safely in the newly conquered aerial realm—each square rod of earth being equally accessible, and old boundary lines of territory thus becoming negligible factors in the new mundane order.

1029. Those ill-starred Patent Office rejections, while frustrating my plans, did not suspend my efforts, nor prevent my progress, any more than did the *iniquitous litigation*, which has distracted me for decades, since my aerial discoveries, and inventions, continued, vouchsafing a type of "*Storm-King Safetys*," *undreamed of by the public, even to-day!* They are operated by a "wireless" power, ignored at present, yet ever available, and which is destined to add *more horsepower* than has been received thus far from *water, steam and electricity!* It means a forward aerial move of *fifty years at a single stride!*

1030. With our multitude of biogenetic factors in evidence, and utilized, I have seen *thousands of wives*, who, by living up to the light and knowledge now being disseminated, could become mothers of more gifted, noble, human specimens than the world has yet seen! Why not have *one hundred personalities*, suggestive of Paul, Plato, Angelo, Raphael, Dante, Goethe, Kant, Newton, Lamartine, Longfellow, Lincoln, rather than these solitary ones? And as many illustrious women, henceforth, as men! The most coveted berths of

the future, will be *wifehood and childbirth!* *Woman's quasi creative role in Nature is incomparably more noble, potential, and in every way more desirable than is man's!*

1031. After the typewritten copy of this volume had been proof read, and held several days for the printer, I saw by an evening paper, that, at the closing session of a section of the American College of Surgeons, to-day—March 1, 1922—at Memphis, Tenn., Dr. George W. Crile, of Cleveland, Ohio, advanced this theory:

1032. "That *men and animals are electrically operated mechanisms, whose cells are the batteries from which radiate a more complex wiring system than any designed in the world of science.*" His purpose in presenting it was the hope that, the fact being once established, it might be so utilized in surgical operations, by building up electrical energy in the body, prior to operations, as to enable the patient to react favorably from the shock. And this eminent surgeon's theory is in *fullest accord* with what I have been *evolving for half a century*, as almost *every page* of this address attests. I would stake my existence on its substantial accuracy; because *all relevant facts can be explained on no other conceivable hypothesis!*

1033. Doctor Crile was born in Ohio, I find, in 1864. He is a lecturer and demonstrator on histology; a professor of physiology, as well as of

clinical surgery; member of the Society of Experimental Biology and Medicine; senior consultant in surgical research, in France, in 1919; and he has published eleven medical works during the past twenty years. I rejoice at this timely attestation—by implication surely—as to the sanity and soundness of my every claim!

1034. And, still later yet, May Fifth, 1922, I read and here quote, verbatim, from an evening paper, what is certainly one of the saddest recitals in these pages: "Leaders of the American Medical Association are excoriated in a statement made yesterday by Dr. John J. A. O'Reilly of Brooklyn, who appeals to individual members of the profession to attend the annual convention in St. Louis, this month, and demand the resignation, or reformation, of the present 'false leaders.' He is the author of a resolution which denounced the national organization as a 'nest of politics.' The resolution was unanimously passed by the Kings County Medical Society.

1035. "Already the shield of medicine has had the bar sinister wrought into it by the resolution adopted at Boston," said Dr. O'Reilly. "We are morally responsible for the enactment of a law which wastes \$1,288,000 of the nation's money, plus \$710,000 of the State's money, each year, for the employment of proteges and graduates of the foundation's school of sociology, psychology and

philanthropy, and fails to provide one moment of medical or nursing care, one drop of medicine, one ounce of food for an expectant mother, or one stitch of clothing for an expected child, unless one person, the Chief of the children's Bureau of the Department of Labor, sees fit to provide such largess, is a rule and regulation having the force and effect of a statute.

1036. "However, it does provide for a host of investigators, field secretaries, statisticians, lecturers, social service sob-sister stingarees, who cannot be kept from invading the American homes, except by physical violence or an appeal to the Supreme Court for a writ of injunction, both of which recourses are expensive luxuries."

1037. And this brings to mind the fact that only a few months ago, our papers were filled with the recital of how some Chicago surgeon had declined to perform an imperative major operation on a new born babe, because of its unmistakably congenital imbecility—and the published discussions would fill volumes. This nationwide spasm of civic virtue, demanded the criminal prosecution of one so derelict as to supinely suffer even one of the least of God's creatures, in human form, to languish, and ignobly expire.

1038. Yet, over a dozen years ago, at great personal sacrifice, I gratuitously proclaimed and broadcast the glad evangel, that, besides substan-

tially eliminating the necessity of the birth of unfit specimens, I could make plain Nature's elusive secret of longevity, and thus, with indisputable facts, vouchsafe the survival of all, well into a second century—sidestepping, henceforth that racial disgrace of over *thirty infants perishing every passing minute*—making a total of over *two hundred million* of these appalling fatalities, since I announced a sovereign remedy; nevertheless, but few, if any, heeded. The proofs of my claims are overwhelmingly conclusive.

1039. I could never awaken a semblance of enthusiasm in this direction; and now recall just one conspicuous lady, accredited with sundry benefactions, who nonchalantly queried, after my twenty minutes of enthusiastic utterance, if I had “ever tried it out on a baby”—which certainly carried the suggestion of prudently waiting a century before thus rashly exulting. Past generations were charged with straining at gnats, yet gulping down huge camels! And we have all read of the persistency of types in Nature.

1040. I have been puzzled for a fitting, and positively final paragraph, which should contrast, withal, the respective trends of “Science,” and of our “Biogenetic Marvels.” The one seems intent upon devising something spectacular; while the other ceaselessly yearns to disclose ever more of Nature's wondrously simple laws. And in the

news of the day, I am favored with two ideal examples.

1041. One big, black headline announces, that "*Scientists Meet to Lengthen Life; Life May Be Lengthened by Science.* At the *Rockefeller Institute*, where the world's greatest medical men recently convened, Dr. Alexis Carrel suggested to other scientists the possibility of lengthening life thru special attention to the white, blood corpuscles. Famous physicians present were — photogravure—left to right, Dr. Hideyo Nonuchi, Dr. Alexis Carrel, Dr. Simon Flexner, Dr. Theobald Smith, Dr. P. A. Levene, and Dr. Peyton Rous."

1042. There is something about this brief announcement which suggests a revival—or, be it, a survival—of the flebotomist's art. The barber's pole is its present most common reminder; yet I can remember when blood letting experts were in evidence in almost every walk of life—or, should I say, death?

1043. We have good authority for averring that "the blood is the life;" and what more natural, than, that tinkering with its mysteries, should frequently be indulged in, when intent upon longevity prizes! True, there is something a bit paradoxical in thus *subtracting* the essence of life, in the hope of inducing *additional vitality*; yet we should avoid hasty conclusions.

1044. I have seen the lancet used, and the crim-

son flow presently checked; the stock-raiser jab the yearling's tail, and then tweak it, to increase the visible, vital flow. Traumatism may possess constructive and conserving virtues, little suspected—and even the presence of white corpuscles was undreamed of in those early times.

1045. But I spent half a day vainly seeking further information on this vital theme, and most interesting announcement. Yet my only reward for searching newspaper files was the following recital, which shows how a dwarf's body was lengthened by breaking the legs and making an extension grow between the broken ends, which is an achievement of the German medical world. "August Bier, surgical specialist, a member of the medical faculty of Berlin University, began by cutting thru the muscular layer and membrane covering the bones of the legs, which were next broken. The ends were then placed together, provisionally, but after four or five days were drawn several centimeters apart. Bier discovered that strong tissue could be fostered to bridge the gap. By drawing the several sections, gradually apart, he found that he could stretch the tissue without tearing, and slowly permanent connection is developed."

1046. The medical and surgical phases of these incidents need no comment; they speak for themselves. At the same time, it seems incumbent upon me, to once more reiterate, that we plain, un-

pretentious, biogenetic devotees, in simplicity of soul, and singleness of purpose, seek to trace *Nature's* methods and laws. With ecstatic joy we announce that *longevity, stature, and a score of other blessings, are ours henceforth, on Nature's own bounteous, bloodless terms—but we are greeted with stolid apathy, the ethics of the cave-man, and of the stone age, seeming to be preferred to most glorious earthly evangel of all time!*

1047. I will close with the words of an ancient prophet, who, let us hope, foresaw the very period upon which we are now entering:

1048. "*They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks; nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more. But they shall sit, every man under his vine, and under his fig tree; and none shall make them afraid. For the mouth of the Lord of hosts hath spoken it!*"

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